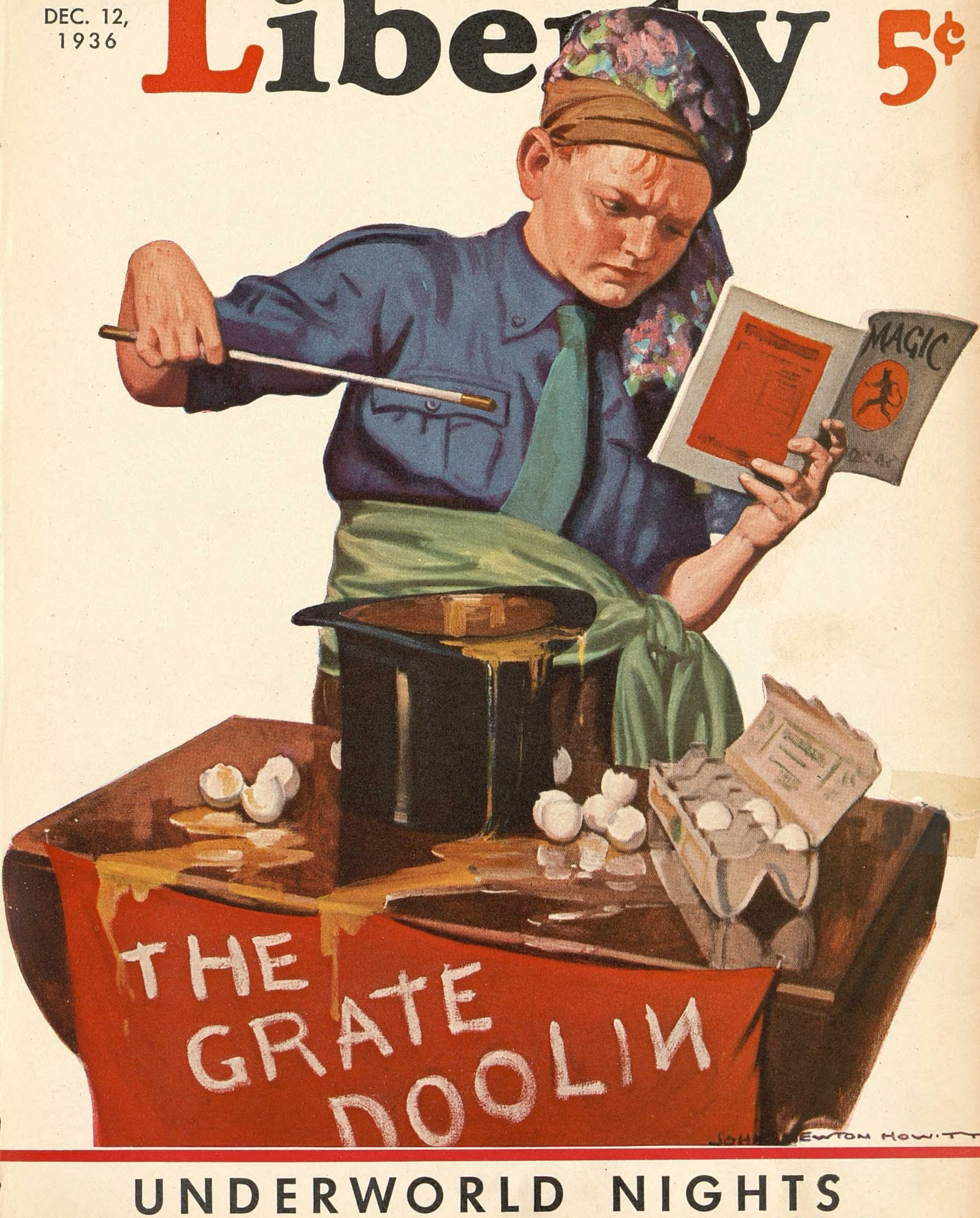
WISE VIRGIN— *A NEW NOVEL OF A POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL*
by WALTON GREEN

DEC. 12,
1936

Liberty

5¢


MAGIC
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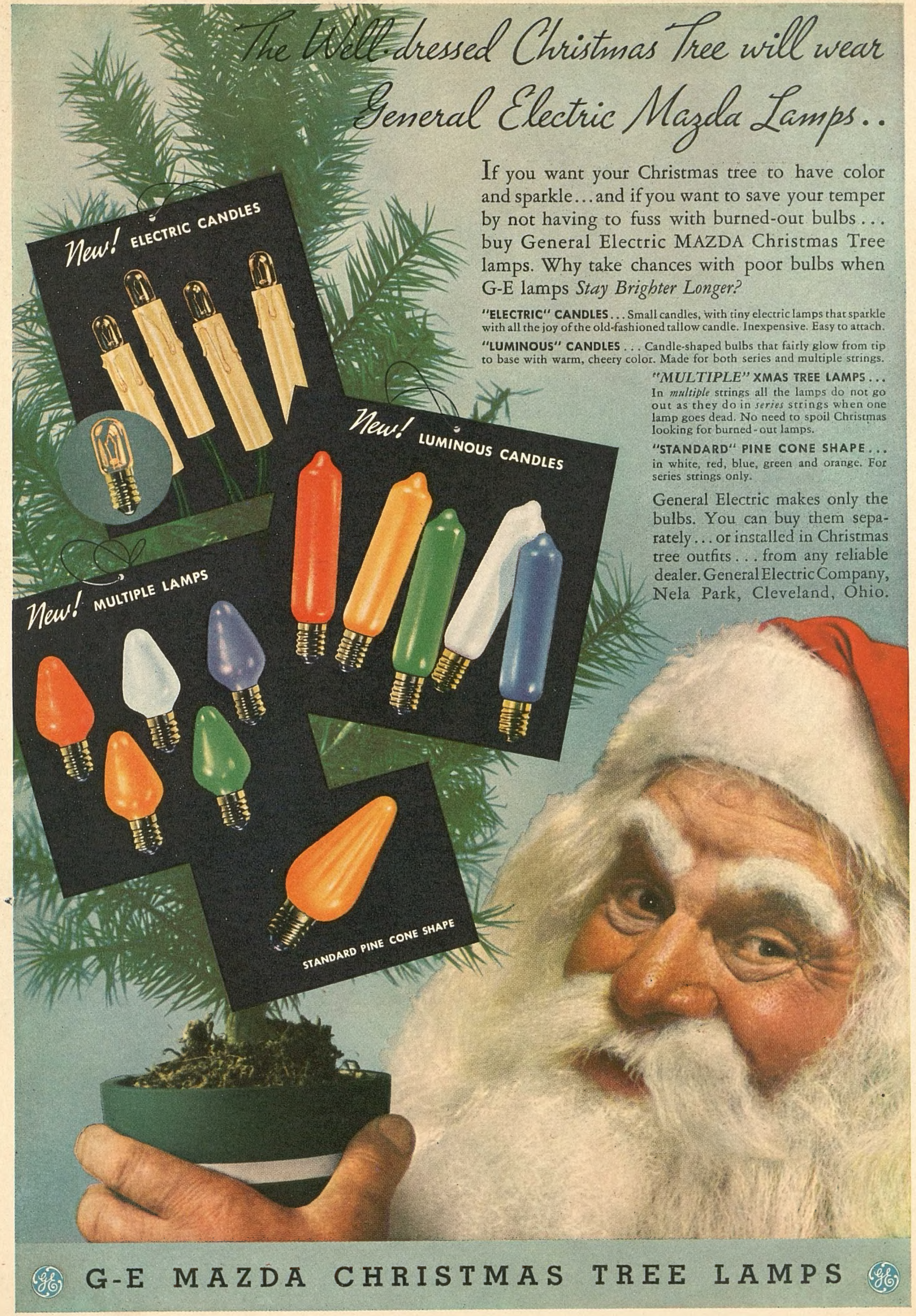
UNDERWORLD NIGHTS

NEW REVELATIONS OF NEW YORK CRIME BARONS

The Well-dressed Christmas Tree will wear General Electric Mazda Lamps..



If you want your Christmas tree to have color and sparkle... and if you want to save your temper by not having to fuss with burned-out bulbs... buy General Electric MAZDA Christmas Tree lamps. Why take chances with poor bulbs when G-E lamps *Stay Brighter Longer?*

"ELECTRIC" CANDLES... Small candles, with tiny electric lamps that sparkle with all the joy of the old-fashioned tallow candle. Inexpensive. Easy to attach.

"LUMINOUS" CANDLES... Candle-shaped bulbs that fairly glow from tip to base with warm, cheery color. Made for both series and multiple strings.

***"MULTIPLE"* XMAS TREE LAMPS**... In *multiple* strings all the lamps do not go out as they do in *series* strings when one lamp goes dead. No need to spoil Christmas looking for burned-out lamps.

"STANDARD" PINE CONE SHAPE... in white, red, blue, green and orange. For series strings only.

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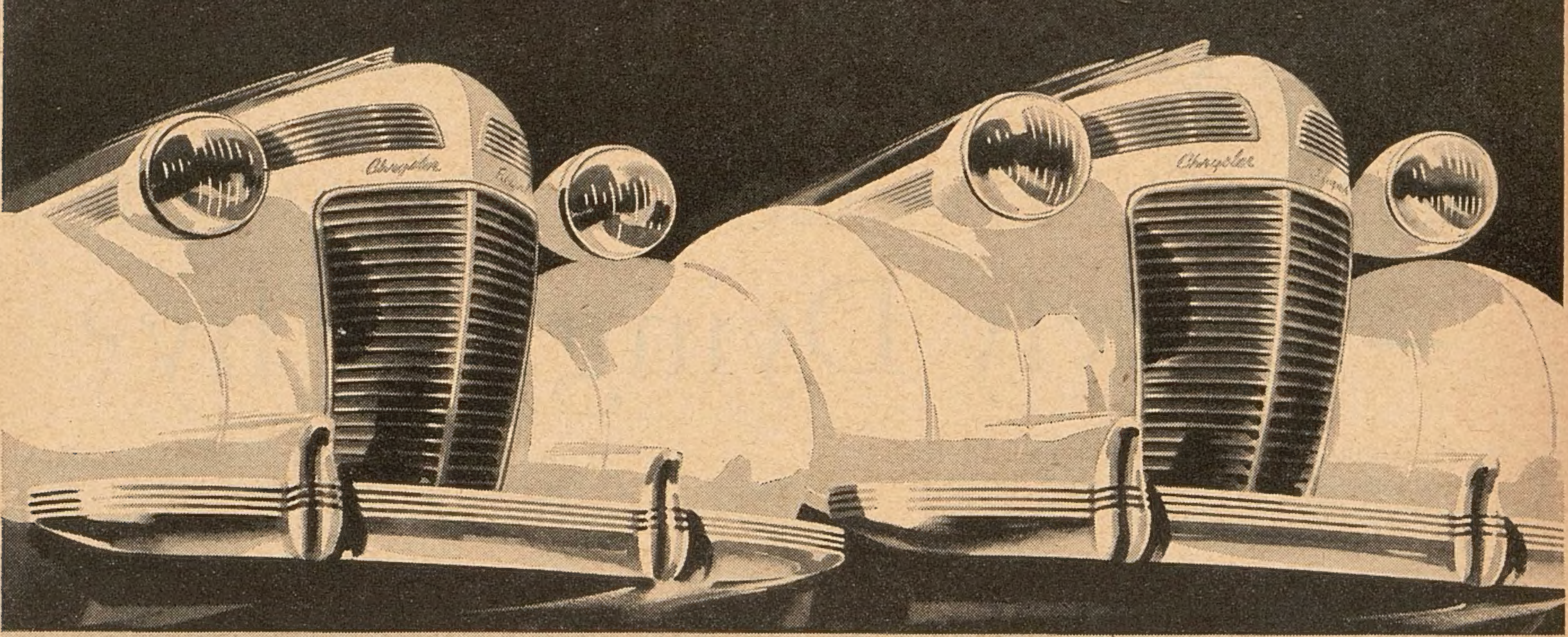

NEW CHRYSLER ROYAL IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR THE GREATEST OF THE EIGHTS!

THE NEW CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . a brand-new Chrysler in the low-priced field . . . big, spacious, beautiful . . . with a new engine of amazing economy.

The Gold Seal engine has the highest compression for its bore the world has yet seen. *It burns ordinary gasoline.* Tests show 18 to 24 miles per gallon.

Imagine such economy in a car so big and roomy as the new Chrysler Royal. 43¼ inches wide at the windshield . . . 53 inches at the center pillars . . . 54¾ inches at rear pillars.

On top of that, riding ease beyond anything you ever imagined in a low-priced car. Airflow weight distribution . . . slow-acting springs of Amola steel . . . new Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, built like the landing mechanism of giant planes.

Brilliant new styling. A sweeping, challenging look to the long, proud hood. Exquisite interior appointments . . . deep upholstery . . . broad, level tonneau floors.

Safety *All-Steel* Bodies with beautiful one-piece steel roofs . . . genuine, time-tested Hydraulic Brakes . . . light-touch, shockless steering . . . Automatic Overdrive† . . . Floating Power . . . Valve-Seat Inserts. See and drive the new Chrysler Royal.

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A great big luxury car . . . superb in beauty and performance . . . that's the new Chrysler Imperial for 1937.

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Safety *All-Steel* Bodies with beautiful one-piece steel roofs . . . shockless steering . . . Hydraulic Brakes . . . Automatic Overdrive† . . . Floating Power.

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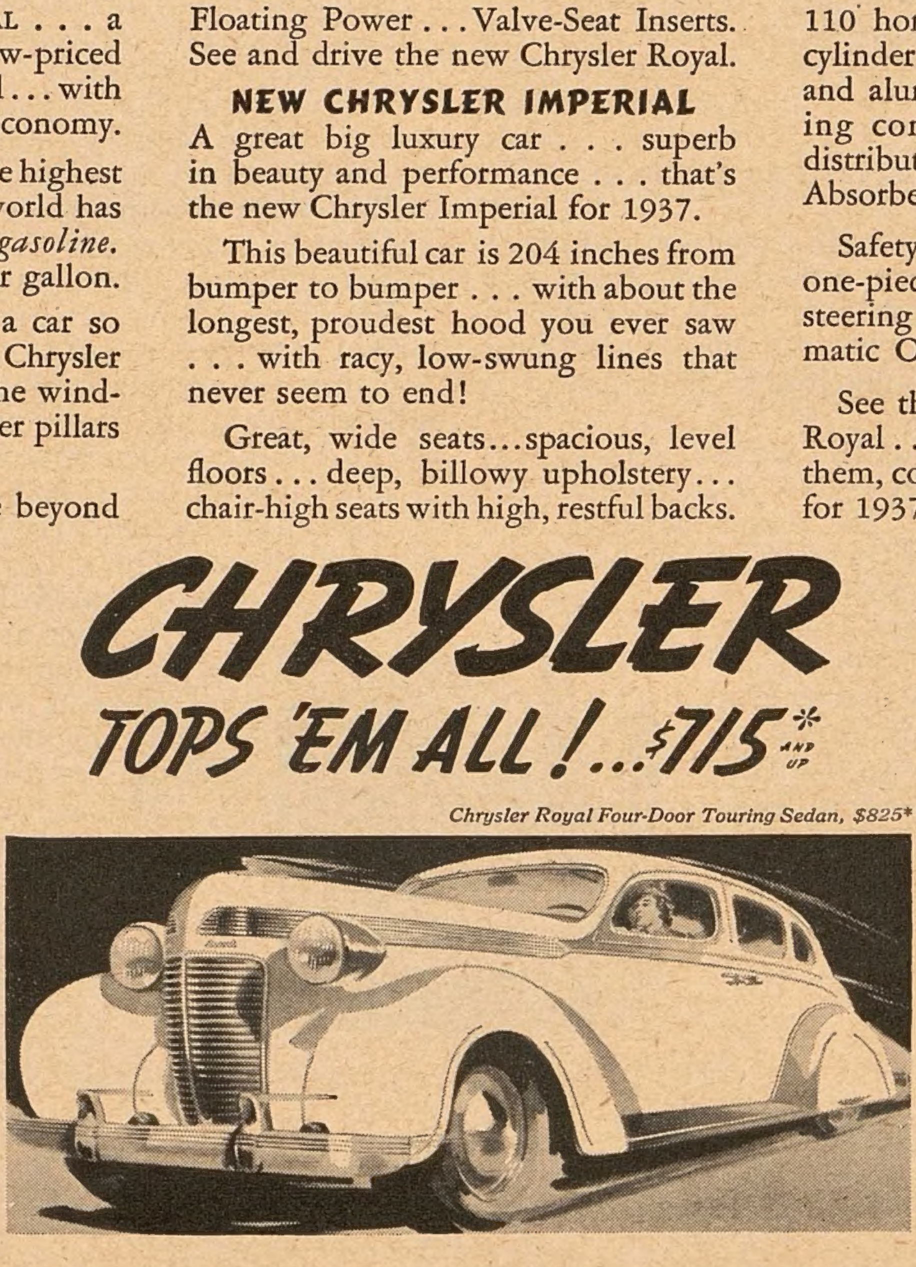

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DECEMBER 12, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 50

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

An Army of One Million! Patriotism—Love of Country—Slowly Dying! Why?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

OUR pioneer forefathers loved their country. They were almost fanatical in their patriotism. They had suffered the terrors of the damned, and to find themselves free in a land of their own was indeed a glorious privilege.

Unearned rewards are never appreciated.

Our liberties have come to us without effort.

We have done nothing to deserve them.

We have made no sacrifices of any kind for the valuable privileges which we enjoy as citizens of this country, and, like the idle sons of rich parents, we are thankless and ungrateful. We take all the benefits we enjoy here as a matter of course.

When you have no appreciation of a valuable possession it ultimately vanishes, and the liberties which our ancestors bestowed upon us are gradually disappearing.

We are said to be the most lawless nation upon the face of the earth.

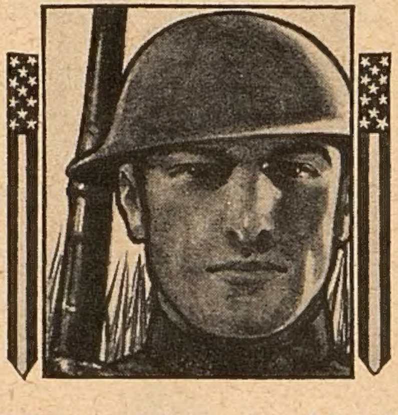
Why are the English, French, German, and other nations of the world more law-abiding than our youthful citizens? Why are they more patriotic in spite of the fact that they do not enjoy anything like the freedom we have inherited? The answer is clearly apparent.

In the major countries of the world every young man spends from one to three years in the army. He is trained and disciplined. He makes sacrifices for his country, and because of these efforts he learns to love the source of his citizenship.

The discipline he receives in the army encourages him to become a law-abiding citizen. It not only makes him loyal and dependable, but it builds up a physical structure of vitality and square-shouldered manhood that lasts him throughout life.

Some of us have gone " batty " on sentimental humanitarianism.

Being a peace-loving people, we have acquired the foolish idea that the great nations of the world can be imbued with our humane principles.



We entered the Great War to make the world safe for democracy, but it is quite evident at this time that it was simply an experience which enabled the great nations to prepare for a still mightier conflict.

With nearly half the wealth of the world, envious eyes are naturally cast in our direction.

We want to protect the liberties for which our ancestors fought so valiantly, and there is only one way by which our safety can be guaranteed. And that is by the development of a mighty armament which will insure respect from the great nations of the world.

Great military leaders are afraid of nothing but force — modern equipment, millions of soldiers, thousands of airplanes.

The youth of this country must begin to do something for the country. To appreciate the privileges they enjoy, they must make some sacrifices.

The peace-at-any-price workers whose efforts have been supported by enemies of and traitors to this country should be detected and penalized.

We should have an army of a million or more, with a reserve force of several million.

Every young man should have a governmental military training of one or more years that will give discipline its proper importance.

The cause of our so-called crime wave is the lack of discipline. Underprivileged boys grow up without direction. These boys enter the crime world automatically.

A year or two in the army would teach them to appreciate the value of American citizenship, and would give them the discipline which would make them law-abiding citizens.

The accuracy of these conclusions can be proven in any country which has compulsory military training.

Bernarr Macfadden

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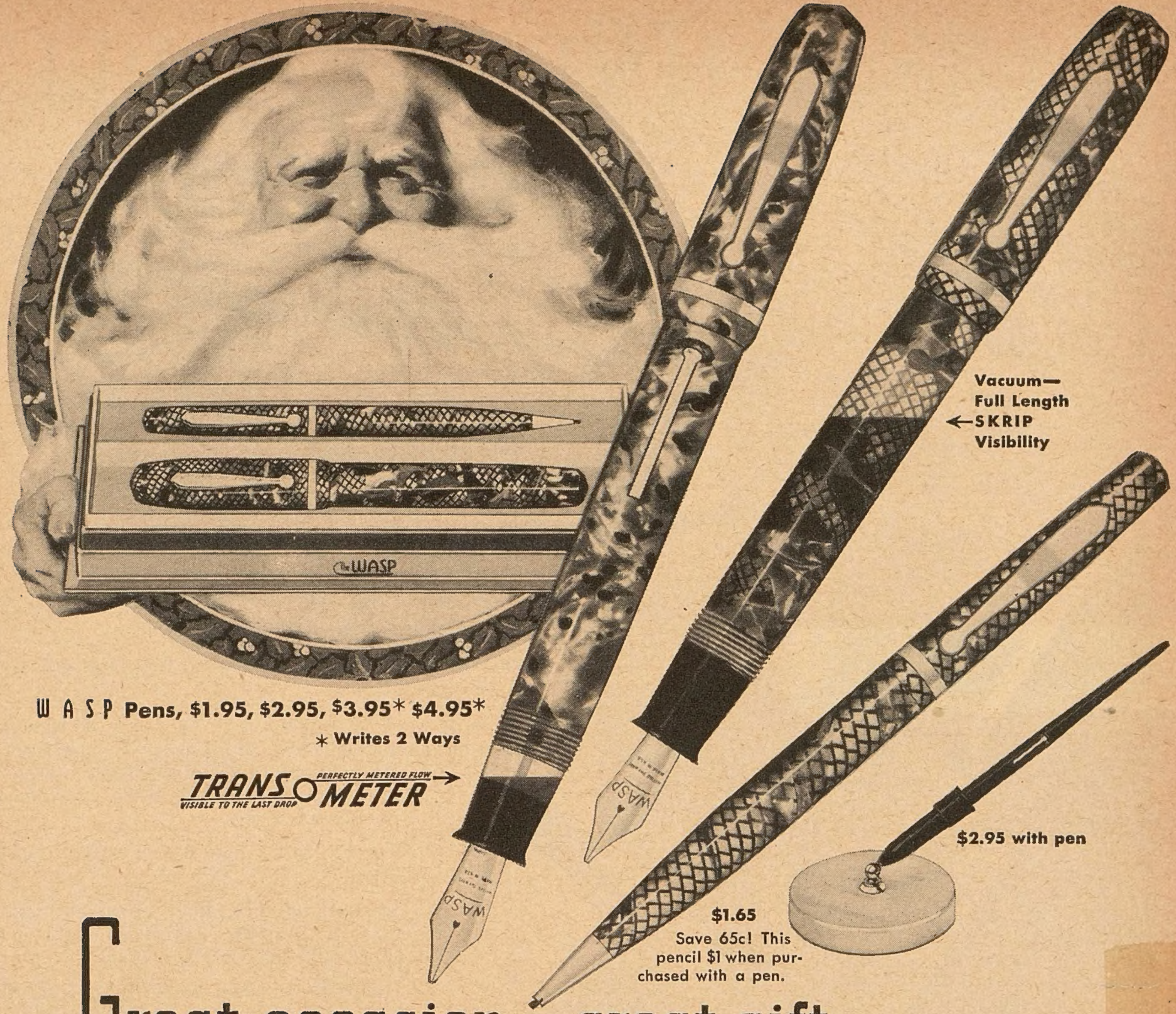
Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $3.00 a year. In all other countries, $4.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.



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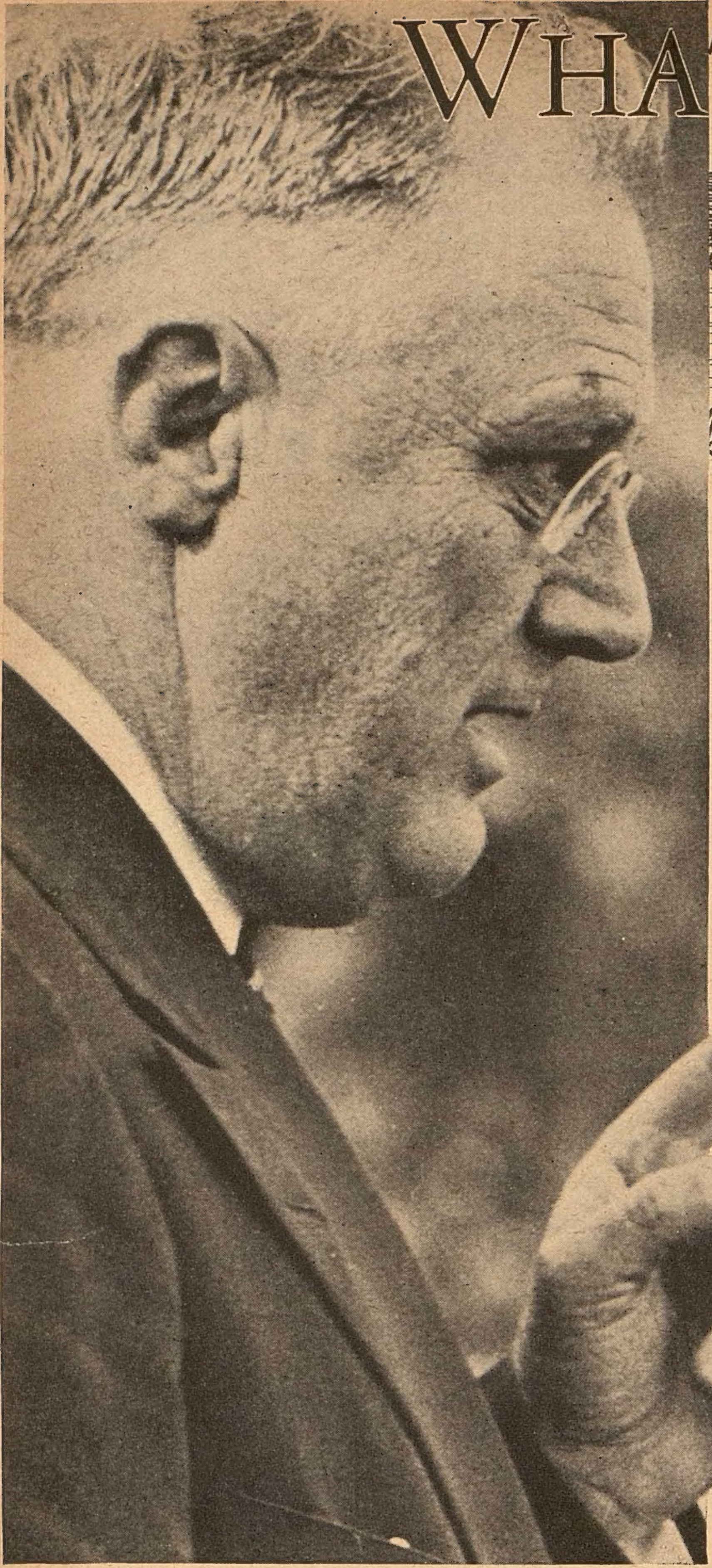
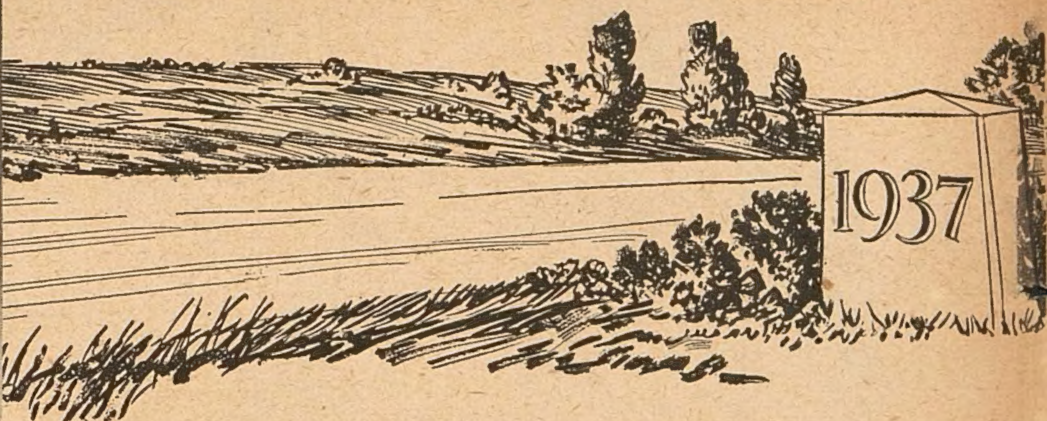
WHAT ROOSEVELT





He will forget bitterness; be President of all the people; not chastise his enemies.

He will use the law or his prestige to bring newspapers "within the area of minimum honesty."

He will revive the essential features of the NRA—if possible by voluntary co-operation; he will not "crack down" on business unless that fails.

He will not modify his liberal policies.

He will see to it that the lobbyists have less influence in Washington.

He will seek a review and reversal of hampering Supreme Court decisions, and if necessary constitutional amendments—but he will not "pack" the Supreme Court or ask Congress to take away its power of veto.

He will alter and improve the relief program.

He will balance the budget, without new taxes if possible; otherwise with taxes on those who have high incomes.

He will intervene more in foreign affairs, and perhaps call a peace conference of world rulers.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE day before election, in his study at Hyde Park, Mr. Roosevelt was discussing his possible vote in the electoral college. He would make no guesses. His guess had already been made and stored away in his personal safe. (It was 360 for himself to 171 for Governor Landon—far under the final result.) But he told the story of the second election of President Monroe—how he had received all but one vote in the electoral college; and how that vote had been withheld that no man might equal the unanimous election of George Washington.

Mr. Roosevelt described the overwhelming vote for President Monroe as a result of what the history books call "the Era of Good Feeling." The country was prosperous and at peace. More than at any previous time class bitterness and sectionalism were disappearing.

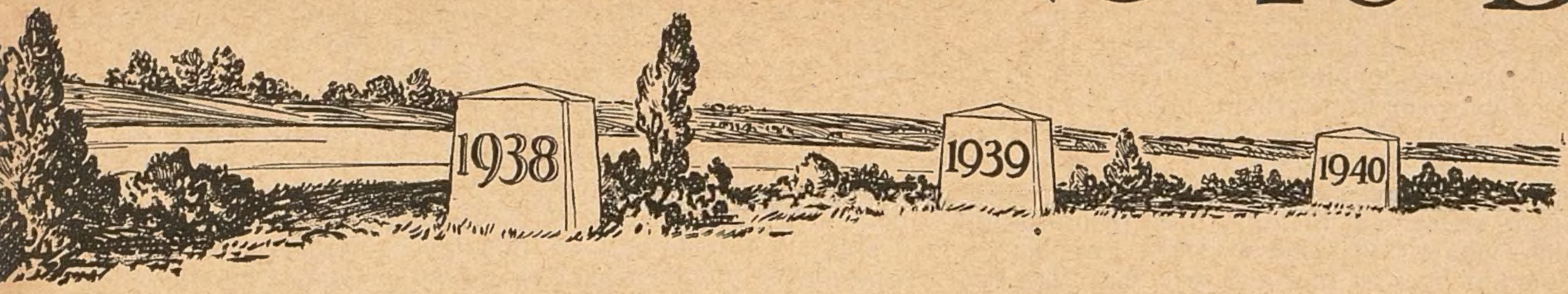
I am convinced that it is such an Era of Good Feeling that President Roosevelt hopes to usher in with his second administration. No other man since Monroe has won so overwhelming an endorsement from the people. Prosperity is rapidly returning. He believes that the bitterness of the campaign will disappear long before his second inauguration. He is ready to use his influence to the limit to give practical proof of his belief that he is President of all the people and to further a prosperity which will include all the people in it.

I once heard him say that if he were defeated, the first thing he would do would be to look for a job. He would not have gone back to the practice of law. Rather, I think, he would have accepted some writing assignment. He might have gone into the newspaper or the publishing business. He has a flair for that.

I have stood on the observation platform of the President's campaign train and ridden with him in campaign parades. The size of the crowds has never been equaled in American politics. But more significant than their size was their frenzy—almost an hysteria—when he came into view. He was cheered not as a candidate or even as a President but, rather, as a savior. One woman in a Philadelphia crowd, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, called out as he rode by: "I almost touched him! I almost touched him!"

Such personal devotion is seldom seen in a democracy. It was the intensity of this devotion—the fact that it

REALLY IS GOING TO DO!



Here Is the Most Important and Exciting Magazine Article of 1936—an Authoritative Forecast by One of the President's Most Trusted Advisers . .

DR. STANLEY HIGH

Dr. High. He organized the Good Neighbor League for the promotion of President Roosevelt's ideals.

could not be kept within bounds by the threats of some employers or the misrepresentations of some newspapers—that accounted, in part, for the bitterness of the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt. The American people—particularly the less fortunate among them—were getting out of hand. That seemed to bode ill for those who regard docility as a virtue and look upon independent thinking "among the masses" as a dangerous thing.

Mr. Roosevelt realized the significance of his reception. He knew that in some respects the American people had got out of hand and were doing their own thinking. And he believed—all during the campaign—that if business men had had vision to match their shrewdness they would have supported his candidacy for that very reason.

Now that he is elected—and by a mandate vote—what will he do? Where do we go from here?

As to the exact ways and means, no one can answer that question. The President himself cannot answer it. But certain things can be said with definiteness.

FOR one thing, the President is likely to use the prestige of his office to bring about a change in the methods of certain sections of the daily press. Nothing in the election pleased him more than what he regarded as the overwhelming repudiation by the American public of those newspapers which used their news columns to color and distort the facts of the campaign. He is sure that American journalism as represented by such newspapers has now reached an all-time low, and that it is today perhaps the most serious existing threat to American institutions and American freedom, just as honorable newspapers are our best defense.

Of one thing I am sure: in his second administration he will say what he thinks about newspaper misrepresentation. If constitutional means could be found, I think he would be pleased if steps were taken to bring all newspapers within the area of minimum honesty in which other enterprises and many newspapers are required to operate. Failing that, it is likely that the President will help—unofficially at least—to arouse public sentiment against unfair journalism. It is my guess that before the end of his second term certain types of newspapers will begin to discover that unfairness is bad business.

The size of the President's victory gives him a clear go-ahead for his liberal—in the campaign they were called his radical—policies. A close vote would have been interpreted as a call to go slow. But the vote was overwhelming. And that fact will be sufficient answer to those who counsel weaseling and a swing to the right again. Some of his supporters would have felt a little better about the second administration if the victory had been somewhat less of a landslide.

I am convinced that the President will go ahead—that, in particular, he will go ahead with those policies for the regulation of business monopoly and concentrated economic power, some of which were incorporated in the NRA. I do not believe, however, that he will go ahead until he first tries to win the voluntary co-operation of business. Despite the almost solid opposition of Big Business to his re-election he is not in a "crack-down" mood.

I do not mean by that that he feels no resentment. He probably does—not because Big Business opposed him; he had expected that—but because of what he believed to be its use of unfair tactics. If the President were a vindictive man the last-minute pay-envelope campaign against his candidacy would have turned out to be one of the worst investments in the history of Big Business.

But he is not vindictive. If he revives the principles of the NRA—through some organization which can accomplish the same things—it will be with the co-operation of business and not by coercion. He proposes to include his enemies in the Era of Good Feeling.

Meanwhile, I think he confidently expects that the election returns will have a chastening effect upon certain industrialists and financiers. He looks forward—with a good deal of satisfaction—to a large postelection rush to the Roosevelt band wagon. A few days before the election he was greatly amused at the story of an influential business organization which had already appointed an unofficial delegation to call on him soon after November 3 to discuss plans for closer co-operation between business and government.

The delegation will probably be sent immediately—if it has not already gone. At the White House it will receive every consideration. The President has a sense of humor. The members of the delegation are likely to have their uncomfortable moments. But they will take away with them the feeling that he has been elected to be the President of all the people, and that he proposes to be that, regardless of campaign bitterness.

He feels that the next move in any co-operation between business and the government must come from business. When that move is made, he will be ready to co-operate. There will be no penalizing of those who spent their money lavishly to defeat him.

Nevertheless, the prestige of money as a power in government will almost certainly decline during the next four years—as it declined during the last four. The formerly powerful business lobbies in Washington will have decidedly less influence on Capitol Hill. The United States Chamber of Commerce will no longer speak with only a little less than White House authority. In fact, it is probable that there will be a new national organization of business men which will include those business and financial leaders who either stood with the President or refused to come out against him and who share his conviction that liberal government is the best insurance for our economic institutions.

To do the things which are now on Mr. Roosevelt's schedule of " musts " will raise again the issue of the Supreme Court. All the campaign oratory to the contrary, it is my belief that there has never been any intention on the President's part to weaken the Constitution. His respect for that document is as great as that of any American. He prefers to regard it, however, as a living rather than as a frozen instrument of government. He believes that the most constitutional thing about the Constitution is the right to change it. If the measures which he has had written into law and others which he may propose are declared unconstitutional, then undoubtedly he will go to the country to ask for an amendment.

I doubt if he believes that the Supreme Court will continue to be as adverse in its opinions. He hopes, I think, that the landslide endorsement of his policies at the polls will have a salutary effect upon the judicial opinions of certain members of the Court. He is undoubtedly well aware that the Court's judicial opinions—as always—reflect the economic and political opinions. He is hopeful that the vote on November 3 will serve to indicate how far out of step with the popular mind some of those opinions are.

I should say that the President probably does not have for the members of the Supreme Court exactly the same feeling that he has for the Constitution. The Constitution can be changed by democratic processes. There are no democratic processes by which the Court can be changed. That situation—particularly when it results in a five-four decision, where one man blocks the action of the people's representatives in Congress and in the White House—does violence to his ideas of representative government.

BY act of Congress, of course, the size of the court could be increased and the President could then " pack " it with justices more favorable to the will of the nation. I do not know what the President feels about such a move. It is also probable that congressional action could take away from the Court powers of veto over legislative acts and vest them in the Congress. A bill designed to accomplish that was prepared for the last session of Congress. I doubt whether the President would support that measure.

I think it is more likely that he will seek to have a review of certain New Deal measures, relying on the mellowed judgment of certain justices to bring a reversal. Failing that, he might propose as many constitutional amendments as seem to be required to carry forward with his program for agriculture, for better working conditions and wages for labor, for social security, and for the regulation of unfair trade practices and monopolies.

Another problem that will require immediate attention by the President is that of relief. Mr. Roosevelt is thoroughly committed to the policy of work relief instead of the dole. But no one is more conscious than he of the fact that the present work-relief program is far from perfect; that it has been used in some places inefficiently; that in some places the relief rolls are in need of more constant checking. I believe the President knows that his handling of the relief problem—and the related problem of taxes and budget-balancing—will have a good deal to do with the final estimate of his second term of office.

I am inclined to think that the necessity for finding a long-time unemployment policy will eventually bring him to strengthen the recent policy of government aid to local public works through payment for relief workers' wages. A political campaign was no time to tamper with the relief setup, unsatisfactory though it might be in some respects. Now, however, it is clear and can be safely admitted that we are due to have a large number of unemployed to care for for an indefinite length of time, even though industry soon gets back to the 1929 level of production. Although Mr. Roosevelt has no great faith in commissions, it is probable that after a few months he will call to his aid a group of able citizens to work out a plan, acceptable both to industry and the government, whereby employment can be spread out and a maximum number of those out of work be given places again in industry.

Mr. Roosevelt's campaign declarations for a balanced budget were much more than political promises. Strange as it may seem, the President is never in quite such good spirits as when he sits down with a pencil and a pad of paper to figure out with the Secretary of the Treasury or the Director of the Budget the government's income and outgo. Both officials testify to his mastery of the financial affairs of the nation. And no achievement of these next four years will give him more pleasure than that of bringing the budget into balance again.

HE honestly believes that this can be done without any new taxes or increase in present levies. If new taxes should become necessary, they would be direct taxes levied in so far as possible upon those in the higher-income brackets, and not indirect taxes which chiefly come out of the incomes of those of moderate means.

It is possible that the most notable contributions of Mr. Roosevelt's second administration will be in the field of foreign affairs. He is certainly the only President since Theodore Roosevelt who knows the language of international diplomacy and cannot be outbluffed or outmaneuvered. There are few places in the world where the representatives of foreign Powers—when the occasion calls for it—are treated to plainer talk than in the White House.

The President thoroughly believes in a nation that is adequately prepared for its own defense. But he believes just as thoroughly that while avoiding entanglements the United States should use its power and influence to help the cause of peace. He has no patience with unreasoning pacifists. But he is certain that the peoples of the world hate war and want peace. He is almost sure to do anything within his power to make war less likely.

Let the immediate situation in Europe quiet down somewhat, and I believe it is altogether possible that Mr. Roosevelt, as some of the newspapers hinted several months ago, might call an informal conference of leaders of the chief nations of Europe. If such a conference materialized he would certainly attend it if necessary.

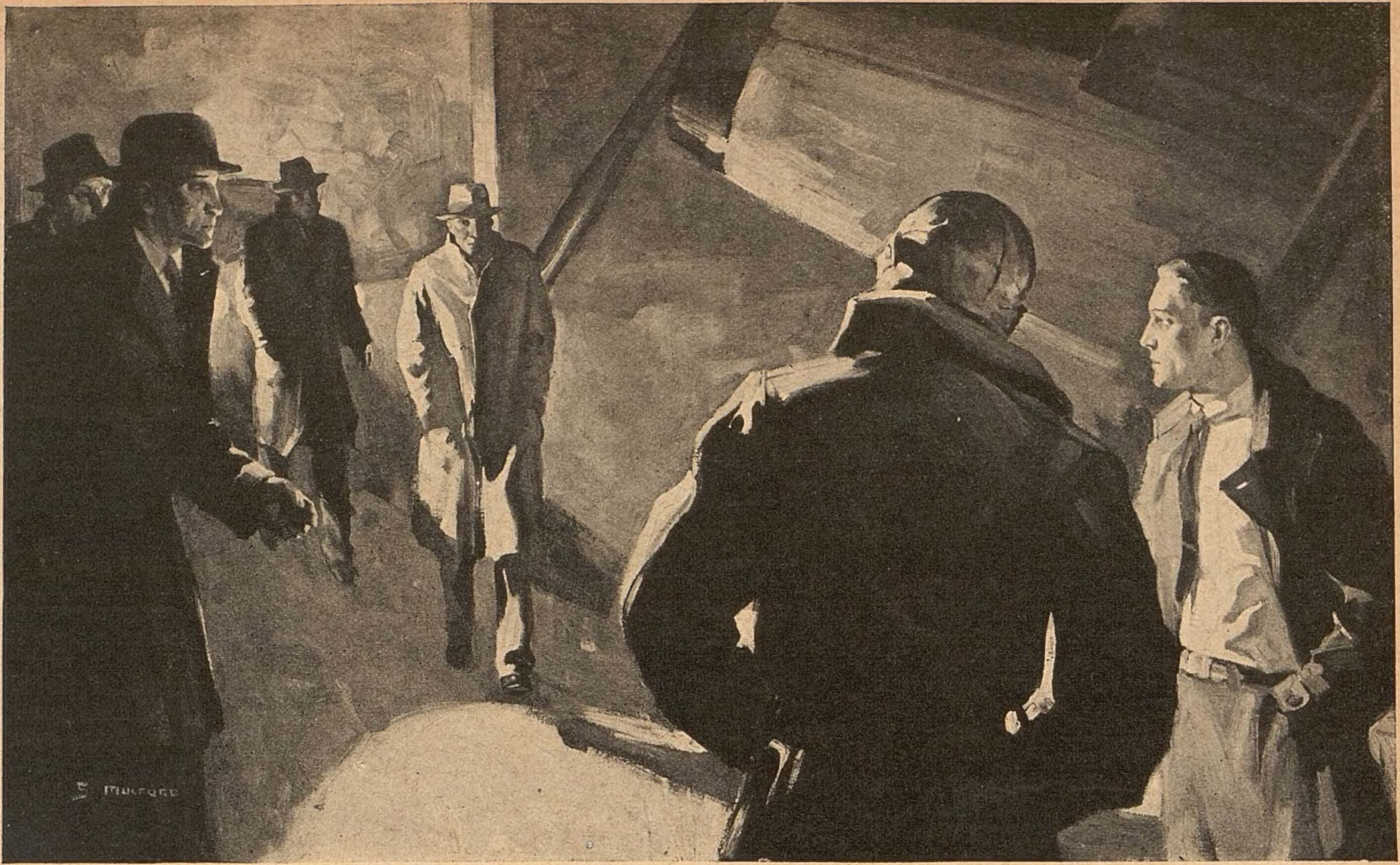
I do not think that the President looks forward to a " quiet " second administration. He is not that kind of President, and he is well aware of the many problems that confront the country. He knows that the restlessness of the world at large may spread to the United States. He realizes that many of those who voted for him believe they have elected a " miracle worker " and that their displeasure may find unfortunate expression when they find that he is not one. Because he is essentially middle-of-the-road, he expects to have four years in which he is assailed from the right because he has gone too far, and from the left because he has not gone far enough.

But one thing the country can be sure of: he will keep his good temper.

The President has probably given little thought to the 1940 verdict on his two terms. I am very sure, however, of the verdict he would like to have from history. He would like to have it said that " Franklin D. Roosevelt—with the tides running against freedom throughout the world—so improved and adapted the political and economic order in the United States that there freedom and free institutions survived and were strengthened."

He would like his second administration known as the Era of Good Feeling; himself as " the Great Conserver."

THE END



The men had their hands in their pockets. Suddenly the kid cried: "That's Dopey Rangetti!"

Headliners

A Blue-Eyed Kid, Flying for Glory—and Death Behind Him in the Cockpit . . . in a Swift, Tense Tale of the Airways

by

E. W. CHESS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

THE fog started trailing over the field with the darkness, and a little afterward the call came in. All the time I was answering it I kept watching the kid, who was leaning against one of the planes. He wasn't more than nineteen, with a mop of brown hair, and his blue eyes should have been a woman's.

When the voice on the other end of the wire paused, I said:

"As long as you put the money on the line, I'll take anybody anywhere and any time. The plane'll be ready when you get here."

The kid seemed to know what was coming when I walked out of the booth.

"Got a call?" he said.

"Listen, Baby," I said. "Remember when you came here the first time? Remember I said you could work around the place and take a hop now and then until it started costing money?"

"I remember." He didn't look at me. I knew it was then or never. I took hold of his arm and said:

"I waited for the boys to leave before telling you off. You busted an undercarriage this morning, and you're

ILLUSTRATION BY STOCKTON MULFORD

washed out. You don't think fast enough, Baby. Now, that's that. Here—have a cigarette."

The hurt started oozing out of his eyes as I offered him the package. When it got too much for me, I walked out and started looking at the fog. I hadn't been there long before I knew he was standing beside me.

"Sure, I got a call," I said. "I got a call to take a guy some place."

"It's pretty rotten weather," he ventured.

"It's all right."

"It looks pretty bad to me."

I said: "That's the trouble. I say it's all right and you say it's pretty bad. No, Baby, the streets are filled with second-rate flyers. That's all you'd ever be."

That must have hurt him. He waited awhile and said he guessed I was right. He said he could take anything off the ground; it was the landings that were hard. Only I didn't mind if he hung around, did I? He just couldn't give it all up like that. And he could sweep out the place or something.

"Sure," I said. "Hang around."

After he thanked me we started moving the planes around. We got out the two-place job, dropped the tail, and after that I warmed up the motor and got out. I felt I had to say something then, so I pointed at the plane and said it was about finished.

"How can you tell?" he asked.

"If you're a natural flyer you just know. You feel it. And don't ask me if you can have the plane after I wash it out. You'd kill yourself. And I don't want you to kill yourself, Baby."

I don't know what went through his mind then, but after a while he asked me who I was flying and where I was flying him. When I told him I didn't know, he said:

"I wish I was taking this flight. I wish it was somebody who wanted to fly to London just to see his dying mother—and I'd get him there just in time."

That sounded silly but I said: "Sure, that'd be swell."

"See, I'd like to hit the front page just once. Just once I'd like to do something in the air nobody else ever did. You've hit the front page, Mack. Don't you feel great after you hit the front page?"

Just then we heard the car coming along the road, and we turned and saw its headlights were fighting the fog. It was going pretty fast and as it wheeled through the gate its fender hit one of the wooden posts. Its lights reached out at us then, and the next thing we knew the car had pulled up and four men were getting out. The last one was the thin guy with colorless eyes.

"You ready?" he asked.

His face looked familiar. The kid was looking at him. The men had their hands in their pockets.

"Everything's ready," I said. "And haven't I seen you some place before?"

He stared at me blankly. "Forget it, pal."

Suddenly the kid cried: "That's Dopey Rangetti! He's one of the great guys. He's been hitting the front page for months. Yeah, they been trying to get something on him. All the big boys. He's a great—"

"Shut that kid up!" snarled Dopey.

THE big one with the derby caught hold of the kid's arm and twisted it. The kid looked startled but he smiled and said it didn't hurt. He even seemed a little pleased, until the big one put on the pressure. Then the kid's legs gave way slowly, and I could see the sweat coming out on his forehead. He was almost on his knees and I was just about to say something when the kid looked up.

"Say, you can't do that to me. If I'm going to fly any place—lay off my flying arm."

The big fellow looked at me. "This kid Mackensen?"

That was a swell way out of it, so I said, "Sure. I only work here."

"Ah, he's only a punk of a kid."

"Yeah, and if you ever read the papers you'd know he's a natural in the air."

I thought the kid would make a getaway when the big fellow let him go, and afterward I'd straighten the thing out somehow. But the kid just stood there.

"Sorry, pal," said Dopey.

"It's O. K.," said the kid. "You ready?"

Dopey nodded and the kid hurried back to the rear of the hangar. I was just thinking how smart the kid was, because there was a door in back and he could run out. Only the kid didn't go out. The next thing I knew he was standing alongside of me and pulling on a chute.

I said: "Say, what the hell you—"

"Just take it easy," said the big guy with the derby.

The kid shot a glance at me, but I couldn't tell a thing about it. I looked at the four guys. They were tough, and they weren't playing with anybody. I thought about the half mile between the hangar and the first house. That seemed important as hell then.

The kid said: "Come on, Dopey."

Dopey hurried over to the plane. As he was crawling into the rear pit, I made a break for it. What I wanted to do was grab the kid, and then tell them all about it afterward. About the third step I took, some one, I guess it was the big guy, swung a left that doubled me up. I was still bent over when I heard the kid start the motor, and as I straightened, all three guys had hold of me.

"I'll see you on the front page!" shouted the kid.

"Baby!" I cried. "For—"

One of the guys had an arm lock on me, so I grew still. When I heard the wail of the motor, my heart missed a beat. I was sure the kid wouldn't pull the plane over the telephone wires. But he did. He was great on a take-off.

THE next thing I heard was the slamming of the car doors, and the three guys who'd come with Dopey were racing out through the gate. They turned in the opposite direction they'd come.

I hit bottom then. I felt like somebody had taken an egg beater, shoved it down my throat, and was beating hell out of it. That's how things were when the second car drove up. I'd heard it coming all right; but it didn't seem to matter much until I saw the man standing in front of me.

"You Mackensen?" he asked.

He flashed his badge then, and the rest of the men got out.

I got it then.

I said: "If you're trailing Dopey, he's already in the air and he's heading for Philadelphia, for all I know."

"Which field?"

"West Philadelphia," I said, which was as good as any.

"Gotta phone?"

"Sure—booth inside."

They gave it to me then. They stood around throwing questions at me until I got sick of it and cried:

"For God's sake leave me alone! Please. And just sit tight."

"Oh, take it easy," said one of them. "It's no fault of yours, only this Dopey is a tough baby. Why, he's filled up a small graveyard to get where he is. And what's more, nobody can get anything on him. The best brains in the city have been trying to put him on the spot, but they can't do it. So we just trail along after him, because some day he's going to slip up on something. If it takes us ten years, we'll get him."

The egg beater was going around again, and all I could do was stand there and take it.

"And he was such a little guy," I said. "He was only a little guy and he had blue eyes. Why, I called him Baby. I just washed him out. And—"

The ringing of the phone cut me off, and one of the men answered it. He said it was long distance when he came out. He said it was for me.

I ran back in and I didn't know why. I felt like I was walking on the fog when I came out.

"Dopey's pilot just called," I said.

"Where's Dopey?"

I said: "Dopey? Why, I never asked. Only I guess this is the one he slipped up on. See, the kid got lost in a fog, and bailed out in the only chute. You can't blame him for that, can you?"

That wreck made the front page all right. There were pictures of the kid and there were pictures of the wreck. And you remember the picture where the kid was standing with a lot of guys in front of the hangar? Well, the one with the broom over at the left was me.

THE END

Playing opposite Garbo in As You Desire Me was Von Stroheim's last movie role.

The Man You Loved to Hate . . . *Can He Come Back?*

The Poignant Inside Story of Erich Von Stroheim and the Woman Who Is Inspiring Him, at Fifty, to Try Again

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

TEN years ago millions hissed Erich Von Stroheim. Today millions would cheer Von Stroheim—if they knew.

I'm going to tell you the greatest heart-interest story in all Hollywood.

It is the story of the bravest man I know, and his battle to come back for the sake of his wife.

You remember Erich Von Stroheim. He made grimly realistic motion pictures in an era unprepared for them. He played ruthless, sinister scoundrels in many of them. He made the first million-dollar movie. He threw money away—at least, so the Hollywood stories went.

And he was destroyed by his publicity.

Between 1918 and 1927 he made seven distinguished pictures, all of them landmarks of film progress. Today he sits in a little room on the second floor of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer building at Culver City given over to scenario writers. He pounds out scripts on his little typewriter, almost forgotten in the Hollywood that once rated him one of its four greatest directors.

But I am more concerned with the thing that makes Von Stroheim go on in his battle against odds. It isn't vanity or ego. It is his wife. The man you loved to hate loves one woman beyond all things.

On September 2, 1933, in a Hollywood beauty parlor, Mrs. Von Stroheim was terribly burned. A gasolinelike preparation used on the hair as a dry shampoo exploded, possibly from an electric spark. The director's wife was enveloped in flames. Her face, her shoulders, and her back were burned completely over to a crisp. She was rushed to a hospital, and the California surgeons felt that she had little chance.

For fourteen months she lay hovering between life and death. And most of that time the distraught Von Stroheim sat at her bedside, trying to console her. Meanwhile time went by—and Hollywood forgets quickly.

By the time he could remove his wife from the hospital, Von Stroheim's savings were gone. His wife—the woman he loved—was frightfully disfigured. Surgeons told him that surgery would replace her lost beauty, but the operations—and a series of some fifteen would be needed—would cost more than fifty thousand dollars.

There was irony in that. Von Stroheim had frequently spent many times that amount in a few days' shooting, and he had earned that amount over and over again for directing. But now he was broke and he could not get a job playing even small roles. Hollywood had forgotten.

The little family—there is a boy of fourteen—faced misery and even starvation. The son was struck down with infantile paralysis. Von was beside himself, but fortunately the case was a mild one. But Von Stroheim could get nothing to do anywhere.

Christmas, 1934, came around—and passed. By this time his son had recovered. Friends of better days, John W. Considine, the producer, John Farrow, the writer, and William K. Howard, the director, remembered the man you loved to hate. They dropped around to see him, and were horrified to find the little family close to actual want. They hurried to the late Irving Thalberg, the kindest man in the movie business and the man who had played a vital part in Von Stroheim's earlier career. They talked to Eddie Mannix, the Metro producer.

Mannix sent for the man you loved to hate. Next day—it was now April, 1935—Von Stroheim joined the writing staff at Metro. The wolf was driven from the door, at least momentarily. But the money needed to restore his wife's beauty was—and still is—far away.

Here I want to give credit to another friend, who helped Von with advice and good counsel. He is Father John O'Donnell, the pastor of the St. Augustine Church in Culver City. He too did his bit in landing the Metro job for Von.

Now better let me go back to the beginning.

Von Stroheim always has claimed to be of the Austrian nobility. Be that as it may, he was born in Vienna and his father was a colonel in the Austrian army. Erich, who was born on September 22, 1885, came over long before the World War, about 1910. He became an American citizen, even served four years in the United States army.

VON STROHEIM had a tough time finding a place for himself in America. He wrapped packages in a New York store. He tried to sing in a Second Avenue German restaurant in New York—but failed. Drifting to California, he was a salesman for flypaper. He was briefly a forest ranger, later a railroad section hand at thirty-five dollars a month. For a time he was a lifesaver at Lake Tahoe—and he carried the number 313. He played in a vaudeville sketch on the Orpheum circuit, drifting to Hollywood.

At the old Griffith studios he landed his first job. He became assistant to Director John Emerson—at eighteen dollars a week. His first work was on Old Heidelberg. He first caught the public eye as the ruthless Prussian officer in D. W. Griffith's Hearts of the World.

Von Stroheim did not attract real attention until he made Blind Husbands for Carl Laemmle at old Universal. It cost $42,000 and earned a fortune. Even here Von Stroheim was a bad business man. He received $250 for the story of Blind Husbands, $150 a week for acting in it, nothing for directing. But Von was satisfied. Laemmle let him make The Devil's Passkey, and then launched his discovery on Foolish Wives.

The fable of Von Stroheim wastefulness started right there. Laemmle erected a huge electric sign at Forty-sixth Street and Broadway in New York. This carried, in figures four feet high, the amount expended on the picture. The figures climbed daily. Finally the electric sign total reached $1,300,000. Actually $732,000 was spent. Von Stroheim was on his way as the superwaster of all Hollywood, a reputation that he never was to live down.

Before tragedy struck. An early picture of the Von Stroheims and their son Josef.

He started Merry-Go-Round, but young Irving Thalberg, Carl Laemmle's boy secretary who had been put in charge of all Universal by the canny elderly producer, took Von off the picture abruptly. He did not finish the film. The star, Mary Philbin, was Von's discovery, the story was his own; but some one else, a director named Rupert Julian, completed the picture.

About this time Thalberg shifted to Metro, and, oddly enough, he took Von Stroheim with him. You may wonder why Thalberg still believed in Von after the row over Merry-Go-Round. Don't forget that Von was considered one of the best directors of the day. Difficult, ran the stories, but brilliant and also box office. And the shrewd Thalberg realized that Von was the victim of his publicity.

ANYWAY, at Metro, Von made Frank Norris's McTeague under the title of Greed. The film was an outstanding sensation of its day. It was bitter, grim, pungent. Von Stroheim let his fetish for realism run riot.

Von Stroheim defended himself by saying that motion pictures needed to grow up. "Realism is not revolting," he said. "It is simply the truth unvarnished, which is the least revolting thing in the world." Greed, by the way, still is Von's favorite picture.

Then Metro put Von Stroheim in charge of the making of The Merry Widow, to me the Austrian's greatest picture. For all its silence—and the talkies had not arrived—The Merry Widow had the lilt of Franz Lehar's waltzes. It was a lovely, beautiful production and it lifted John Gilbert, as the dashing Prince Danillo, to fame.

Von Stroheim was destined to make one more film, The Wedding March, for Paramount in 1927. It was a failure.

He acted in three or four films, once as the mad movie director in RKO's The Lost Squadron and once opposite Garbo in Metro's As You Desire Me. Then he dropped from sight. His wife's tragedy had swept him into oblivion.

Von married Valerie Marguerite Germonprez in October, 1920. She was a Hollywood extra. Their son, christened Josef Erich St. Rita Von Stroheim, was born September 18, 1922, when Von was battling Irving Thalberg over Merry-Go-Round.

In his little Metro scenario office this year Von did a lot of the writing of The Devil Doll, a recent Lionel Barrymore picture, and he still is at work on an Austrian story, The Emperor's Candelabra, for John Considine, the Metro producer.

Recently, when I sat in a little restaurant across from the Metro lot in Culver City and talked to Von Stroheim, I studied the changes in the man. I had sat in New York theaters with Von and his wife at the height of the director's success. Von had changed.

"I have become legendary—almost a myth." He sighed. "Yet I want another chance. Will I get it?"

"Don't forget that the only thing the producers hold against me is that I supposedly spent too much money and time on pictures. Yet today a picture that costs two and a half millions is nothing out of the ordinary. The only difference is that the methods of advertising and publicizing have changed and the producers do not harp on costs as they did in the old days."

I hope Von gets his chance. He deserves it. For all his reputed madness, Von did a great deal to lift the motion picture from adolescence.

Besides, there's a woman who loves him dearly—waiting and hoping.

THE END

OLYMPIC PAINS

by

ALFRED R. MASTERS

as told to

FRANK J. TAYLOR

A Chronicle of High Hats, Heroes, and Trouble—A U.S. Official Speaks His Mind

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

JESSE OWENS, the world's fastest human, is only one of a number of American athletes to whom the Olympic Games, which should have been the great adventure of a lifetime, turned out to be largely a pain in the neck—and all because of the political setup for handling the American teams.

Bearing in mind that each athlete on each United States team was an ambassador of good will abroad—for that is the ideal of the modern Olympiad—let's see what he was up against in carrying out his unofficial diplomatic mission.

The American Olympics Committee agreed in advance of the games that each sport must raise its own funds to send its representatives to the games. The estimated cost of sending an athlete to Berlin for the duration of the games was $650.

Largest of all the delegations was the track and field team, with seventy-one men. The proposed budget for the sport was $43,000. Actually they raised approximately $60,000, so there was plenty of money to take care of the track and field athletes.

The American Olympics Committee treasury took the money and paid for transportation, hotel bills, meals, and magnanimously handed each athlete one dollar a week for "laundry." That dollar actually had to cover all incidental expenses, including laundry.

To handle the American track and field team of seventy-one men, the Olympics Committee took along five managers. They were Bill Bingham, track director of Harvard, T. N. Metcalf, athletic director at Chicago, Ed Schaefer, a Buffalo business man, George Brown, in charge of the marathoners, and myself. These managers were in addition to the three track and field coaches: Lawson Robertson of Pennsylvania, Dean Cromwell of Southern California, and E. C. Hayes of Indiana.

Two men are enough to manage a team of that size and Bingham and Metcalf were entirely capable of doing it. If they had left me at home, for example, the saving would have meant nine dollars extra spending money for each athlete on the track and field team. If they had left three of us behind, each athlete could have had twenty-seven dollars for incidental expenses. That isn't much, but it means the difference between being flat broke in a foreign land and just enough to get by graciously.

The fun began on the liner Manhattan going over. The American team was supposed to travel as a unit on one boat. The Olympics Committee, with an eye to economy, reserved tourist-class space for the members of the team. Most of the officials, however, paid the difference and traveled in first-class accommodations up above. After nine o'clock in the evening the athletes' quarters were roped off to keep the boys from bothering the stuffed shirts upstairs.

That was a challenge which no red-blooded American kid could overlook—particularly in view of the fact that the athletes felt that they were the representatives of America, rather than the white-collared officials. The athletes were continually overflowing on to the reserved first-class deck. The game was to get upstairs without going through the ropes. That was easy. All you had to do was get lost in the ship's kitchen and go out the wrong door.

The lack of consideration on the part of the American Olympics officials toward the athletes in Berlin was another grievance. The big blowup came when the track stars, such as Owens and others, who had given their all in the stiff competition of the games, were taken on a barnstorming tour of a dozen different European cities. The tour had been arranged by the American Olympics officials acting in their capacity as heads of the Amateur Athletic Union. The A. A. U. treasury got a sizable cut of the gate receipts from these meets, but prying a small part of these funds loose for the benefit of the badly financed athletes was next to impossible. The net result was to spoil the good effects of the Olympic Games.

In contrast, most of the other nations whose athletes competed at the Olympic Games underwrote the expenses of the teams that carried their banner. Some of us suggested that hereafter we ought to try to get Uncle Sam to do the same with future American teams.

"Then we would have too many politicians junketing along with the athletes!" exclaimed a member of the committee.

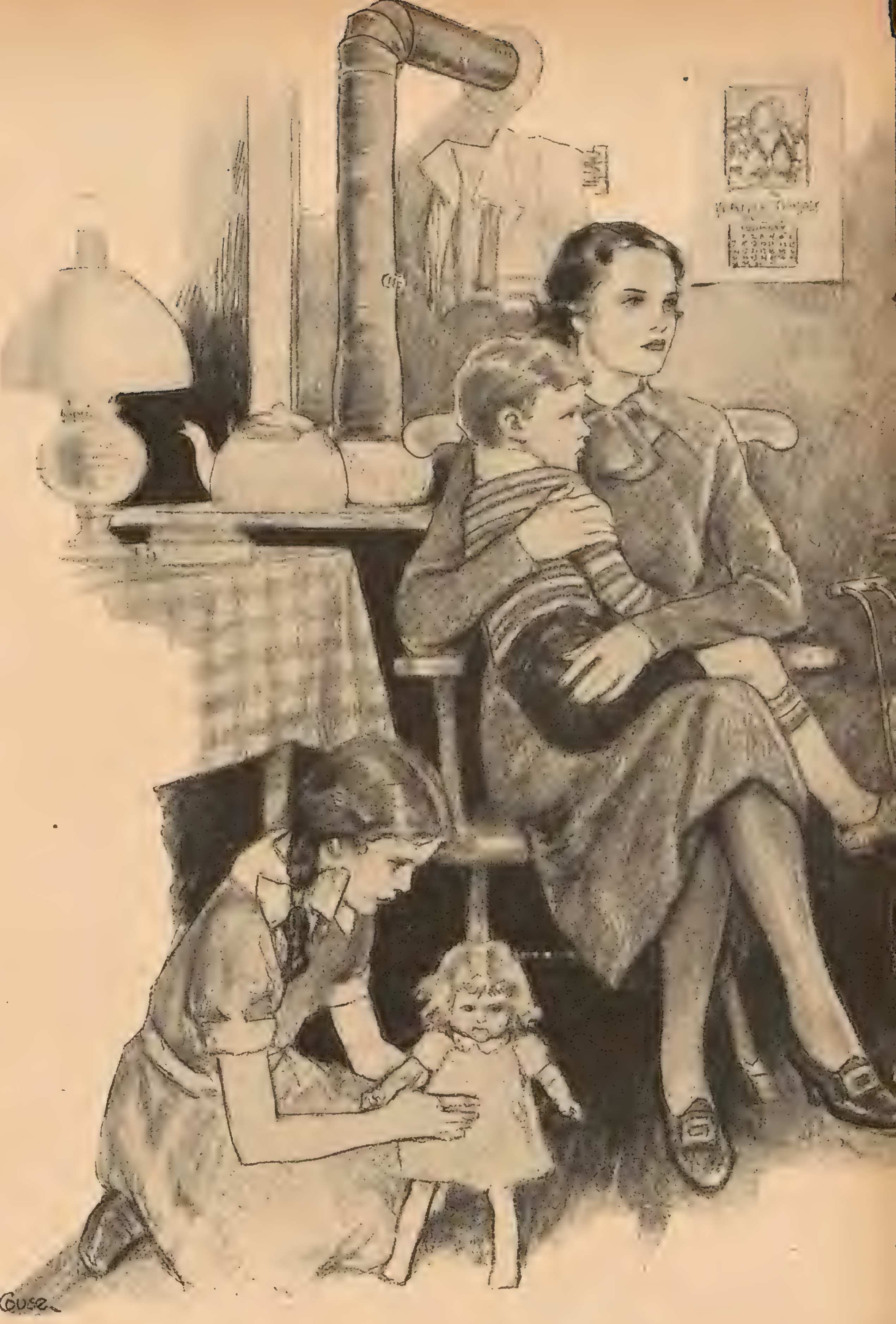
We got a good laugh out of that. What were all of us managers and officials but a bunch of junketeers taking the gravy that should have gone to the athletes?

By way of constructive suggestions for future Olympiads, I offer these definite proposals:

1. The number of officials accompanying the teams should be reduced.
2. To maintain harmony, officials and athletes should travel in the same class of accommodations.
3. Officials should be housed with the athletes at the games and not permitted to hide out in hotels.
4. No Olympic team nor any independent athlete should be allowed to start for the games unless funds are available to take them from their homes to the games and back again to their homes. Proper financial provisions should include incidental expenses while en route and in foreign lands.
5. The post-Olympic track meets should be curtailed to one or two events, such as the British-American track meet, which was one of the finest sporting events in recent years.

THE END

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 31 SECONDS



LOVE *Isn't*

AS always, when one of their arguments was going on and on and on, Claire Gardiner's smile was slightly twisted and Kurt was prowling about the room with his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Kurt's beginning to prowl was apt to be a signal that the argument soon would end in one or the other giving in from sheer weariness, or else in that cold anger that for months had lurked like some watchful thing ready to leap whenever they were together.

"But why should I drive all the way up to New Hampshire in midwinter for a day and a half of something I don't enjoy?" she asked with that air of complete reasonableness that always left Kurt baffled and helpless. "I hate winter sports. I don't play around with the Stewarts' crowd anyway. In fact, my dear man, you'll have a much better time without me—it's you Amy Stewart wants, not me. No, I'm staying home."

Kurt's head jerked back. "A date with Cameron, I suppose."

"Well, yes. Anything wrong with that?"

"Nothing. Not a thing. But this time—"

She laughed a little. "This time I'm refusing to be bored, that's all. What's the sense of it? Life's too short."

He stopped in front of her. "Look here, Claire, you can see Cameron any day—you do, at that. You won't be bored up there. There'll be plenty of people doing things indoors. Besides—"

The smile on her lips twisted a little more; her eyebrows went up. "Oh, it's that way, is it? I'm to be left to knit by the fireside while you romp in the snow with Amy Stewart, am I? Oh, come now, Kurt!"

His eyes were hard under his frown; he started to speak once or twice before he said, "Claire, this is important. I am asking you for co-operation. For help, if you like. Wolcott's a man I've got to meet—*got* to. The Stewarts have made this week end so I can meet him. And I've got to. I've got to make good with him."

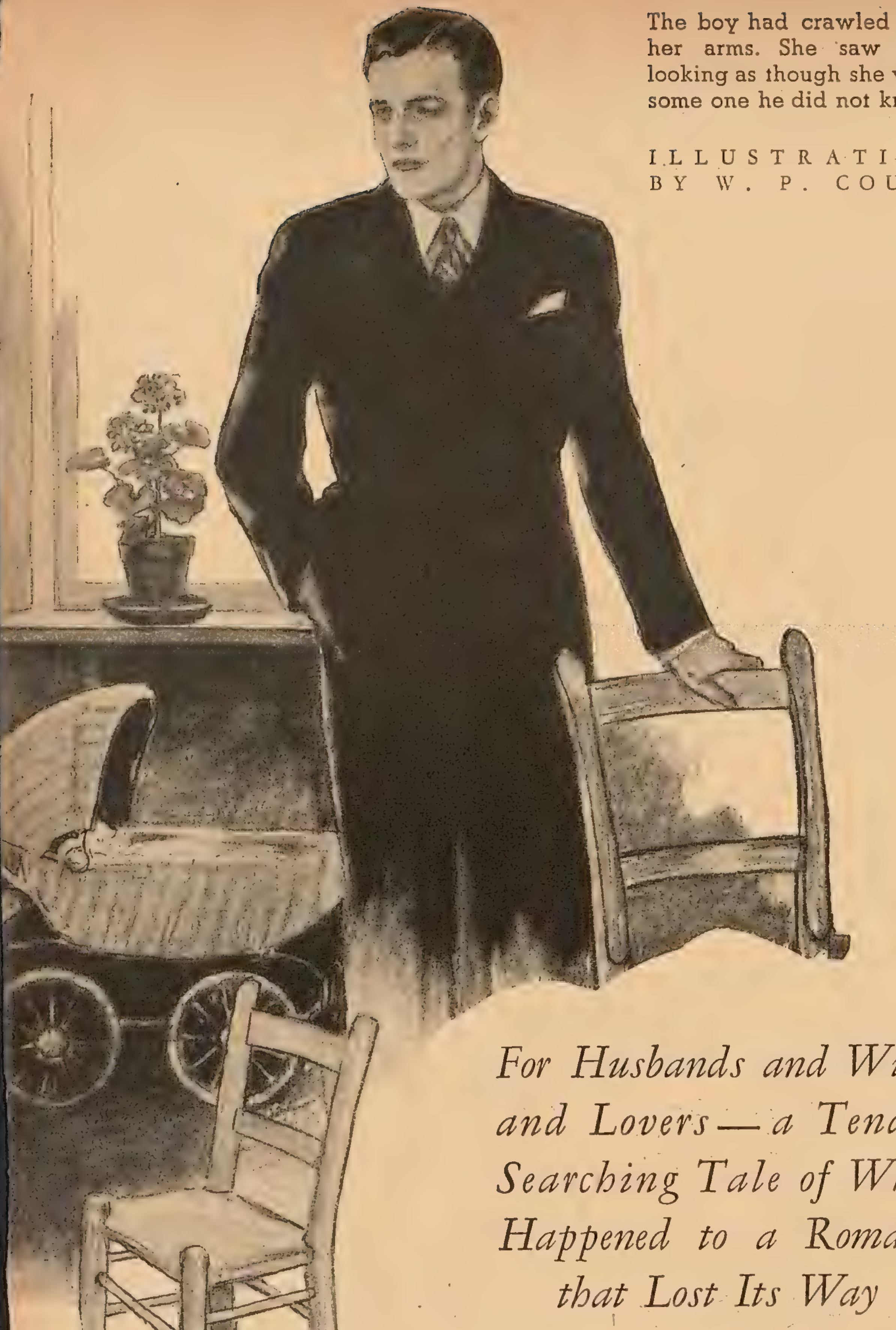
"So you said. Well, go ahead, darling—I'm telling you! For the life of me I don't see where I fit in."

"It's that kind of party—intimate—that sort of thing. Wolcott's that kind of man. He's old-fashioned."

"Oh, I see!" Again she laughed. "It has to be all very strict and proper for the great banker, does it? Poor dear—you and Amy won't have a very good time, will you?"

"Oh, drop that, Claire, drop it!" he flared; then his face stiffened. "Sorry," he said, and added, "Definitely I am asking you to come with me."

Their look held for a long moment; when the taunting amusement did not fade from hers, he turned away, flung his big body down upon a sofa, leaned forward with his



The boy had crawled into her arms. She saw Kurt looking as though she were some one he did not know.

ILLUSTRATION BY W. P. COUSE

For Husbands and Wives and Lovers — a Tender, Searching Tale of What Happened to a Romance that Lost Its Way

by EDITH BARNARD DELANO

Enough

head on his hands. Presently it was her turn to move about the room, to set a chair differently here, to arrange a flower there, at last to stand near the sofa and look down at Kurt. She may have felt a slight compunction; but oh, she was tired of these scenes.

"Kurt," she asked, "why are we always like this?"

"I don't know," she heard from behind his hands. "God, I don't know."

She moved away, came back again. She was aware of a catch at her throat, something compounded of pity and of regret; but of a sense of futility, too. "I'll go to the Stewarts' with you. Then let's call it a day."

He looked up. "What does that mean?"

"You know what it means. But when we've talked about it before, we've always made it a—a sort of weapon, because we were angry. It would be so much more decent and sensible to keep anger out of it."

"You mean—divorce. Won't let it drop, will you? And now you're trying to strike a bargain with me because I'm on the spot. You'll go to the Stewarts' with me if I consent to a divorce—ha!"

Her face flushed, but she controlled her rising anger. "You see! Oh, we can't go on like this! I can't."

He got up, and they stood face to face, antagonism like a white heat between them. "Don't worry," he said grimly. "We're not likely to go on like this."

THE meaning in his words escaped her; her hands made a small gesture of helplessness. "Well, then! Isn't it too degrading for us to keep on living together when things are getting worse and worse? It's wrecking."

"Wreck is right," said he.

"You accused me of bargaining. I'm not. I'm trying to be rational. You and I thought we were going to have something very fine—love, marriage—real marriage. Well, we haven't, and there's no use pretending we have it or ever will have it. We don't pull together, we don't even play together, we wrangle over anything or nothing. It makes me feel soiled. I can't take any more of it."

"Do you think I don't know?"

"Then let's admit the plain evident truth, Kurt! We simply haven't whatever it takes to make marriage—not to each other, anyway."

He looked up quickly. "You mean—does that mean—"

"No! It does not! I am not thinking of another marriage. No! As a matter of fact, I am no more jealous of Amy Stewart than you are of Pat Cameron—we even use things like that to hurt and torment each other. Oh, this eternal squabbling, jabbing at each other! I want somehow to get hold of—of decency."

"Yes," he said wearily.

"Then you agree. Very well. I'll go on this week end with you, and when we get back I'll go to Hot Springs or Reno. It won't take long. Neither of us would want to make it—ugly."

He seemed to be trying to speak; his face was haggard, looking unmasked and naked.

"We'll have to start early," he said from the doorway. "It's a long drive."

Three days later, on the way home in the car, that talk seemed a milestone left far behind, and yet, strangely enough, a milestone ahead of her. They had not been bad, those days at the Stewarts'. Amy had urged their staying over, what with snow in the air and the radio talking of blizzards. But Kurt had said: "I've got to get back tonight. Got to," and frowned, and left Claire wondering what had happened between him and Wolcott.

When they had put some miles behind them, she said, "Well, you met your banker man, didn't you? Rather stodgy and pompous, I thought. Any luck with him?"

"No," he said forbiddingly, and she raised her eyebrows and lighted a cigarette.

Now and again she glanced at him; already she was beginning to see him as a stranger. Once a silence between them would have been filled with many things, dear things; now it was merely silence. Oh, too bad, too bad. But she was not going soft about it at this late date.

Snow was falling so thickly that they might have been driving through a fog, blotting out hills and woods and even roadsides. There, within the warm car, she had no sense of going forward at all, for there was nothing by which to measure direction. Presently snow lay caught against the windows, and the fog pressed closer; only the small heated rectangle in front of Kurt remained clear, and from her place she could not see through that.

Fog—strange to be shut in here with Kurt in a cold fog, just at the last. Well, there had been a good deal of fog between them for a long time, and a good deal of cold, too. Of course there had been some moments that were not cold, when they had recaptured the old warmth that had held and uplifted them; always they had been followed by that other warmth of anger. Well, they had tried life together; now they were going to try something else, as sensible people did. Little flashes of plans went through her mind. There would be the house to close, things to divide—she would rather like to help Kurt get settled in the apartment he'd probably take.

"Do you know where we are?" she asked after an hour or more. It could not be late, but already he had the headlights on; he was leaning forward across the wheel, peering. She saw him frown.

"We're all right," he said shortly.

A while later there was sound in that outer whiteness, sound that beat against the car. "Isn't it beginning to blow?" she asked. "We aren't getting into anything, are we?"

"We'll get through," he said. "I've got to get back—got to. I wish I'd left you up there. But if I'm not back when the market opens tomorrow—"

A dart of fear went through her. "Of course you'll be back," she said with an effort. "Yes, of course we're all right."

At a gasoline station he brought her a sandwich and a strange bottled drink. She heard the man say, dubiously: "Well, if they keep the snowplows going—"

THE car began to act strangely: sometimes it stalled, sometimes it slithered, then ground onward again. The whiteness outside had long since turned to gray; presently it turned to night. She thought it was hours before Kurt stopped the car and got out. Through the open door she could see nothing but snow falling past the lights and Kurt's flashlight picking out a wooden sign that was peaked high with more snow. When he was at the wheel again he looked at her.

"We're off the highroad. I'm darned sorry, Claire, to have gotten you into this."

She had not been really afraid before, but her heart began to pound. She tried to laugh. "It would be just a little absurd if just at the very end we were to get into something, wouldn't it?"

"Don't be afraid—please don't. Even if we had to sit out in the car—but we won't. This country isn't a wilderness. There's bound to be a house somewhere. If I could only see—"

She moistened her lips. "Is the snow stopping at all? How late is it, Kurt?"

But he did not reply; once more he was peering out through the cleared rectangle, and the car was grinding on again. She lighted her last cigarette, closed her eyes. At last the horn sounded blatantly, and the car stopped, and in an instant Kurt was out of it.

She opened the door at her side; yes, a house, for there was a lamp in a window, and in a moment a door opened; otherwise there was snow and snow and snow.

A man called out, "I'll bring a lantern, doctor!"

He came with it, holding it high in his left hand. They saw that the right was heavily bandaged, rigid and useless. When the light fell on their faces something seemed to go out of the man.

"I thought it was the doctor," he said. Claire was held by the look of dismay on a face thin and sensitive.

Kurt spoke: "Sorry. I'm afraid we've lost our way. Can we get through, ahead here?"

The man had got hold of himself; he shook his head. "Not a chance of that tonight, nor till the plows come through. You'd better come in."

Claire said, "But if there's sickness—your hand—"

"Oh, it's not my hand—I smashed my fingers a week ago. I'm all right. It's my wife. Please come in. I'm afraid you'll have to leave the car where it is, but nobody's likely to come along and tamper with it this night! Some snow," he added, as he lighted their way into a small hall.

There Kurt spoke again: "But, look here, man, we can't drop ourselves down on you like this. A little hot coffee would help. Then, if you'll lend me a shovel, we'll take our chance."

HE was walking ahead of them. Not until they were in a kitchen lit by a kerosene lamp and pleasantly warm did he show them a friendly grin.

"Frankly, I don't think you'd have a chance," said he. "I don't see how you got here at all. But I'm glad to have you—we don't get much company here."

"Still, if your wife's sick—" Kurt was persisting; yet the other was, too.

"Well, I'm hoping she'll be all right tomorrow—then she'll be glad you're here. She's been doing too much since I hurt my hand, and she had a bad fall this morning. I'm keeping her in bed in that little room off there—the kids call it their take-a-nap room, and it's handy. . . . No, we won't disturb her—you get used to a good deal of noise when you've got a couple of young ones. Oh, she'd want you to stay."

He was looking from one to the other almost wistfully. Absurd, Claire thought, for him to remind her of a pleading dog that wants to come in from the cold. Now he was saying, with that grin of his:

"We've found out that one of the good things about living in the country is that hospitality's free—both ways. We've plenty of room—plenty, if you don't mind using our room upstairs. There's a good stove in it. I've got to bunk down here anyway."

"I think you're most awfully kind," she said, and his face brightened.

"I'll have you some coffee in a minute. My name's Martin. I'll have to bring in some kindling—"

"Here—" Kurt said, and the two went off together.

Claire looked about her. Certainly there might have been worse places to have an adventure in, and Martin was like a lot of the people they had known in their early days, and had seen so seldom since Kurt had been making more money. She had heard of people's living in their kitchens; these people certainly lived in theirs. There were plain things and worn things in it, but that upholstered chair had once been good. There were geraniums and parsley on the window sills, and books; a basket of mending was beside the rocking chair, a magazine or two were on a table. There was a toy train on the floor, and a doll had been put to sleep in a little carriage. No, the room was not sordid; it was friendly, like Martin himself; it was like a homely face with a smile in its eyes.

"You two are going to need more than coffee," she heard Martin saying presently. She herself said:

"At least I can make myself useful," and took the coffeepot from him.

"Sure you can," he agreed. "Another thing about the country—it's almost too big sometimes, but there doesn't seem to be room in it for any formality. Could you beat up these eggs, Mr. Gardiner? Takes two hands. Great! I'll set the table."

While he moved about, bringing forth food and dishes, he talked, nervously, ceaselessly, as though to keep fear from making itself heard. He went for a moment into the room where his wife was; talked even more when he came out.

"And still another thing about the country," he was saying: "no corner grocery, so you always have plenty on hand. Lord—I'll never forget our first year up here!

. . . Yes, this is our third winter. A teller's cage is more my line. But we struck rock bottom after my bank closed, and my wife—say, it's funny the way a woman's always got spunk enough to find a way out, isn't it? Didn't know any more about the country than I did, but she hadn't a doubt it would be fine for the kids, hadn't a doubt we could swing it. Well, sir, that first year when we were all ready for winter and saw our cellar full of stuff and the pantry shelves full of things Anne had canned—never had canned in her life before, either—I tell you, there's some satisfaction in being a self-contained unit. It sort of keeps the world outside, and you're pretty well pleased with the world you've made inside, if you know what I mean."

EDITH BARNARD DELANO

lives in Deerfield, Massachusetts, in a sturdy house built by her father's people in 1700. She is the author of half a dozen books, of numerous short stories which have appeared in leading magazines, and of many motion-picture scenarios. She confesses, however, that she would rather cook than do anything else!

He talked on and on, urged by an occasional question from Kurt. When the meal was done at last, and he had come from that other room again, he went to the telephone against the wall; but after a moment he hung up the receiver, shook his head. His smile was gone.

"No good. Still out—line's down, I guess. Haven't been able to get a sound all afternoon. I did get the doctor's house this morning—out on a baby case, but I left word. Anne didn't want me to—said it was a foolish expense. Still, when she began to run a temperature—Oh, well, maybe he'll manage to get through."

Again Kurt said something, again Martin answered; but Claire stood still at the sink where her red-tipped fingers had been busy with dishes. That snow outside, snow they had fought through, snow that had menaced them—that snow was still falling. It was drifted high about this house—this house where a man and a woman worked together, where children played and were safe. Even now, without the help that one knew was always at the far end of a wire, even now when that wire was gone and the help one took for granted was not at hand, not anywhere—even now life was going on here, and was—safe. Why? What was this pulse of life in this house, exciting and new?

"Yes, they're grand kids," Martin was saying. "Ruth's nearly seven—you ought to see what a help she is!—and Buddy's four. You got any? . . . Well, we didn't want them either, at first. Of course that's all right—you've got to get ahead when you're first married. But—well, the fact is, there was a time when we didn't think we were going to make a go of it. Seems funny now, but I guess most folks go through it. Anne had been pretty independent—no family, much; and Lord knows I was selfish enough. Even after Ruth came along. . . . Excuse me a minute, will you?"

A LOW sound had come from the closed room. When Martin came back again his look was more anxious than ever. But he said:

"No, oh no, we aren't disturbing her. The only thing is, I can't understand why she should be having that temperature." He looked at Claire. "You know anything about sickness?"

She shook her head. "I'm the most useless woman alive," she said, and the sound of the words seemed to stay in the air, seemed to be unexpectedly true, seemed to shut her away from the warm little world inside here as the snow had shut her away from the world outside the car.

Upstairs at last, in the room with Kurt, she still felt shut away; for all his standing there by the window while she was spreading fresh sheets, she was shut away even from Kurt. The men had led the way to the upper floor, their arms piled high with wood. She had gone with them into the room where the children lay sleeping, the little girl covered sedately, with a worn plush animal hugged close; the boy spread-eagled outside his covers.

"Oh, let me do it!" Claire said, when Martin was trying to draw the blankets over the child.

"Thanks," he said. "Gosh, I'm awkward with only one hand. That's right—maybe we'd better pin him in. He's apt to be croupy, and it would be just like a kid to act up at a time like this." He looked at Kurt. "If you're awake—I always slip in once or twice in the night to put in more wood. Gets kind of cold up here before morning. You'll want to keep the stove in your room going, too."

Your room—that room with its great square bed; that room proclaiming the intimate life of a man and a woman. At last she was lying constrainedly at Kurt's side, as they had not lain for very long. The room was turning faintly gray when she knew from his breathing that he was asleep. It seemed only a moment before she herself was awake again; the children were there beside her, wide-eyed, whispering, and as she rose to her elbow the boy's lips quivered.

"I told you it wasn't mommy," he said, and his lips quivered more. Claire slipped out of bed and led them across the hall.

SO began a day crowded with things utterly strange to her. As simply as Martin himself, the children accepted her doing familiar woman-things — food, dishes, beds, grimy faces and small sticky hands, and again and again food and dishes. Long before that day was gone she was aching with weariness. Her thoughts went to her days at home, leisurely, filled with amusement and ease.

In the afternoon, when the boy had hurt himself and had crawled into her arms for comfort, she saw Kurt looking at her as though she were some one he did not know; then again he went to a window to look out at the still falling snow, and again resumed the restless stirring from kitchen to woodshed, upstairs, here or there for no reason. As the day went on his face seemed to be wearing new lines. Once he took an envelope from his pocket and spent a few minutes figuring. Claire understood. But not even tomorrow would he be there when the market opened. Then, when twilight was coming, he was getting into his coat. The snow had stopped falling; a moment later she saw him go past the window with a shovel.

It was at that moment that Martin came into the room again, his eyes on Claire, his look strange.

"Is she resting?" Claire asked, and held her breath for his answer.

He seemed to find it hard to speak. "Sometimes the kids have their supper upstairs. Would you mind?"

There were protests; once more there was food to be made ready, and a tray to be carried up. There was a matter of difficult buttons, of stories and prayers, of warm plump arms about her neck and of warm lips on her cheeks. At last they were in bed.

Kurt was stamping snow from his feet when she reached the kitchen. Martin closed his wife's door behind him, leaned against it, shaking, breathing like a man who has been running a race; his forehead was wet, and there was stark terror in his eyes.

"I—ought to have known," he gasped. "But she was—always in a—hospital before—and it's only—seven months."

For a moment the room was as still as though creation had not yet brought forth life and death but were resting between its pangs.

Kurt said under his breath, "O dear God!"

Claire set the tray carefully, so carefully, on to the table. She looked up at Martin. "You mean—she's—"

"Yes."

Again that silence, until Kurt said too loudly, "You've got to get the doctor now! I've dug my car out. Got any gas? Which way, Martin?"

Martin ran a hand over his face, swallowed. "If you could snowshoe—"

"I can."

"House down by the state road—men there—you'll need a lantern."

While she stood there, a sound came from the room beyond that sent Claire's hands to her cheeks, a sound that wrenched a primeval fear from the depths beneath her consciousness. Then she saw the lantern go past the window, a pale yellow blur.

She was still standing there when Martin came back. At the sight of his face her hands fell. Something deeper even than fear had come to her. She was still trembling, but she touched him on the arm.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "Come!"

There were times that night when Anne Martin's hands gripped hers until Claire thought their bones were crushing. There were long intervals when she could do nothing but watch the other woman's stillness, her closed eyes, the damp ruddy hair on her temples. Time and again Martin went to the useless telephone, to the ever-ravenous stoves. There were times when he and Claire faced each other and knew themselves spent, knew they were helpless, knew they must have help. Once he fell to his knees by his wife's bed; once he raised his shaking arms above his head, one hand clenched, the other grotesque in its bandage. And when day was coming, at last they heard the stamping of men in the kitchen.

The doctor looked at Martin from across that bed. "You get on out of here—we don't need you," he said. "Everything's going all right. Might keep the fire going and put a kettle on."

Sometimes, during that time of crisis, Claire knew what to do; sometimes the doctor gave sharp orders. At last—at last he told her:

"I can finish up here. Better get some rest. Good work, ma'am, and thank you. Why, yes, coffee would go pretty good—but you let the men make it. I want you to lie down—sleep if you can. I'll get a woman here soon."

The lamp was still burning on the kitchen table, though sunlight lay on the floor. A little form that would never move lay wrapped on a chair. Martin was in another, his forehead against his bandaged hand. Kurt was there, too; his face was ghastly, and it quivered as their eyes met—and suddenly he was no stranger.

"Kurt!" she said soundlessly, stumbling toward him. "Kurt!" and felt his arms about her, felt the pounding of his heart and his breath on her hair.

"Now, then!" It was the doctor's voice. "She's fine—we'll let her have a good rest now." He went to Martin, clapped a hand on his shoulder. "Hey—what's the matter with you?" he blustered. "It's all over—buck up!"

Martin got to his feet, looked at the little thing on the chair, looked from one to another there in the room.

"I know," the doctor said differently. "I know. But she's all right—you've got each other. You're lucky, man—don't you know it?"

Martin stood swaying, tried to grin. "Sure—I'm—lucky," he said.

THE sun was still shining as they drove homeward, slanting from low in the west over roadsides bordered with mountains of white. Now and again Claire glanced at Kurt; he was tense and haggard—it was only she who had slept. She had slept far into the afternoon, slept to dream, and the dream was still vividly in her mind.

Some one, a man, was cutting wood in a forest, and fingers of fire kept creeping along the wood that was cut, so it was never enough. Some one—his back was like Kurt's—was turning earth, and miraculously green things sprang to life behind his spade; the green things grew and bore fruit, but they were never enough. A woman was at her stove—the woman's haste and fatigue and triumph was hers, but she was not that woman; she was filling jars with the fruits of that garden, hundreds and hundreds of jars, such as she had seen on the shelves of a pantry in the Martins' house.

Somewhere a little girl was laughing. She knew it was all a dream, knew that she was the dreamer; but in the dream there was reality too, and, at last, quietness. Not the quiet that comes after passion, but the quiet that comes after toil, after work shared and found well done.

She had awakened to wonder at the dream's clearness, and there in the car beside Kurt she was still wondering. After a time he said, without looking at her:

"Don't—please don't cry—please don't."

"I didn't know I was crying. But, Kurt, I'm afraid—afraid!"

His face was white. "You're out of it now. Nothing like that will ever happen to you."

"That is—what I'm afraid of," she said, so softly that perhaps he did not hear. "Kurt, what does it mean for you, not getting back when you should have?"

"Cleaned out, I guess."

"Those people—the Martins—used rock bottom to stand on."

"Might call this a reef," he said. How weary he looked! "You're wise to get out before the ship breaks to pieces."

"I deserve that," she said gently; three days before she would have flamed with anger. "But that is not what I'm afraid of. I'm afraid of missing life—what those two have."

His voice was harsh: "They care for each other, that's all."

"Not all. You and I have cared for each other, too. Love isn't enough to make what those two have."

"Oh, well, kids. Good thing we haven't any."

"Children aren't enough, either. You heard him say they had had their bad times with each other. Kurt, I—I saw those two look at each other this morning—"

"I know. Tough on them. Too bad."

"Oh, yes, they had grief. Just as they had bad luck. They've had work, actual toil. Responsibility and care. But—life. That's what I'm afraid of, I tell you—of missing life as those two know it."

HE was frowning; it was a moment or so before he said, "Look here, you've been through a lot. You don't want to let it get you. You don't want to go sentimental. You'll be yourself tomorrow."

"I hope this is myself. Of course I've been through a lot. We both have. Kurt, it's life we've been seeing there—don't you understand? Those two have found out what marriage means—what it really is. They're living life through—through!"

The muscles of his cheek were twitching, but he said lightly, "Oh, well, people differ. And marriage differs."

"But it doesn't just happen—not marriage that sums up to life—or not happen either. That's the way we've been taking it, thinking about it, and it is not the way it is. I've seen, and now I know. It—it's work, and—and standing up to things, meeting things, anything, and seeing them through—and sharing, and so being able to look at each other like that—without any words at all." Tears were on her cheeks again. "Kurt, those two made their mistakes and had their tragedies, but they built on them. Oh, don't you understand? They've made their marriage a—a sort of stronghold against the world. I—I want to make our mistakes—ours!—mean something, too."

Neither knew how long it was before he said, "Now don't be angry, Claire, but you're not yourself. You don't want to act on impulse. You—"

"Why not?" she cried. "Think of the foolish things, cruel things, we've both done on impulse! Why not use just one impulse for something wise and sane and—maybe—good? If we put as much strength into that as we have into the other—"

"You're doing this because you are sorry for me."

Her laugh was half a sob. "No—oh, no! I'm still wanting more than I have. I'm still myself, you see. But I'm not afraid to stand on rock bottom with you."

"Claire—"

"Ah, Kurt, don't you want it? Not to toss away what we have with the idea of finding something better—different, anyway! To see it through—through! To build and build and see it through—together. So maybe we too can say we're—lucky . . ." Her head was bowed, her fingers twisting together. "Don't you—don't you want it, Kurt?"

"God—" she heard him say under his breath. He had stopped the car, but she was unaware of that. He looked at her. "We might—fail."

"But we'd have tried, not just have side-stepped."

"It won't be easy."

Her eyes met his. "Does that matter?"

"No," he said slowly. "I don't think it does."

THE END

"He had with him a copy of the ransom note, and he told me the boss had said for me to try to copy it with my left hand!" Wendel came to Liberty's studio and posed for this illustrative photograph.

Wendel TELLS ALL—

"MY 44 DAYS OF KIDNAPING, TORTURE, AND HELL IN THE LINDBERGH CASE"

"Write What We Tell You," They Said, and He Did—Here's His Amazing "Confession"

by PAUL H. WENDEL

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART THREE—"I BURIED THE BABY"

ALL Friday evening I was writing confessions. The first ones were short and without circumstantial detail, and failed to satisfy. After the first one, Bill came back and said:

"I read your story over the phone to the boss, and he came back with 'No good!'"

He had with him a photostatic copy of the ransom note supposed to have been left in the Lindbergh nursery, and he told me the boss had said for me to try to copy it with my left hand! I tried, but it was no good. It happened that my left hand was more swollen than my right, because when they beat me it was on top and got most of the punishment. I just couldn't use it, for writing or anything else.

I then tried writing another confession with my right hand and in my own handwriting. Bill disappeared with this, but didn't go upstairs to phone.

"This is no good, either," he said when he returned.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"There's a man outside who knows all about it."

"Why don't you turn him over to the police?"

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE Monday morning after Wendel was snatched and tied up in a cellar in Brooklyn, the men then known to him only as Bill, Hank, Jack, and Tony began, he says, to torture him. He was hung up by the wrists and ankles, with his head and body weighted downward and the edge of a board cutting into his back. Still refusing to " confess " to the Lindbergh crime, he was beaten and was tormented with a hot light bulb. The next day it was all done again, more severely. Between times he was kept sitting in handcuffs and chains, with cotton stuffed in his ears. The men spoke of a " big boss," but would not tell who was behind them. Thursday, February 20, they menaced one of his eyeballs with a lighted cigarette and spread-eagled him as if on a rack. Finally, he says, they threatened to pull his son, Paul, to pieces and to " bump off " his wife and daughter—both before his eyes. He felt that they were capable of such things. After a parley they let him lie down, and he planned a written " confession " that could be easily disproved, and thought of asking to have his clothes sent to a cleaner, whose tags should help, later, in locating the neighborhood.

When they threatened to " bring your son over here *tonight*," he said: " All right. Give me some paper! "

" Doc," he laughed, " you're making this confession, not him."

" Who is he? " I persisted.

" You'd be surprised if you knew! "

I wrote another confession, putting in a lot more details that I had read about in the paper and discussed from time to time with my friends the Parkers. As I handed it to Bill, I asked him if I could have my clothes sent to the cleaner's. He evidently didn't scent any scheme to get evidence for the police that way through tags or other marks on the cleaned clothes, for he said right away that he would arrange it.

Hank, who stayed behind, said:

" Doc, what you wrote better suit the boys uptown, or you'll get the same treatment you got before."

" I have signed the confession," I said. " Now I demand my release."

" Not so fast, doc," he replied.

I then tried to get him to tell me who was behind this kidnaping and torture, but without success.

" Doc, I can't tell you," he said. " I got a thousand-dollar bill for picking you up. We should have got you on Rector Street the day before, when you came out of your office and went to the lunch stand, but you got away from us."

From the beginning I had had a sneaking feeling that I had seen Hank—his real name was Harry Weiss—somewhere before. Now I remembered that it was in the lunchroom, at a table near mine. I questioned him about this, and he said yes, he was there. But it puzzled me more than ever that they should know my Rector Street address. I had just acquired that address for a special deal I was negotiating, and I hadn't even told my family where it was.

Bill had gone off without giving Hank permission to let me use the mattress again, so I had to spend the night in the old cramped position on the box. My hands and my burned ear were paining me terribly now. The ear was full of pus and throbbed like the ticking of a clock.

I was beginning to wonder if even the sacrifice of personal pride that I had made for my family's sake was to serve any useful purpose. Having agreed to do what they had demanded as the price of saving my own and my family's life, I certainly had a right to be treated like a human being. The torture to which I had previously been subjected was understandable—once one accepted the possibility that these bizarre events could occur at all; but that now, sick as I was, I should be required to spend still another night on my seat of misery was just too much.

WHEN Bill came back, he brought some salve—a good kind—to be used on my ear and hands and other burned and wounded parts. He again said he would see to having my clothes cleaned, as they were getting ready to turn me loose. He also promised me a Turkish bath and a good meal. I didn't think they would ever let any Turkish bath attendant see me in my bruised and scarred condition, but I didn't say so. Then Bill got down to business.

" Doc," he said, " the kind of confession they want is one that'll get Hauptmann a new trial. It's got to bring several people into it, so as to show it wasn't done by one man, as claimed. If you say your family took care of the baby, that'll be all right, I guess; but you've also got to show that the baby went out the front door and not down the ladder, as they claim. Can you do that? " he queried.

" I'll try."

They brought back the card table I had used for my first writings, and I put in all the stuff in the confession about going down the stairs and out the front entrance. I knew this theory of the crime well, because I had often heard Parker discuss it, so I was able to put in plenty of detail. The main thing they were after was to knock the ladder out from under the state's theory and to show that there were several people concerned in the plot.

" And there's another thing, doc," Bill said. " This business about you and young Paul staying at your sister's house in the Bronx—that's got to come out."

" Why? "

" Boss's orders. Don't ask me."

I thought it mighty funny that this mysterious boss, this powerful police official from New Jersey whom they were always going uptown to meet, should have picked on the very thing I had put in to protect myself later on; but there was nothing to do but comply. Anyhow, I figured that the story about the baby being in my house with the family all that time could be so easily disproved that the document wouldn't hold water anyway. When Bill read what I had written, he said:

" That's just what they want. You'd never have gotten out of here alive if you hadn't written it."

IT was Saturday night now. I was being fed fairly regularly, and it had been decided that I could sleep on the mattress again, with my hands handcuffed in a slightly different position, but with my left arm and both feet bound by straps and chains to one of the iron posts. This was the second night I had slept on a mattress since Friday the 14th—and I slept plenty.

The men outside my door—there seemed to be four of them now, although I was sure Bill was uptown—kept turning on the light and opening the door all evening; and just before I dropped off, Hank came in and repeated what Bill had said about the Turkish bath. He said this would happen the next day, Sunday, if everything was all right uptown about the new confession.

" Everything is O. K.," Bill said the next morning, " with the exception of a few small changes."

He showed me what to write, and I did as he said. This completed the final version of the confession, which, as you have seen, was written under great mental and physical stress, partly in my own words and partly in words and phrases dictated by Bill or through Bill by his bosses. I emphasize these facts to explain the awkward and often confusing phraseology. I am not proud of it as a piece of literature, but I give it here for what it is worth:

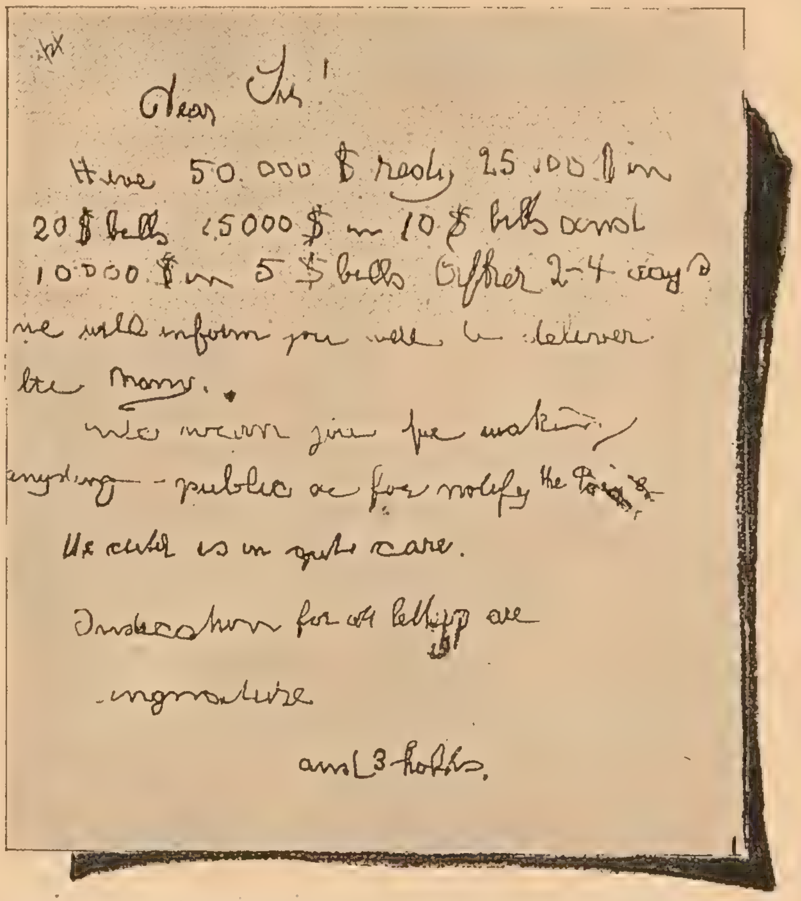
" CONFESSION

" During the fall of 1930 I spoke to my wife, we needed money, that we would have to do something drastic for getting money. I thought of several things so I could do something with money in it and that the kidnapping of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr. would be a good job, with plenty of money in it and this I decided to do, so I went to Lawrenceville Road where the Lindberghs were living until their home in Hopewell was completed.

" I studied the location thoroughly but after a little while I decided it was too dangerous a place to tackle a job of this kind. I thought of the Lindbergh's moving so I decided to go to Hopewell and look the grounds over, which I did. It looked good to me, so I decided to lay my plans. I collected lumber from various jobs in Philadelphia, Pa., the Baptist home, some from the Lutheran Church in Trenton, some I had in my own cellar, some from the waysides to and from Hopewell and some I had picked up at different times."

I put that mention in about the Lutheran church for the same reason that I had tried to put in my supposed visit with my son to my sister's house in the Bronx: because I knew that I would be able to prove that it was not so; and thus throw doubt on the whole confession.

This was the church of which my father had been pastor and I had been a devout attendant until, at a church board meeting in 1930, I had joined issues with the Rev. John Mathieson, my father's successor; I had not been near the church since that time. My disagreement with the minister was public property, so I knew that there would be hundreds of people who could testify that I had not been on the church property for fully six years.



Dear Sir!

Have 50.000 $ redy 25 000 $ in 20 $ bills 15000 $ in 10 $ bills and 10000 $ in 5 $ bills After 2-4 days we will inform you were to deliver the mony.

We warn you for making anyding public or for notify the Police the child is in gute care.

Indication for all letters are singnature and 3 holds.

The first Lindbergh ransom note, which Wendel's guards forced him to try to copy for "the boss."

But to proceed with the confession:

"In the fall of 1931 I decided to build three ladders that could be put together and carried in my Reo car in sections. I studied all sections and looked for exits on roads. During these various scouting expeditions I often borrowed a blue Reo coupe belonging to Tito Salamandra of Trenton.

"Here I decided would be a complete job, one for an Amateur to do, so I finished the ladders early in January of 1932, and gave them a thorough testing in the cellar of my home. I kept them hidden against the ceiling of my chemical closet. So I decided to learn what the movements of the Lindbergh's were, made weekly trips to the Hopewell home and noticed the time the lights would go on and off in the nursery and when the baby went to bed.

"Finally I decided it was safe to go ahead. After much planning I got my Reo car into shape so it could be depended upon. I checked up on my gun and holster with J. W. ——, a former client of mine. This was given to me early in 1929 at the time I went with Mrs. W—— and her step-daughter to their former home in —— County, preparing to determine the amount of her late husband's estate, so a bond could be filed and take out Letters of Administration of the Estate of J—— W—— deceased, which is recorded in the Surrogate's office at ——, New Jersey.

"I also checked everything else needed such as a pair of large old shoes (old fashioned, my father wore) also, a screw driver, laundry bag, and auto robe.

"IN November 1931 I drove out to Hopewell to the Lindbergh home which was being built and it was at this time that I made a thorough survey of the home and everything surrounding it. I made many trips after this and as I said before, I was preparing as I went along.

"This last week in February, 1932 I decided to hide the ladders somewhere's out of my home, and have them handy when I needed them. I looked at a sand pit on Quaker Bridge Road near Clarksville and after inspecting the same, I decided someone might run over them buried in the sand, so I looked for an old untenant barn, and thought someone might need firewood and the answer was no.

"So I thought of a place at Princeton at Mill Stone River at the spring, and to that place I went and found it to be satisfactory.

"The following night under cover of darkness I took the ladders to this hideaway and took a ride to Hopewell to examine the roads. I returned and checked on all the articles needed and was satisfied preceding Tuesday, March 1st. I believe it began with the Friday night and every night up to and including Tuesday, March 1st, I drove up to the Hopewell home to check on the activity of the Lindberghs and the surrounding conditions.

"On the morning of March 1st, 1932, I went to Princeton to check on all the ladders and found them satisfactory. I then drove to Hopewell to check on the roads and pick out where I would park, then returned to Trenton and stopped at Clinton and Greenwood Avenue for gas, oil, water and air, then I went home, it was near noon. I ate lunch and about 2 P. M. I said to my wife I was going to my room at my desk and I do not want anyone to bother me. Also said I wanted supper about 5 P. M.

"During the preparation for the matter—I examined many books for symbols. I had an Atlantic Reporter on my shelf which showed a circle with a red centre. I decided to use the old circle of chemical symbols with the one of the Atlantic Reporter Symbol. I completed the final symbol which I was to use that night in the following ransom note which I left on the window jam.

"The following is a true copy of the ransom note and the symbol left by me the night I took the Lindbergh baby."

AS the reader knows, all attempts to reproduce this note with the left hand had failed because of the condition of my hand at the moment. For the benefit of whatever official was to receive this confession, however, I scribbled:

"I will give you the note personally when I see you—Paul H. Wendel."

The confession then went on as follows:

"It was near 5 P. M. when I left my room to come downstairs to have my supper, which I had, and around 5:20 P. M. I left for Princeton to pick up the ladders and proceed to Hopewell, which I did. I arrived at Hopewell around 6:45 P. M. going the following route upon leaving my home at the above mentioned time. I came out of the driveway, turned right down Greenwood Avenue. Then, to Clinton Avenue to East Trenton, to the road which leads to New Brunswick Pike where I went straight to Princeton. Returning from Princeton I came back to Clarksville, turned right to Port Mercer over canal to Canal Road along road and creek to the Old Lincoln Highway, this side of Princeton, turned left to Mt. Rose Road, turned right and straight into Hopewell.

"I drove up and down the Main Street several times and finally went to a telephone and called Police Station, and told the police that there were prowlers around the freight cars. I did this to keep them from being around if anybody reported the loss of the baby, then I returned and went to the road leading from the main road that leads to the Lindbergh estate. I went up this road slowly looking right and left, went all the way through and came out on the highway again.

"I retraced the route back to the road that leads from the main highway, and when I got up the road aways I noticed a car nearly in the centre of the road so that I had to turn left to get around him. A man sat in the car, when I passed him my car tilted to expose the robe spread over the ladders and I was afraid he saw some parts of the ladders. I pulled down my cap and kept on going up the road where I saw a place with wood on the right where I pulled up.

"I waited until it got real dark, then I backed out and proceeded up the hill until I came to the road that the Lindbergh road runs into, turned left and continued to Lindbergh's land and turned into the lane, continued until I got about 250 feet from the house where I parked the car amongst the trees. I put on the shoes, collected the ladders, put the gun around my hips, took laundry bag and screw driver. I did all this with gloves (canvas). I had put them on a few minutes before I pulled amongst the trees. I then proceeded with all the material in the trees to the house when I got to the house, I laid everything down.

"It was about 8 P. M. I put three sections of the ladder together and placed them against the wall and I found that the arrangement was too high and too far away from the window.

"I took down the ladders, pulled a section apart and carried it to one side and again put up the ladder against the wall and I found I could reach the window from the top of the ladder.

"I had a feeling that someone was watching me. I looked around, listened, took off my shoes, picked up the laundry bag, I had screw driver in my pocket, I started to climb up the ladder. As I reached the third or fourth rung, I heard a snap of a noise and went down the ladder. I listened and looked around and started up the ladder again. I got to the top, took out the screw driver from my pocket and put it under the window and pried it up and pushed open the window carefully.

"I put my hand in the window to feel any obstructions. My hand touched a vase of some kind I could not see. I looked for the crib and went over to where it was. I felt around and saw it was covered with woolen blankets and found that they were pinned to the crib so I reached inside the blanket and pulled out the sleeping garment with the baby in it. I then took it and put it in the laundry bag that I had brought with me, then I looked over where the door was, listened carefully, heard nothing, opened the door, listened and proceeded toward the front stairs.

"I STOPPED and listened, heard no one and started down the steps in my stocking feet. I got to about two steps from the bottom, listened, looked around, saw no one. I heard some voices coming from somewhere but I didn't know where so with a final determination to get out, I took up enough courage to start for the door, opened it and went out leaving it partly open, then decided to close it. I walked over to where my shoes were, put them on, took down the ladder. During all this time I had the baby tied around my neck in the bag with the bag open.

"I took the ladder down, carried it to where the other section had been placed, picked it up and continued toward the door. I saw the lights of a car coming before I got to my car, got into it, waited a moment to see if the car was turning into the Lindbergh lane. I saw that the car didn't turn in the lane, so I pulled out and went down the lane to the road, turned right, and went to the Mt. Rose Road."

Then I described in detail the route I took until I reached Greenwood Avenue, Trenton, where I lived.

"I turned into the driveway, pulled right into the garage, took the child, gave it to my wife and she took it inside. I followed. We took the baby upstairs and put it to bed in the middle room. My boy and girl were listening to the radio. I changed my clothes. About 10:30 P. M., or so, I heard over the radio that the Lindbergh baby had been stolen.

"After hearing the radio reports I felt bad and could not go to sleep so I was up all night and was sorry for my deed. The next day we fed the baby, bathed it, changed its clothing and gave it the food we thought necessary. From time to time my boy and girl with my wife and myself would go into the room and take care of the baby, play with it, fool with it to make it happy. My daughter objected to me keeping the baby. She complained that if it were ever found out that it would send us all to jail. I said No, we will soon get the money, I would return the baby and then everything would be all right.

"I read in the papers and heard over the radio that Bitz and Spitale were appointed go-between to get back the baby. I then made a trip to New York to learn something about Bitz and Spitale but couldn't find out anything so I returned to Trenton.

"Finally after doing everything we could for the baby, it died a natural death and so later I took it to Mt. Rose Road near the orphanage and buried it. I will give you a complete story covering everything when I see you.

"PAUL H. WENDEL."

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Paul Wendel, in this chapter of his amazing story, poses the question which has been haunting Chief of Police Thatcher Colt from the day the news of Wendel's confession broke on the nation's front page:

"What would you have done," asks the victim of the kidnaping-and-torture plot, "if you had been in my place?"

Well, what would you?

Mr. Colt, with his long police training, naturally feels that no torture however severe and no threats however menacing are sufficient justification for confessing to so hideous a crime.

Mr. Wendel, on the other hand, is the one who stood the torture and heard the threats. From the treatment he had himself received, he really believed that his captors would dismember his son and murder his wife and daughter before his eyes to force from him the confession they sought.

"What could I do?" he asks.

It would be interesting, Mr. Colt thinks, and perhaps useful to authorities in determining the value of confessions in general—including those obtained by the police!—if a good many Liberty readers would give *their* answers to those questions.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

THERE it was! The paper that might sign my life away! But what could I do? When a man is told that his only son is about to be torn to pieces before his eyes, that his wife and daughter will be murdered in cold blood; and when he himself has already suffered such cruel torture that he knows his tormentors will stop at nothing—well, what would you have done if you had been in my place?

"Here," said Bill, handing me an envelope. "You'd better address this in your own handwriting."

"What name?"

"Ellis Parker," he said. "I have orders to deliver this to Ellis Parker at Mount Holly." Then he added: "And you too."

"Me? What's the idea? I can call Parker from my hotel, the way I always do."

Bill said he would see. I then addressed the envelope; and since I now knew to whom the confession was going, I insisted on signing the letter "Doc." Bill demanded that I also sign my full name. Doc was not only my nickname in the Parker family, as I have already explained, but it was a sort of code name which we used at his suggestion in telephoning and even telegraphing when I was doing undercover work for him on the Lindbergh investigation. I knew that he would recognize a document signed that way as written by me and not a forgery. I also figured that if these men failed to keep their promise to turn me free, Ellis would move heaven and earth—I laugh now as I write it—to save me.

That night I slept on the mattress as before. I was also given my most substantial meal: ham, bologna, liver pudding, bread, and coffee. They even told me that I could shave, which I hadn't done since I arrived. I took all this as a sign that they were really going to let me go.

"How about my clothes?" I asked.

"We can't do anything about that today, being Sunday," Bill replied, "but tomorrow morning I'll take your suit and hat and clothes to the cleaner's, and in three hours they'll be done."

I said something about that being pretty quick work.

"We control the cleaning and dyeing industry in New York as well as in Jersey. They'll do what we say."

At the time I didn't believe this boast, but later I learned that Bill's brother, David Bleefeld, had been arrested and convicted in some cleaning racket in Trenton, and that Bill—who was in reality Murray Bleefeld—had first met Parker when he went to see him at Mount Holly to enlist his aid in getting his brother transferred from state's prison to the prison farm at Bordentown, Burlington County.

Anyhow, they did send my clothes to the cleaner's, and they did get the job done in about three hours. During that time I had a very interesting conversation with Hank. He said that he was an Italian, that Jack was Jewish, that Bill was French, and that Tony was Italian. Tony and Bill, though I didn't know it at the time, were actually father and son! He also said they were hijackers, ran a fleet of six trucks, and were part of Joe Amberg's mob.

Then he went on to tell how he and Jack were making nickels and dimes and quarters for slot machines. They needed a good chemist for this work, and, having heard that I was a scientist, thought we might get together on a deal. I encouraged him to think that we could, and suggested meeting at eight o'clock Wednesday night at the Hotel Martinique—after I had seen Parker and explained everything to him—when I would give them a formula that would be useful to them.

My idea, of course, was to set a trap for them; but Hank didn't seem to suspect it. He said that if we failed to connect at the Martinique I could reach him at the Hotel St. George, where he lived under the name of Al White. This, I afterward learned, was a name which Ellis Parker, Jr., frequently used, and under which he had registered at the Hotel Martinique.

"What do you think Parker, Sr., will do when he gets your confession?" Hank asked.

"Tear it up."

"You're mighty sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"I am when it comes to Parker," I replied.

WHEN my clothes returned, I examined them carefully, and found, as I had hoped, the identifying tag in each garment. Quickly I memorized the number, 907-3 XV. Then Bill and Hank blindfolded me and took me upstairs into the house for a bath. I noticed the worn condition of the lower stairs. I also kept count of the number of stairs and the number of steps in each direction inside the house. Although they took me into a room on the way, and turned me around several times, I felt sure that I could find my way again to that bathroom.

While in the tub I managed to push up the blindfold with the towel far enough so that I could see the water. Then, when I got out and they led me over to the toilet seat so that I could put on my shoes and socks, I was able to see not only the floor but the bottom of the tub, washbasin, and bowl—in short, to get a very good idea of the appearance and arrangement of the room. I noticed that my body was black-and-blue practically from head to foot.

My clothes smelled of gasoline, but they were clean, and still contained the precious tags. Clean also were a shirt, socks, and suit of underwear, which, I afterward was told, Ellis Parker, Jr., had personally purchased. I had hoped that they, too, might lead to an identification; but he must have been wise enough to buy them a long way from Voorhies Avenue, for the store in which they were purchased was never found.

I was now alone in my cell without handcuffs or chains. Moreover, there was no sound of voices outside my door.

If you have never been deprived of your physical liberty, if you do not know what it is not to be able to move your hands or arms or legs—not to be able to scratch your cheek if it itches or to rub your eyes if they hurt—you cannot understand the wonderful sense of freedom I now experienced. True, I was still in this dark, airless, foul-smelling hole; but I could rise and stretch and walk about; I could touch the walls of my prison; I could blow my nose. I say, if you haven't been deprived of these simple privileges, you do not know!

THE thought of trying to escape and getting to a policeman before my kidnapers could get away naturally occurred to me. In fact, I went so far as to try the door. The moment I touched it, I heard a peculiar metallic sound. Immediately Hank was rushing to the door.

"What the hell are you trying to do?" he barked.

"What's the matter?" I said, having jumped to a sitting position on the box.

"I heard the telltale."

"What telltale?"

He pointed to several wire coat hangers hung on the outside of the door to give the alarm.

"You're nervous," I said. "I didn't hear any noise."

"Maybe so. Staying here ten days would make anybody nervous."

"You're right!" I agreed.

Then I asked him if Parker knew I was coming.

"Don't ask too many questions, doc, or you won't get to Parker's."

I asked him what he meant, and he said, "Don't worry, doc, you're going to Parker's whether you want to or not —and if you make a false move I'll plug you."

At this time I heard a car roll into the garage. Bill came down from upstairs. I asked him what time it was, and he said it was four o'clock. Jack came in and picked up the handcuffs that were lying on the floor.

"I better examine these carefully," he laughed, "because I may be wearing them myself sometime."

To which I replied:

"Many a true word is spoken in jest!"

Whereupon Wendel once more saw the light of day and breathed fresh air. He was taken by Bill and Hank to the very place where, he says, he felt certain that he would find refuge and that they would be collared. Is this what happened upon their arrival? His answer is astonishing! He will give it in Liberty next week.

The Rest of the Winners—Liberty's $1,500 Jumbled Movie Stars Contest

(Continued from Dec. 5 issue)

Kenneth M. Haas, St. Paul, Minn.; Nan Halligan, Buffalo, N. Y.; Eugene F. Haveman, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Mildred Huffman, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Michael Kampel, Cincinnati, Ohio; Irene J. Patterson, San Francisco, Calif.; Dorothy L. Seibel, Glendale, Calif.; Eva Stanton, Marion, Ind.; James Stelma, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. T. Verschuur, Oak Park, Ill.; Mrs. Jane Way, Pensacola, Fla.; Amy D. West, Kenmore, N. Y.; Robert J. Widmer, Racine, Wis.

90 PRIZES $5

Mrs. A. R. Baisch, Mansfield, S. D.; Helen C. Barker, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Bauers, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Philip C. Beauchamp, Union City, N. J.; Mrs. Norman C. Belmont, Cleveland, Ohio; Elizabeth Bergman, Vincennes, Ind.; Vivian E. Bertrand, Lockport, N. Y.; William H. Betts, Nevada, Mo.; Grace F. Bishop, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. E. C. Blankenship, St. Elmo, Tenn.; Ted Bohlen, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Patricia Broyles, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mrs. William R. Buckley, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mrs. Nora M. Bunker, Waterloo, Iowa; Mrs. Jerome J. Bures, Berwyn, Ill.; Carol Cannon, St. Paul, Minn.; Carl R. Canterbury, Moline, Ill.; Mrs. G. R. Cantwell, Wilmington, Del.; Eileen Casey, Seattle, Wash.; Leota Choate, Nashville, Tenn.; Laura Churchill, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. June M. Daniels, St. Charles, Idaho; Raymond T. Delaney, Cambridge, Mass.; Esther M. Dooley, Topeka, Kan.; Mrs. Mabel Driver, Washington, D. C.; Lorine Duncan, Chicago, Ill.; Velma A. Eckerman, Albuquerque, N. M.; Mrs. S. C. Edwards, Saint Cloud, Fla.; Harriett Faber, Toledo, Ohio; Ralph N. Folks, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. A. W. Franke, El Paso, Tex.; Mrs. Anna Franklin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Clarence H. Geuder, Olean, N. Y.; Hester C. Green, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. William Griffith, Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Erwin M. Gut, Havana, Cuba; Merion Hair, Columbus, Kan.; Wilhelmine A. Hamelman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Robert T. Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Betty J. Hammer, Omaha, Neb.; Alice Hampshire, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Fred Herman, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Mrs. John W. Hessian, Jr., Riderwood, Md.; John F. Hoch, Teaneck, N. J.; Mary C. Hughes, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sally Hurley, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. L. James, Sandpoint, Idaho; Floyd M. Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Maud Jones, Great Falls, Mont.; C. D. Kitchen, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.; Cecile Kolton, Chicago, Ill.; Elizabeth G. Kraus, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. Lucile Le Sage, Huntington, W. Va.; Mrs. William Lesovsky, Washington, Kan.; Josephine Liotta, New York, N. Y.; Bevan Lisle, Troy, N. Y.; Elynor R. Ludwig, Bloomington, Ind.; Mrs. Robert R. Lutz, Minneapolis, Minn.; C. A. MacDonald, Virginia, Minn.; Albert Manski, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. A. Lelong Mitchel, Rockville Centre, N. Y.; Dorothy Mitchell, Tucson, Ariz.; Ethel M. Mohr, Honey Creek, Wis.; Mrs. J. J. Moore, Louisville, Mo.; Helen M. O'Neil, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. S. J. Oswald, Philadelphia, Pa.; Katherine C. Pehla, Honolulu, T. H.; Ralph G. Peterson, Casper, Wyo.; Bessie L. Putnam, Harmonsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Lacelle Ragsdale, Fort Worth, Tex.; Mae A. Rall, New York, N. Y.; Mac Roy Rasor, Austin, Tex.; William C. Rausch, Middle Village, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Rea, Oxford, Ohio; Elizabeth Roesler, Hebron, Neb.; Esther G. Rosenfield, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Edward J. Ryan, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. J. A. Scanlan, Kansas City, Mo.; Eleanor J. Scher, Beverly, Mass.; Madalin Shumway, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Evelyn Sommerhoff, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. George Turney, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Hazel R. Walker, Bel Air, Md.; William F. Walther, Flint, Mich.; Mrs. H. B. Walton, Providence, R. I.; Arthur C. Welsh, Minneapolis, Minn.; Lucy Wilds, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Henri Wolbrette, Shreveport, La.; Sgt. Ralph C. Yingling, Fort H. G. Wright, N. Y.; Rose Youran, New York, N. Y.

AMERICAN GIRLS ARE Changing

Presenting the Model of 1937 . . . (You'll Meet Her in Person on Page 26!)

by

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

AMERICAN girls are changing," said Jack. "Some day they'll be nearly as attractive as the Russians!"

"Is 'at so?" retorted Leo.

"I've always thought they were the most attractive girls on earth," spoke up Bill. "My dad and I once had a heated argument over the relative merits of the French mademoiselles. I never thought they could compare with our girls, though."

"Well, you're right in that," said Hal. "But I agree with Jack—American girls *are* changing. Maybe it's the times; perhaps in order to keep up with the pace they've got to be more modern than civilization itself."

I had been reading my paper and hadn't said much. Yet what they were talking about keenly interested me. Twenty years before, as a callow youth, patriotism had gripped me and I'd run away from home and enlisted as a buck private in one of the toughest outfits in the American army; spent twenty-two months with the A. E. F. in Flanders and France; and returned home to find a very egotistical type of femininity rising out of the profits of war at home. Perhaps I was too young to be shocked by it. But I was old enough to be astonished.

During the next few years America was on a great boom. Was it any wonder, then, that many of our young women overdid? Was it any wonder that the money spent on debutante parties given in New York City alone, in 1920-21-22, exceeded $50,000,000? Was it any wonder that a new class of supersnobs came into being, together with a hierarchy of hangers-on?

The girl of 1937, be she the millionaire's or the millworker's daughter, is a vastly different person. Maybe to look at she's more or less the same; but not to listen to. It may have been chic just prior to and just after the World War to make a *beau geste* with as much cash as one could throw about. But today it is decidedly outmoded. In the fall of 1936 less than $500,000 altogether was spent by fond parents upon them! There was a sameness as well as a distinct saneness to them this year. While some of the girls themselves stood out, none of the parties did.

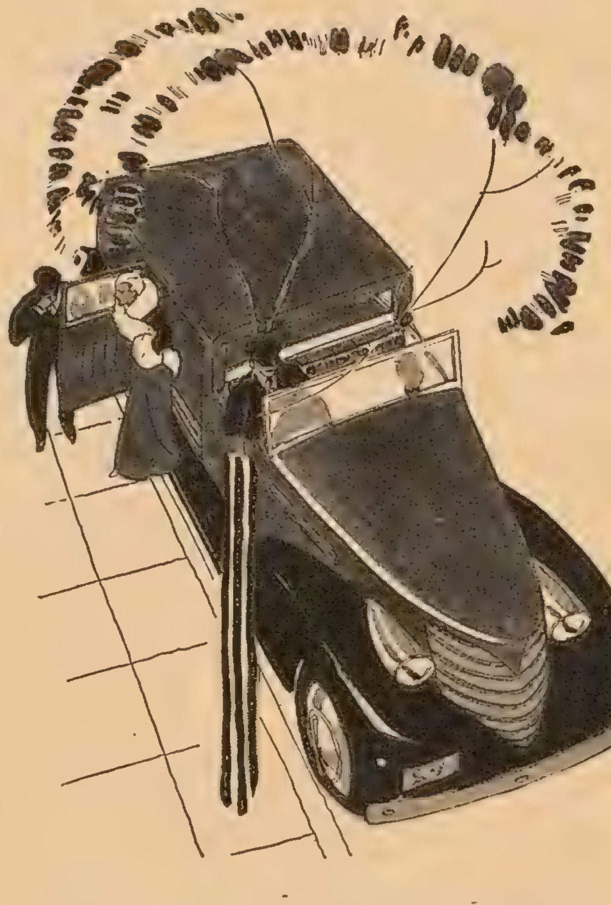
Champagne by the case was replaced with a spiked fruit cup. It used to be amusing for the young things to pass out. Yet this fall that was decidedly passé. A society girl who can't hold her liquor well is shunned today as if she had leprosy. Some men contend that this makes the ante greater. They argue that all the young things will drink you under a table and dance your feet off at the same time. But as for anything else, it's taboo unless, of course, you have honorable intentions in mind.

In other words, the debutante is getting wise to herself, as her less well-to-do sister has been for some time. She knows that all that glitters is often only cut glass purchased at the five and dime, and sometimes worth less than that. Anita Loos's gold-digger brain child may have been right when she said that "an emerald bracelet is something you can keep," but there are only a few men about any town nowadays who can still afford an emerald bracelet; and besides, it isn't smart any longer to wear jewels, even if you have gobs of them to wear.

The 1937 deb, then, is a pretty levelheaded child. She remembers the thousands that were spent on her older sister's debut eight years ago; but she does not look back with envy upon her sister. She thinks it was silly, awkward, and what she delights in calling *nouveau riche.*

Furthermore, the 1937 deb has all the earmarks of being a worker. Back in the furious days of 1929 it might have been all right for Sister Belle to swagger about in a foreign-make limousine with chauffeur, groom, and all. But today it's a lot healthier and a whole lot more fun to own a car of any one of a dozen cheap makes, and to take the Fifth Avenue bus to work.

Hundreds of young women with names that are household words are working, all over our big cities in America today. They have gone into direct competition with young women in every other walk of life. Ask any employment agency, and you will find that a dozen or more society girls are studying for secretarial jobs. Go to any of the big New York department stores, and I miss my guess a lot if it hasn't a score of well known names upon its employment roster. Stop in at the Fifth Avenue dress shops and Park Avenue couturières' and check up on the fashionable models. More than half of them bear names of social distinction. In fact, the professional models a year or two ago formed a committee to try to protect their profession from the social scabs! Their chief kick was, it seems, that the society girls, "who didn't *have* to work," were drawing down more money than they were. And there was much to be said in their favor. But they could not discount the fact that many of the socialites had equally charming figures and as piquant an outlook on life.



Back in 1929 it might have been all right for Sister to swagger about in a foreign-made limousine.

Perhaps the word " sensible " is too solemn a word for describing what is creeping over the 1937 debutante, but it is something in that category. At least she has learned, through misadventures and unfortunate experiences which have befallen her family in the past ten or twenty years, that nothing counts in the long run save life as you live it. If you want to throw it away in making an ass of yourself, that's your own business. But there are few of us nowadays who do. There's a lot more satisfaction in sincere accomplishment than in anything else in the whole wide world.

" They're not as sweet and cozy as they were twenty years ago," said Hal, breaking my train of thought. " They're harder, more calculating, and they know better how to take care of themselves."

" I'm not so sure of that," challenged Munroe.

" Nor am I," Jack responded. " In Scandinavia every girl is a Greta Garbo at heart. Besides that, she'd take your last sou from you if you gave her a good time, while in America you get your money's worth."

" Which means exactly what? " said Leo.

You see, he's always been from Missouri, has Leo. And perhaps it's just as well; for he will never share the fate at women's hands that some of us other fellows meet with, who wear our hearts upon our sleeves. Funny how we do that, and realize when it's too late that we shouldn't. But love still makes the world go round. " Love " today in America, though, is spelled more in dollars and cents than it was twenty years ago. Then it was all a big, big scuffle before we went overseas; and usually ended in marriage in Hoboken or Newport News before the transport sailed for France.

The 1937 variety of marriage, what with the many severe state laws and the unmistakable construction that the up-to-the-minute young woman is putting upon it, must be cut-and-dried beforehand. Maybe I'm wrong, but I believe fewer marriages solemnized this coming year will go on the Reno rocks than has been the case with any previous year. In 1937 a typical American girl will look well—at his pocketbook—before she leaps. Her sister of a year or two or more ago paid more attention to that *after* she was married than before; and when things didn't work out to her satisfaction, it was comparatively easy to ditch her insufficiently well-to-do mate and try to find another sucker. But today the suckers are getting fewer, and the girls are getting wiser. And today it is not an absolute necessity to have a man, when you know you can get a job. In fact, it is easier in the long run to get a paying position than a paying husband!

In innumerable states men have gone on alimony strikes. Sometimes they've gone to jail.

But the Reno lawyers and the Reno judges will tell you that less alimony is being asked and considerably less being given in the courts of Nevada than ever before. And the Chicago divorce-mill attendants will agree.

DIVORCES usually increase at the upturn of the wheel; that is to say, as times grow better. This coming year it would seem that the divorce business might prosper, and it probably will; but the divorces will *not* come from the year-old crop of marriages, I'm quite sure.

Perhaps the modern girl is planning for herself a life of greater ease and pleasure. There will not be as much straining to make ends meet. During her teens, in school and out, she has been fitting herself to care for herself when marriage comes. It will be easier for her to say " No " until the properly heeled boy comes along; and her lips will say it even though her heart dictates "Yes." Some day, though, when things go wrong at home, she'll remember the boy she said " No " to, and wonder if she did right.

But it was true what Jack said about her losing her sweetness and her coziness. Be she a tinsel goddess or Mary O'Toole's pretty little daughter from a tenement district, there's a charm, an attraction, a cuddly sweetness gone. Out in Hollywood, where she imagines herself a great movie star, she stands a bit haughtily and poses. At Miami Beach, or Palm Beach a couple of hours away, she sports a gorgeous figure and a fine chassis, but all thoughts of sugarplum saccharin have gone with the wind. Even on the Lake Front in Chicago or up along the vast beaches of Cape Cod her mind is set on different things. To go back to the era of Little Women would irk her! She's free, grown-up, and of age, and never again will she act the dainty dulcet maiden of yesteryear.

Sports, the outdoor life, thrills and excitement have a mad grip on her heart. She wants to be constantly going places, doing things. A quiet peaceful life is not for her.

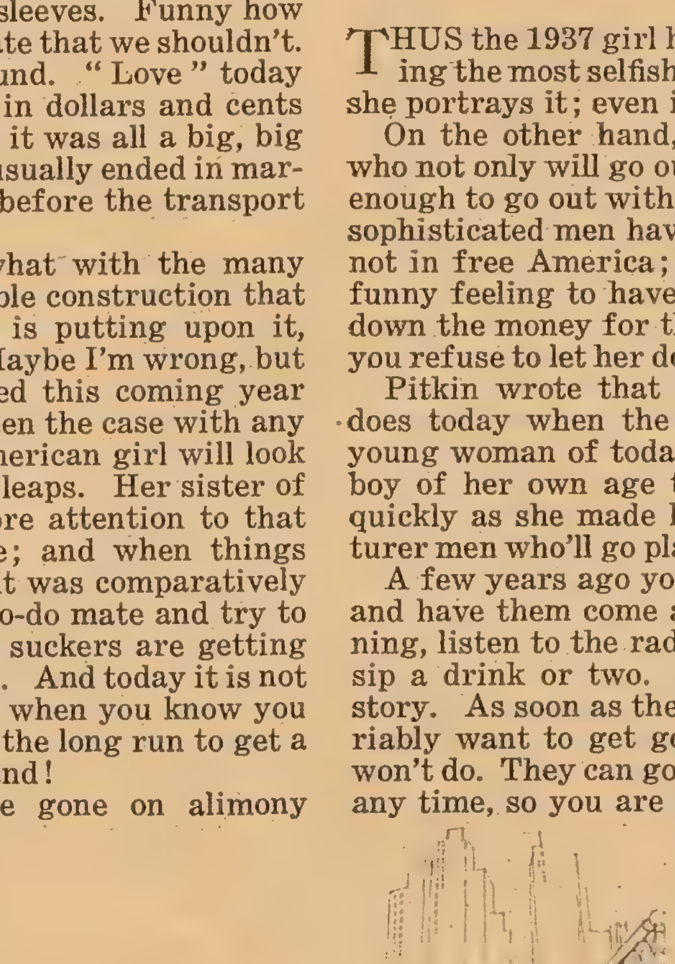
If she's earned it, or if she's inherited it, she'll take her cash and go out and spend it the ways that she likes best.

THUS the 1937 girl has contributed to the era by becoming the most selfish girl in the world. By her every act she portrays it; even is she proud to exhibit it.

On the other hand, I know dozens of girls this year who not only will go out Dutch, but if you are good fellow enough to go out with them they'll treat you! In Europe sophisticated men have long been accustomed to this, but not in free America; and I must say it does give one a funny feeling to have one's sweet pretty little pal plank down the money for the check and become insulted when you refuse to let her do so!

Pitkin wrote that life begins at forty. It certainly does today when the woman pays and pays. And the young woman of today will, because she finds the young boy of her own age too romantic. She'll ditch him as quickly as she made his acquaintance, and go after maturer men who'll go places with her and do things.

A few years ago you could call up any number of girls and have them come around to your apartment any evening, listen to the radio, play bridge, cook late supper or sip a drink or two. Now my friends all tell the same story. As soon as the clock chimes eleven, the girls invariably want to get going places. Quiet peaceful hotels won't do. They can go there with their families or friends any time, so you are elected to show them the town. If they come from out of town, you may just as well make up your mind you're not going to bed until away after sunup.



But today it's a lot healthier and a whole lot more fun to take the Fifth Avenue bus to work!

Outdoor and indoor sports have changed American girls more than anything else I know. The fever and fervor of skiing behind a skimming, screaming outboard motorboat; of hurling oneself from a droning plane in the latest thing in parachutes; of bursting through forest fires in the saddle of a fleet-footed pony; of slamming and whamming a tennis ball; of screeching around hairpin bends in diminutive racing cars; of wriggling and writhing about the dance floor in a modern rumba; of jerking and twitching in a beguin; and of shouting and screaming in a packed-to-capacity football stadium have made her more of a competitor with masculinity than of the charming intriguing personality that she is supposed to be.

I must admit I like my women sympathetic, ardent, affectionate, bewitching!

THE END

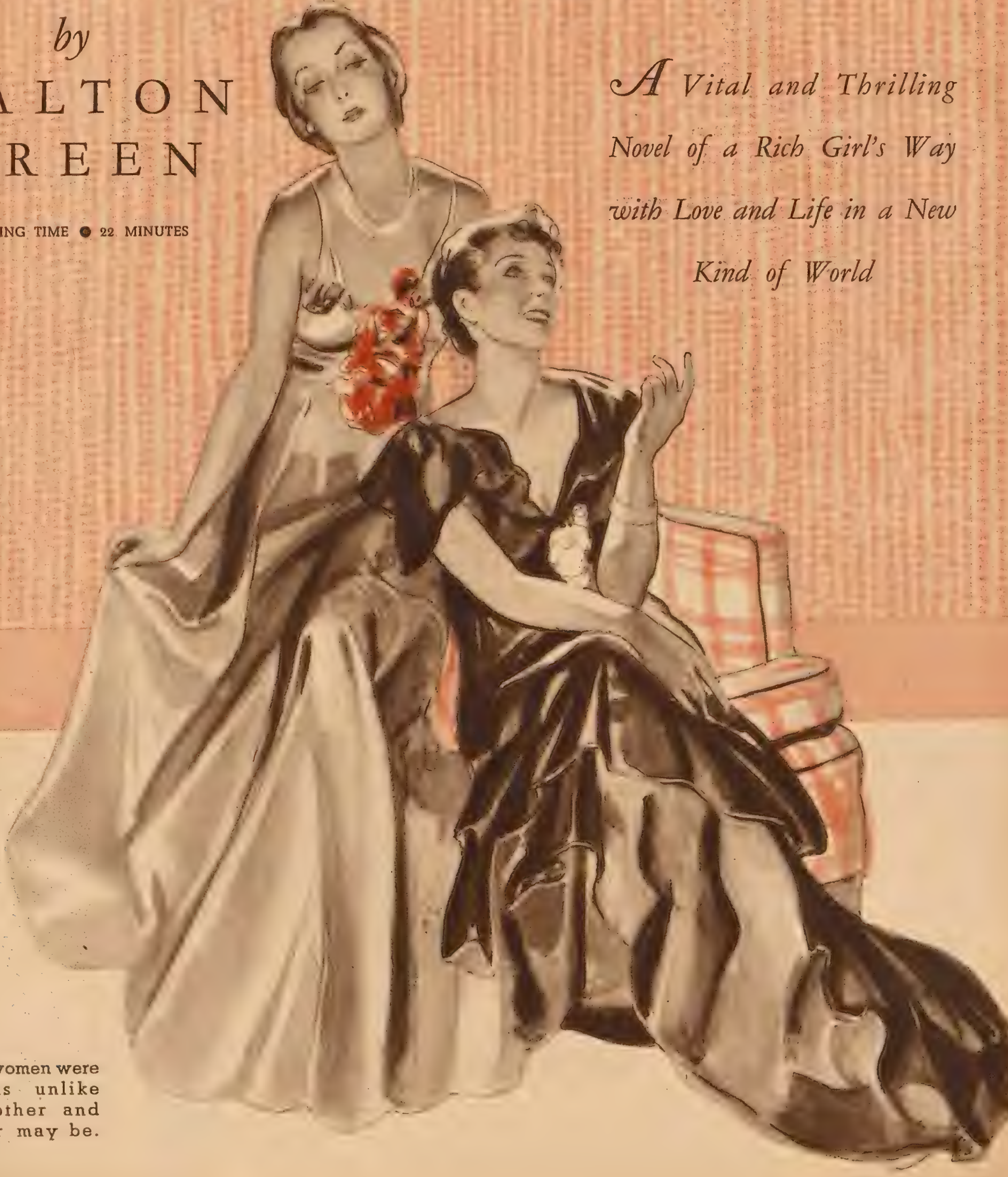
beginning WISE VIRGIN

by

WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES

A Vital and Thrilling Novel of a Rich Girl's Way with Love and Life in a New Kind of World



The two women were about as unlike as a mother and daughter may be.

PROLOGUE

ON a calm soft afternoon in the early summer of 1926, a small English cabin cruiser rolled gently in the ground swell of the Solent about four miles off the harbor of Cowes on the Isle of Wight. The boat flew the burgee of the Royal Yacht Squadron. She rolled gently because her engine had stopped and she could not go ahead.

There were three people on board. Sir Arthur Runcival, Lady Isabella Runcival, his wife—born Isabella McKeever of Oklahoma—and their eight-year-old daughter Serena.

Serena was at the gangling age, with long hands and feet. Her hair was straight and almost the color of well pulled molasses candy. She wore it in two heavy braids, somewhat stringy and unmodish. The child's face was long and oval, with a curiously grown-up economy of expression. Her eyes were a deep translucent gray—quite large and wide-spaced—and with a narrowing and uptilting at the outer corners that accentuated the calm and inscrutability of her thin face. Her eyebrows were strongly marked and almost black. She had an occasional trick of looking at people for some moments before answering. Very few people thought Serena a good-looking child. Those who did, thought her beautiful.

Sir Arthur, emerging from the engine pit, held up a spark plug. "There's the trouble: hopelessly short-circuited. Can't imagine what broke it."

"I did," said Lady Runcival, lowering her binoculars.

"Eh?" Sir Arthur's eyeglass dropped with an astonished tinkle against the buttons of his shirt.

"I broke it," repeated Lady Isabella calmly. "I've decided to divorce you, Arthur. I'm taking Serena back to America."

Sir Arthur struggled with this idea while he turned the spark plug over in his hand.

"But—I fail to see what that's got to do with the spark plug," he objected unhappily. "You can't start back from here."

"That's just what I am doing," said Lady Isabella briskly. She raised her glasses again. A large freight steamer was hove to about a quarter mile to windward. "Ah—there comes the boat now. Arthur, that steamer is one of father's oil tankers. Serena and I are going home on her."

"Oh," said Sir Arthur. And then, in a troubled tone, "I can't imagine why you're doing it—or what I've done to deserve it."

"You've done nothing," said Isabella coldly. "I'm leaving you because I'm bored."

Sir Arthur looked at the work boat that was drawing near. It was manned by five very husky-looking sailors. He shook his head slowly.

"Come here, Serena," he called to the child. Serena closed her book and came obediently. Runcival kissed her. Then he screwed the glass back into his eye and frowned. The work boat was alongside. He lifted the child over the side. Lady Isabella climbed over after her.

"Oh, I almost forgot," Lady Isabella groped in the pocket of her tweed skirt and produced a new spark plug, which she reached up to her husband. "I brought it along so you wouldn't have to wait until they sent out a tow for you. Good-by."

"Very thoughtful of you," murmured Sir Arthur, and lifted his cap. He watched the work boat until it reached the steamer.

PART ONE—SERENA DISCOVERS HER HEART

IT was Serena Runcival's coming-out ball. In Washington they still have balls. That is to say, the people who still have palaces still have balls.

Serena's mother had a palace which she had inherited from her father along with the gold dinner service that was often in the newspapers but never out of the vault. Lady Runcival's father should have known better, even though he hailed from Oklahoma. Certainly Isabella herself knew better, because she had begun with Tuxedo where her parents had left off at Tulsa.

Isabella Runcival was a woman of brilliance and ability. Despite the oil derricks that loomed in her background, despite the palace, despite even the gold plate—she had won her way by sheer brains and charm to leadership in the curious social parochialism of Washington. A very finished product was Isabella. She never ignored the oil derricks—even in conversation with the callow young diplomats of the British Embassy. And she knew just the right shade of self-derision to use toward the gold plate.

So Isabella had married one of the callow young titles of the Embassy, and had lived in England with him, and had divorced him; because, though Isabella could love a lot, she loved thinly; and now she was back in the palace and launching her daughter into the society which she both loved and laughed at. And the New Deal had liquidated her embarrassment in the matter of the gold service by taking it over and handing her some hundreds of thousands of paper dollars, a large part of which she promptly blew in on a new private railroad car. Private cars were the oil streak in Isabella's blood.

THOUGH it was Serena's coming-out ball, her mother was stealing the show, as usual. Isabella—at thirty-eight, a brilliant personality and a superb dancer—had almost to fight her way out through the stags when she wanted to rest for a moment. But she loved it. Isabella had the supreme hostess gift of enjoying her own parties as if they had been some one else's. She was dancing with the Greek minister, a portly statesman who took dancing seriously, when she was cut in on by Jeremiah Skinner.

"Good God, Jerry," she said irritably, "I can take a good deal, but not dancing with you and that Greek on the same night."

"I thought you were supposed to dance with your hostess," said Skinner, pulling peevishly at his collar which was three sizes too large for him.

"*You're* not. But I'm glad you cut in. I want to sit down for a while." She led the way to the colonnaded hallway which flanked the big room. "Well, Jerry—what do you think of it? Have I made a good job of the girl? You used to say I'd ruin her."

"Can I smoke a pipe here?" asked Skinner fretfully.

"Oh—I suppose so. Really, you're impossible. Will you answer my question?"

"Why do you ask me?" growled Skinner. "You know what I think. I think you and your kind utterly unfit to bring up a child. If Serena turns out well, it will be in spite of you; in spite of everything false and shoddy and unreal that she's been exposed to."

Isabella smiled indulgently. Skinner was an old story. Her self-sufficiency was flattered rather than penetrated by his criticism.

"She's the best educated, best read, most intelligent and capable girl in her set," said Isabella.

"Her set!" sneered Skinner. "Can she *do* anything? Can she do anything in the wide world better than the next—well enough to teach it—to earn a living at it?"

"She doesn't need to."

"She can ride to hounds," scoffed Skinner, "but does she know one end of a horse from another? Could she train a horse, or buy 'em or breed 'em? Can she even saddle and bit a horse properly?"

"There are people to do all those things for her."

"That's where you're so wrong, Isabella. No one is really educated unless he can do at least one thing professionally well—so he can pull his own weight in the boat. That's the trouble with you and your class. You think you've established an aristocracy of wealth—but you haven't done even that—because you haven't given us our money's worth. Except for professional women and the working classes, the American woman is a complete washout."

"Yes, yes, Jerry," Isabella interrupted, "I've heard all that before. But do look at Serena. She's really lovely at times—in a queer cold way."

"She *is* lovely," conceded Skinner. "And it's not

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR McGRAW

necessarily a queer cold way either. You've never liked her. You'd sacrifice her to your lightest whim. You're an utterly unscrupulous woman."

"I am," agreed Isabella pleasantly. "I take what I want."

"Furthermore, you're jealous of her," growled Skinner unappeased.

"I wonder," mused Isabella. "I distinctly admire the girl. She's queer—but she's got a lot of style. The painters all rave about her."

"At five thousand a portrait they do. But, at that, they're right for once," gloomed Skinner.

"Well—I've done my best, in spite of what you think. Now she's on her own. She's having a great success tonight. Watch her, Skinner—she's just coming around the far end there. Who's the man that just cut in on her?"

"Young Loring—the same one who's been cutting in all evening. He's been quite devoted lately, hasn't he?"

Skinner, watching Isabella, detected a glint of apprehension in the brilliant tired eyes. Was it possible that Roger Loring meant more to her than the tame-cat role which gossip had long since assigned him? If Isabella loved him—

"We've known him for years," Isabella said carelessly. "Roger's an old story—much too old for Serena, of course."

"Early thirties, isn't he?" suggested Skinner. "These modern maidens seem to like 'em a bit seasoned these days."

At this moment Serena caught sight of her mother. She stopped dancing and came over to the table, with Loring at her heels. Several men intercepted her and asked her to dance, but she smiled vaguely and waved them off. She dropped into a chair beside Skinner.

"Who's got a cigarette?"

Skinner put away his pipe grudgingly. Roger Loring produced his cigarette case. Serena selected a cigarette and inspected it a long time before lighting it.

WALTON GREEN

is the old Liberty stand-by who gave you Little Brown Nurse, Corsair, and Dangerous Woman, stories that stick. Now he gives you a thrilling new novel and a heroine who is the symbol of the American Girl, Model 1937. It is a foregone conclusion that you will never forget Serena, the embodiment of all that is femininely courageous and appealing in the socially changed world of today. Her problem is every modern girl's problem. One can readily realize that Walton Green's varied career as lawyer, newspaperman, stockbroker, soldier, prohibition officer, and man of the world has furnished him with the background and knowledge necessary to the creation of a novel so discerning and important.

"For sheer cussedness," growled Skinner, "that girl has no equal. I've never known her to have a cigarette of her own, and I've never known her to take any one else's cigarette without examining it as if it were poison. And I don't believe she knows one brand from another!"

SERENA pushed her hair back with one hand. It was the same straight hair of her childhood, only now it had deepened to a radiant straw color. She wore it unmodishly parted so that it framed the fine impassive oval of her face. Her eyes, darkening in gray, had the same speculative narrowing at the outer corners, the same arresting dark eyebrows, and the same trick of sometimes looking at people as if she were weighing what she wanted to say. It was very disconcerting to people who were not honest, or who were much given to small talk. She had a grave way of making ironical remarks that made older people feel frivolous.

Isabella was usually uncomfortable with her. Serena made her mother seem older in body and younger in mind than was quite fair. Isabella's brilliance appeared a little artificial when Serena's simpleness and directness were there to set it off. Isabella was direct too—but in a different way. Hers was the directness of calculated audacity—the rapier-like insolence of wit and wealth that had made her the terror of two decades of Washington's social aspirants.

The two women were about as unlike as a mother and daughter may be. Skinner, watching them together, watching Serena grow up f[illegible]avely observing child into a gravely sardonic young woman—watching Serena watching and judging her mother—Skinner had long since decided that Isabella's contribution to her child's character was very nearly zero. She disliked her daughter and was a little afraid of her. She admired Serena in a possessive prideful way that hadn't an ounce of maternalism in it.

Lady Runcival lighted a second cigarette—a little irritably. She didn't like silences. She considered them a personal reflection upon her prowess as a conversationalist. Like all women of wit, she wanted to turn even a lone listener into a salon. Roger Loring, a purposeful young man from Boston, with strong face bones and a dry economy of speech, made rather a virtue of saying nothing when he had nothing to say. Skinner, notoriously, either lectured or sulked. Serena was in one of her detached moods—of all times at her own coming-out party!—when she should have been on the toes of her personality.

Isabella rubbed out her freshly lighted cigarette.

"Time to dance again," she announced curtly.

Roger pushed back his chair and turned toward Serena. But Isabella was on her feet.

"I'll go once around the room with you, Roger."

ROGER followed her to the floor, his lips a little tight—the only sign of displeasure. He did not look at Serena. Serena, coloring slightly at her pale temples, looked straight at Skinner. She could see his quizzical eyes gathering themselves for something disagreeable. So she spoke slowly and calmly, though she didn't feel that way.

"Do you think I ought to marry him, Jerry?"

"Good God!" snapped Skinner. He hated being beaten to the punch. "How do I know? Has he asked you?"

"No. But he will if I let him."

"He's been your mother's tame cat ever since he came to Washington."

"Yes," said Serena gravely. "But mama has really made him, in a way—developed his ideas, don't you think?"

Skinner struck the table sharply with his hand.

"Why the devil do you ask me anything? You know it all, apparently. You were born grown-up—or you talk that way."

"Oh, Jerry—please! Can't I say things to you the way I think them? After all, you've played heavy father to me ever since I can remember."

"Oh, very well." Skinner was contrite. "Go as far as you like. I'm just talking. I really think an awful lot of you, Rena. That's why I sound off so. You've got so much more to you than the rest of this bunch. I hate to see you going the same way."

"Am I? I wonder."

"I wonder too. Listen, child—I'm old enough to be your father—"

Serena began to laugh her low throaty laugh.

"The last man that said that to me kissed me right afterward. He had waxed mustaches."

"Damn!" exploded Jerry. "Why do you pull stuff like that? It's just like all the other sub-debutantes: cheap, sophisticated—to make the men think you're experienced—been pawed over—that you expect them to—"

"That was the only time—the man with the waxed mustache. It was horrid, too. I didn't feel that way."

"Feel that way!" Skinner was scandalized. "What do you mean, 'feel that way'?"

"Why, *you* know—sort of warm and tingly all over—and choky—and wanting him to grab you and crush you—"

"Him? Him? Good God, Rena—what 'him'?"

"Can I have a cigarette, please, Jerry?"

"I haven't got any. What 'him' have you been 'feeling that way' with?"

"Well—Roger," said Serena calmly. "Especially sometimes—when I dance with him. And I don't see why you're so shocked, Jerry. It's just sex, isn't it? And I don't think it's cheap or indecent if you only feel that way with one man. Some of the girls—for excitement—letting themselves get worked up with any attractive man that comes along. That's rather beastly, I think. But one man—I mean, if you're in love you've got a right to feel sexy, haven't you, Jerry?"

Skinner groaned.

"You haven't got a right to talk about it."

"Not to everybody of course. I've never talked about it to a soul but you, Jerry. Most of the girls talk about it—at school especially—all the time."

"You girls know too much nowadays—whether you do it or not."

SERENA turned this slowly over in her mind.

"I don't think so, Jerry. Don't you think probably girls have always discussed sex among themselves? Only nowadays maybe we read more about it, and then talk about it more openly. And it's the talking about it that the older people don't like. And yet they're the ones that write the books—I don't mean just the sexy novels that stir you up—but all the books on social evils and what a young girl should know and sex functions and—"

Skinner threw up his hands in despair.

"—and then, when we talk about them, you get sore."

"Yes," said Skinner grimly, "we get sore." He pondered a moment, and then continued slowly, "I suppose you're more than half right, my dear. I'm an old fogy. But keep it under your hat, Serena—most of what you know. Men don't want a woman—no matter how pure she may be, and especially if it's a woman they love—to know everything about sex: they want to teach it to the woman themselves."

"I don't see why," said Serena stubbornly.

"Maybe not, but some day you'll feel why."

And thus having re-established himself in his own esteem by scoring the last word, Skinner stood up.

"I'm going to take you back to the floor now. Twenty minutes you've been out here—and at your own party. You're a queer girl. Come on."

"I think I'll wait a moment," said Serena calmly. "I see Roger coming this way. And you haven't told me yet whether to marry him or not, Jerry?"

"When you decide to marry him, or

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CHRISTMAS PACKAGE
WHAT HO, CHUBBINS, STILL STRUGGLING OVER YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST?
I'M UP A TREE. I DON'T WANT TO GIVE THE BOY FRIENDS NECKTIES OR HANDKERCHIEFS, BUT —
IT'S MIGHTY HARD FOR A GIRL TO CHOOSE SOMETHING SUFFICIENTLY IMPERSONAL AND YET SOMETHING A MAN WILL THOROUGHLY ENJOY
NEVER HAVING BEEN A GIRL, I WOULDN'T KNOW, BUT I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I SOLVED MY PROBLEM
OH, WHAT BEAUTIFUL RED-AND-GREEN CHRISTMAS BOXES!
A FULL POUND TIN OF RIPE, MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT. HERE'S A PRESENT FULL OF SMOOTH SMOKING JOY THAT WILL PLEASE ANY MAN
HEY - THOSE ARE MY TINS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK
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any one else, you'll tell me; you won't ask me," said Skinner irritably. "Good night, Rena—go easy on the sex stuff."

He turned and slouched away.

Roger Loring nodded absent-mindedly as Skinner took his leave. He leaned over the table.

"You don't want to dance, do you? Can't we go into the library?"

"I ought to show myself. Mama will be furious. Especially if I'm with you."

Roger compressed his lips.

"Will you sit it out?" he asked again.

"Yes," said Serena, and led the way to the library. The library had not been thrown open to the general mob of guests. Only two couples were there—intimates who knew the layout of the house. The two couples had taken the big couch and the fireside chairs. Serena frowned and moved around to a door in the far corner of the room.

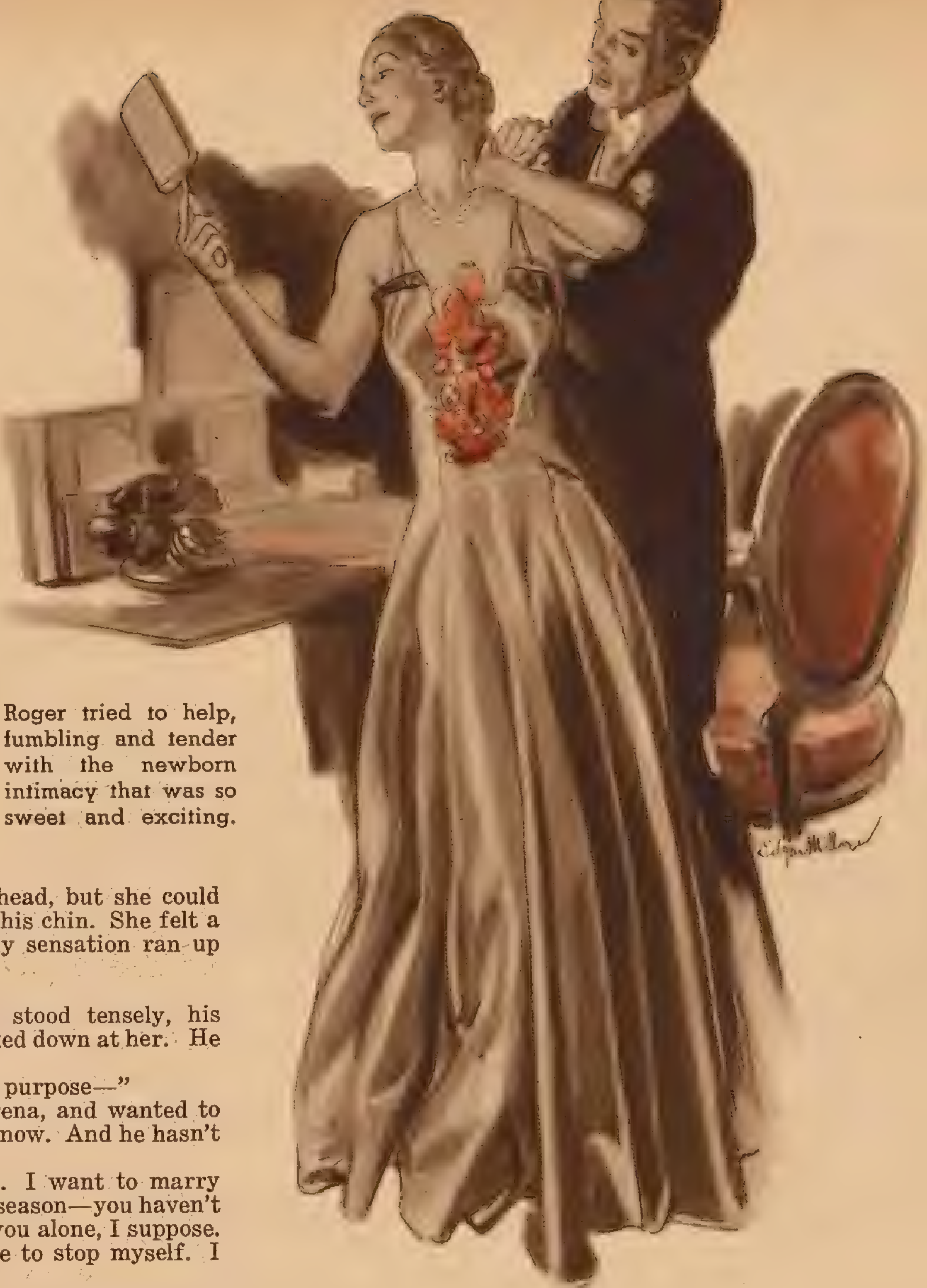
"Let's go into the office."

The "office" was her mother's private study. Very small and very secluded.

Serena closed the door and dropped on the couch.

"I ought to be dancing," she said a little breathlessly. She felt panicky—pleasurably so.

Roger sat down on the couch beside her. He sat stiffly, with an air of purposefulness, looking straight ahead. Serena turned her head, but she could not bring her eyes above the level of his chin. She felt a little shivery, and the pleasant tingly sensation ran up her back.



Roger tried to help, fumbling and tender with the newborn intimacy that was so sweet and exciting.

SUDDENLY Roger stood up. He stood tensely, his hands clasped behind him, and looked down at her. He spoke with harsh feeling.

"Serena, I brought you here for a purpose—"

He brought me here! thought Serena, and wanted to laugh aloud. If Skinner could see me now. And he hasn't—oh, *why* does he keep standing up?

"We've got to settle this, Serena. I want to marry you. I'm a lot older—this is your first season—you haven't seen other men. I ought to have left you alone, I suppose. I didn't realize—until it was too late to stop myself. I don't suppose you can understand."

"Oh, yes," said Serena simply, "I can understand. I think it would be wonderful to marry you." And to herself she was saying, Oh, why—*why* doesn't he sit down?

Roger's fine eyes were hot with emotion and exultation. He dropped to one knee and groped for Serena's hand that lay in her lap—crushed it against his face with his own strong hands. He wanted—trembling—to crush her, and then comfort her. But the decencies of his New England-bred control warned him that he must not shock this fine young thing that had surrendered to him. He felt a deep humility, and pride—and protectiveness.

"I'll make you happy—by Heaven I will! I don't deserve—oh, Serena—you're so wonderful—and so queer. You're half a child one moment—and nine tenths woman the next."

Serena reached out her free hand and drew his head to her lap.

"That doesn't add up quite right, does it?" she laughed softly, and the next moment she was really in his arms, and he was kissing her as she had longed to have him kiss her.

It was all of half an hour before Serena bethought herself of her party. It was Roger himself, with his considerateness, who reminded her. She jumped up and started to fix her tumbled straw-colored hair before the glass on her mother's desk. Roger tried to help, fumbling and tender with the newborn intimacy that was so sweet and exciting. She fixed her lips as well as she could with her trembling hands.

"How do I look?" She turned to him. "Oh, Roger, I feel as if every single one of them showed on my face. How can we ever face the crowd?"

Roger laughed possessively and opened the door to the library. Serena sailed through, the new pride of the engaged girl shining in her splendid eyes. She was as beautiful, now, as the painters thought her.

The people who had been in the library earlier had left. But the big couch by the fire was occupied by a new pair. There was a half-empty bottle of Clicquot on the floor, and a girl lying back against the pillows. A man, leaning over the back of the couch from behind, half straightened up as the girl fretfully pushed his hand away from the front of her low-cut dress. They were both a little drunk. Serena drew her breath sharply. The girl was Minnie Tinker, a last year's debutante, and the man was the man with the waxed mustache. Roger Loring, his face dark with anger and disgust, tried to keep between Serena and the couch while he hurried her through the room.

Roger and Serena were back in the ballroom again, dancing. Serena was trying to shake off the picture of Minnie Tinker—on the couch with the man with the waxed mustache. But it had left a bad taste to her new happiness.

Presently Serena found herself by her mother in the receiving line, saying good night. It was nearly five o'clock, and the guests had thinned to the incorrigibles. Roger whispered his good night to Serena, and asked Isabella if she would be at home in the afternoon. Isabella, watching her daughter, had sensed something. She was brilliant and hard-cut polished and unusually polite. When the last guest had gone she turned and walked to the elevator that went to her rooms.

"Good night, mama," said Serena. "It was a wonderful party."

Isabella smiled wearily but made no answer.

Serena had scarcely gone to sleep, so it seemed to her, when she was awakened. The maid was raising the shades, the midday sun was flooding in, and a breakfast tray stood on the stand at her bedside. At the other side of the bed sat her mother, dressed and ready to go out. Isabella looked very smart and tailored and astonishingly fresh.

"It's one o'clock, Serena, and I'm lunching out. I'm sorry to wake you up, but I wanted a word with you. That's all, Helena"—this to the hovering maid. "You may come back when Miss Serena rings."

Serena sat up and rubbed her eyes and reached for the coffeepot. It always took her a long time to gather herself in the mornings.

"And now, Serena—I've only got a few minutes, so please wake up and listen to me."

"Yes—boss," said Serena.

Isabella frowned.

"You behaved outrageously last night. I've warned you that no girl should let one man monopolize her the first season. It drives off all the other eligibles—and at the end of the season she may find herself flat."

"Roger's eligible enough for me," said Serena through a mouthful of toast. She was enjoying it.

"Nonsense. In the first place he's too old, and in the second place he's too poor."

"He's not too old," said Serena, now thoroughly awake. "And he's a brilliant lawyer. He may be poor now, but every one says he's the coming man of the New Deal."

"Coming and going," snapped Isabella. "With this brain truster in the White House they come one week and go the next. But I don't propose to argue with you, Serena. I tell you plainly you are wasting your time. Even if it were otherwise suitable—which it isn't—Roger Loring wouldn't think of marrying you. I know him too well. He's no cheap fortune hunter. And he needs a woman of brains—his own sort of brains."

"I love him," said Serena, getting angry.

"Nonsense!" snapped her mother.

"He asked me to marry him," said Serena calmly, "and I'm going to."

Over Isabella Runcival's face there crept a slow putty color that contrasted unpleasantly with the make-up of her lips and cheeks. She stood up and moved slowly toward the door. She had a superb figure and carriage.

"Do you mean that, Serena?" she demanded in a tense voice. "For the last time—do you really mean that?"

"Yes," said Serena. She felt very self-possessed and competent. She sipped some coffee.

"Very well," said Isabella almost gently. "You will not care to marry him, I think, when I tell you that he was once my lover."

What is behind this soul-shattering declaration of Serena's mother? Is it to save or destroy her young daughter? And how can Serena cope with such a situation? Her reaction will rouse your astonishment and admiration in the next issue of Liberty.

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"Certain fast passenger trains now operate at speeds approximating 100 miles per hour as compared with the former maximum of 60 to 70 miles per hour prevailing only a few years back. In order to provide for higher speeds, the railroads are lengthening spirals, increasing super-elevation on curves, and where necessary, reducing curves and relocating lines." Quoted from CIVIL ENGINEERING, September, 1936. Such work requires constant research and this, plus scores of other investigations, occupies the time of more than a thousand research engineers in railroad and university laboratories throughout America. By such skilled and patient methods—

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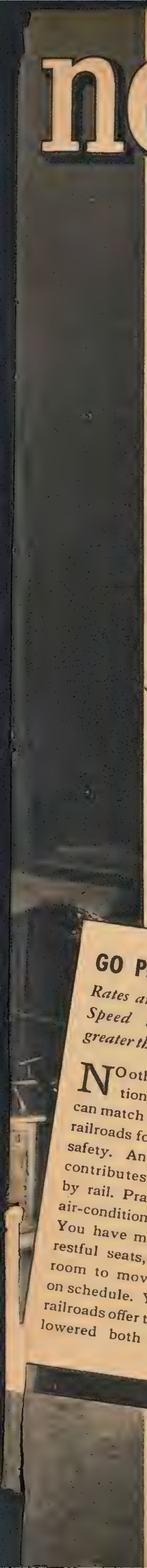

YOU will find, in countless American homes on Christmas morning, eloquent evidence of the place railroads and railroading hold in the hearts of folks throughout our land.

In the memory of oldsters still living, the railroads completed the bold and romantic enterprise of binding the nation together with bands of steel from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

A WOMAN'S RIDDLE AT THE SPHINX

BY ROGER GARIS

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

THE sea, beating upon the base of the Punta de Conejos, received within its depths a stone tossed out from the cliff. The youth who had thrown it leaned over the edge and watched its splash with the eager triumphant eyes of a child who has succeeded in scattering a toy army with one well directed shot.

"Did you see it go, Elise?" Paul asked delightedly, turning to the girl behind him. "The biggest one yet. Did you see it dive?"

Elise was gazing steadily at the dark mountains of Mallorca. A short distance away the white bathing beach in front of the Hotel Formentor was a scar in the black body of the coast. The hotel itself stood in bare relief against the backdrop of deepening dusk, for the sun, dying in the west toward Spain, already was below the horizon.

Paul took a quick step toward Elise and touched her arm in a gesture of swift concern. He said:

"You're tired. It's a hard climb up here. But this is our last day, and—"

"I'm not tired, Paul." She pressed back against a tree that reared bleakly from the cliff, feeling the rough bark with her fingers. A silver bird flashed downward before her, seeking the surf, hovered for a moment above the breaking waves, and then dived like a plunging knife. Elise turned her head away.

"I wanted you here with me this last time. I wanted to roll a few last stones into the ocean." He smiled at her affectionately. "It's more fun to send them down when you're here watching me."

"Yes, I suppose I'm a good audience."

An unfamiliar moodiness in her tone caused him to gaze at her wonderingly. He said: "What is it, Elise? Are you sorry—for what happened? Do you wish we hadn't met? Don't you want to go with me to Egypt?"

"Of course I do, Paul!" Now her voice was bright, too gay. "We talked all that out in the beginning, didn't we? Demanding nothing. Living for the day, and when it's over, no regrets. Two modern people. We're having a marvelous time!"

"That's what I thought." He still stared at her. "But—I don't want you ever to be sorry. You told me you felt about marriage and love as I do—they need not intrude into our scheme of things. Do you still believe that?"

"Why should I have changed?" She laughed. "We're not in love with each other. Neither of us wants to marry. I've got my painting, and you your work in architecture. We've settled all that—so let's stop this nonsense! Go and find another stone. A big one. I'll watch from here."

He strode from her and was scrambling up to the ledge that marked the very peak of the Punta. Then Elise heard him panting and straining, and knew he must have found a splendid large one.

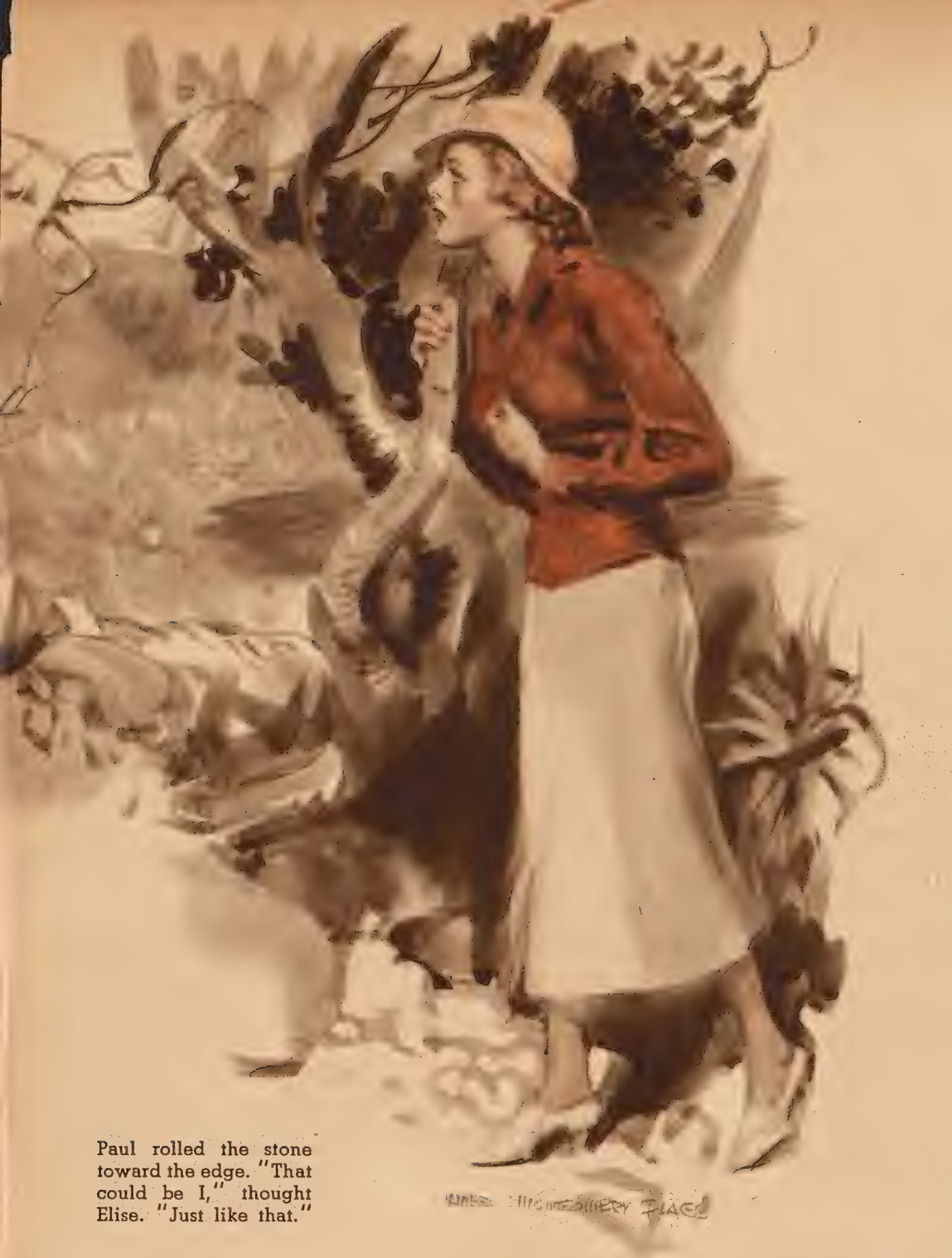
A crunching of brush and twigs as Paul rolled the stone toward the edge, and then with a shout he pushed it over, and it hurtled with tearing crashes down into the sea.

"That could be I," thought Elise. "Just like that."

He stalked into her room next morning while she was packing. His thin nervous face was alight with anticipation.

"Hello, Nefertari!" he cried. "Will you kiss your lover, Amenophis? You don't know who they are. I do. I'll tell you."

He kissed her lightly, and her



Paul rolled the stone toward the edge. "That could be I," thought Elise. "Just like that."

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

kiss was as casual as his. Now see how strong I can be in the daylight, she told herself proudly.

Leaning against the wall, hands shoved in his pockets, his deep-set eyes smiled at her. He spoke quickly:

" Nefertari was a beautiful queen. I saw a picture of her once. She lived a long, long time ago in Egypt. She had a profile like yours, a broad high forehead, lustrous dark eyes, and she smiled strangely, as though her secret thoughts were rather bitter. You never think bitter thoughts, do you, Nefertari? "

" No," said Elise. " And are you like Amenophis? "

Paul shrugged his shoulders. " I guess not. Don't mind about him. Nefertari. I remember that picture well. She was lovely."

" Is that why you want to go to Egypt? " Elise asked, folding a dress.

" I've always wanted to go to Egypt," Paul said. " I think it was in my mind when I came abroad this time. No use going home now, business is so poor. People aren't hiring architects. Might as well enjoy myself while the money lasts, don't you think, Nefertari? "

" ' Be happy while you may,' " said Elise.

" I know—' for tomorrow may bring sorrow.' That's the rest of the song."

" Yes, that's the rest of it."

He crossed swiftly to her, put his arm about her shoulders, holding her to him.

" Elise," he whispered, " I'm awfully glad you're coming with me! So very, very glad! Aren't you glad, Elise? "

Her hand, upon the suitcase cover, trembled ever so little. But her voice was steady, controlled.

" Of course I am," she said. " Now scat! And let me finish packing. We leave in an hour."

They were in the car, their luggage tied to the sides and top of the sedan, and were being driven down the winding road from the hotel.

Several miles from the hotel they saw the Gnome, a gnarled tree trunk twisted into the likeness of an old man gazing eternally out into the gulf. He had served as a boundary for their walks along the coast. They would tramp on until they met him, bow a solemn greeting, and

A VIVID STORY OF A BOY AND A GIRL WITH MODERN IDEAS—AND THAT QUAINT OLD THING CALLED LOVE retrace their steps. Now they were going past him for the last time. “Adieu, Gnome,” Elise whispered.

Farther on they came to a low wall that guarded the way from a sheer drop on the other side. Paul asked the driver to stop while he got out, and presently with small stones he was making their initials on top of the wall, “E. P.” and “P. C.,” for Elise Palmer and Paul Coleman.

“They won’t last long,” Elise said when he came back to the car. “The rain will wash them away.” But Paul only smiled. He never seemed concerned with endings.

Onward over the rough muddy road from Formentor to Palma de Mallorca, through groves of almond trees, brown and gray. Suppose, Elise thought, Paul were taking this ride alone, and I were standing alone on the Punta, saying, “Now Paul is coming into Pollensa. Now he is passing the bay. He is leaving me. Every moment takes him farther from me. Soon he will be aboard the Roma, and I stand here, where he and I so often stood, thinking of him, cuddling my grief to me.”

Paul touched her shoulder. “What’s the matter, Lissa? Are you cold?”

“Cold?”

“You were shivering.”

“Oh. No, I’m not cold. We’ll soon be there, won’t we, Paul?”

“A few miles more.”

There were times during the voyage to Egypt when Elise succeeded in convincing herself that this was all she wanted, that she was completely happy. Certainly no bridegroom on his honeymoon could have been more tenderly attentive and affectionate than Paul. He anticipated her smallest wishes. He saw to it that fresh flowers were placed each day in their cabin; and when they mingled with other passengers it was her eyes he sought continually, it was to her he offered the light humor of his speech, always so young, so merry.

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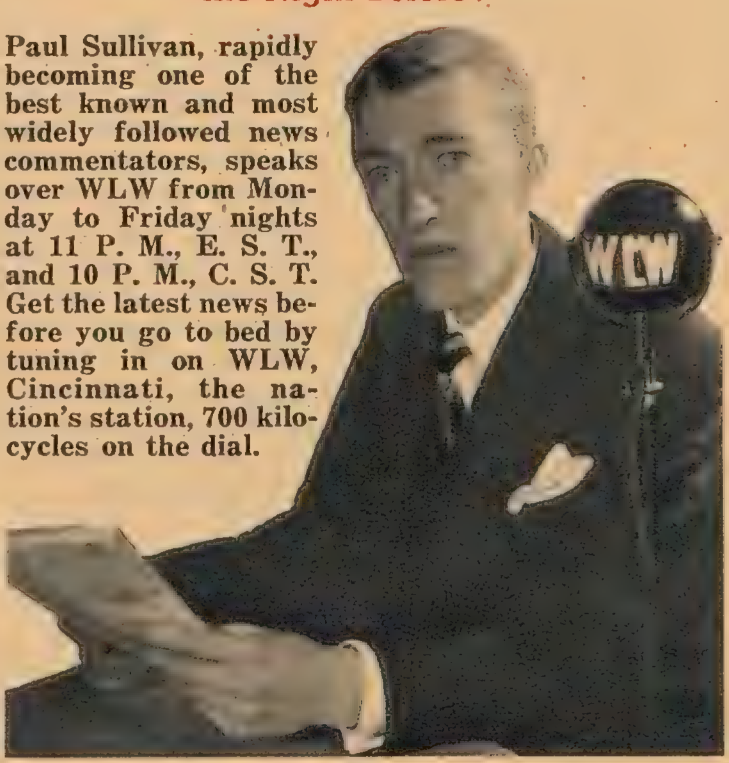

Don’t Miss Liberty’s New Radio Feature!

He’s having a splendid time, Elise thought. A fine time, and all this is so perfect!

Yes. Too perfect. Too perfect to last. And remembering the certain end, Elise’s heart would plunge within her, as the sea gull had toward the surf, or one of Paul’s stones down from the height.

THE Roma put in at Siracusa, at the far tip of Sicily, and remained two days. Paul and Elise took a trip to Catania and went up Mount Etna in a motor. Elise was frightened. She remained close to Paul, holding his hand; they stood in a spot that hung over the world, silent, gazing out into the depth, until Elise said:

“Paul, I don’t like it here. Let’s go down.”

He nodded. “Right this minute?”

“Well—”

“I might find—you know, a stone—and—”

He was a bit ashamed at the childishness of it. Elise demanded suddenly:

“Paul, why do you like to throw stones from high places?”

“I don’t know,” he replied uneasily. “I just do. I like to see them go and hear the noise. Five years ago I rolled one over the edge of the Grand Canyon. They wanted to arrest me.”

“If there weren’t any stones at hand, would you roll me over the edge, Paul? Now, I mean?”

Startled, he drew back, staring at her. “No! What are you thinking of?”

“I’d do as well as a stone, I think,” she told him somberly. “I’d roll and bounce and plunge with the best of them.”

“Stop talking like that!” He seized her arm. “Elise. I’ll never do it again.”

“Silly,” she smiled. “I don’t mind. Honestly. Look, there’s one. Roll that down. I want you to.”

“No, Elise.”

“Then I will.”

Swiftly she walked to where the rock lay, while Paul watched her anxiously. She bent to pull it loose. It was deeply embedded.

“Elise, leave it alone,” Paul called.

Quickly she started struggling with it, clutching the sides desperately, tearing her nails and scratching her fingers. At all costs she must get the stone free. It was part of herself that she must uproot and be rid of forever. Paul stared at her in shocked amazement, till suddenly with a cry he leaped forward and caught her in his arms.

“ELISE! What are you doing? What’s the matter with you? See what you’ve done to your hands—they’re bleeding!”

“It’s nothing, Paul,” she murmured. “Will you help me get the stone out?”

“If you insist,” he said. “I don’t see why—”

“Please.”

“All right.”

He leaned over and heaved with all his strength, until the stone was broken loose from the clinging earth and went rumbling down the mountainside. Elise saw him watch its descent eagerly. His gaze followed it until it disappeared from sight. Not until then did he turn to her.

“Satisfied?” he asked, grinning.

“Yes, I’m satisfied. Shall we go now, Paul?”

They crossed to Alexandria in perfect weather and remained a week on the coast, bathing every afternoon, delighting in the queer costumes of the Arabs and the novelty of their language. Paul learned two Arabic expressions which he used the moment an Arab approached them. They were “*Emshi min henna,*” meaning “Get out of here,” and “*Ma feesh filoos,*” which means “No money.”

At Cairo Elise contracted a slight fever. She said nothing of it to Paul, for it really wasn’t worth talking about. It simply made her rather lightheaded, and things took on an unreal appearance. Even Paul, as she looked at him across the table in the bar, receded like a train entering a tunnel. Elise laughed, drank her cocktail quickly, and asked suddenly if Paul had a paper and pencil.

“I’ll get one from the waiter,” he replied. “Why?”

“I just thought of something.”

“Nice?”

“Funny.”

“Good! Waiter, a pencil and paper. . . . Thanks. There, Elise.”

She studied him for a moment, then began to write.

Smiling, she handed him the paper.

She had written:

> There once was a gay young New Yorka,
> Met up with a maid in Mallorca.
> Their romance soon died—
> But the maid merely sighed,
> “While it lasted it sure was a corka!”

Paul laughed, read it a second time, then tore it up.

“Don’t you like it?” Elise asked wistfully. “It rhymes.”

“I don’t like it,” said Paul. “I don’t think it’s funny.”

“Maybe the waiter would think it’s funny.”

“It— What’s the matter with you, Elise?”

"Matter?" She considered this. "Nothing."

"Yes there is. You look pale."

"Do I? Maybe I need another cocktail. When are we going to visit the pyramids?"

"Tomorrow, if you like. Listen, Elise. Are you sure you're all right?"

"Why, of course! Don't look so distressed, Paul. I'm sorry you didn't care for my verse," she said seriously. "I've been thinking of it for a long time."

"It wasn't very nice, just silly."

"But very true."

He pushed back his chair impatiently. "Shall we go in to dinner? Some food will do you good."

To her surprise she ate quite a good dinner, and that night slept soundly, heavily. It was nearly noon when she awoke. Paul was in the bathroom shaving, and she could hear him humming through the half-opened door. Such a good time, Elise thought, and then discovered that she felt rather gay herself. It was a strange unfamiliar gaiety, as though it rested lightly upon her and might depart at any moment.

She lay for a time gazing up at nothing, keeping her mind deliberately inactive, hoping thereby to retain the mood which had so unexpectedly come upon her. The sun, seeping in beneath the partly lowered curtain, struck the dressing-table mirror and was reflected upon a picture of an Arab watering his camel at an oasis.

Elise had not noticed the picture before. Now, beholding the queer posture of the beast, she laughed aloud.

PAUL stuck his head in the room, his face partly lathered.

"Hey!" he called. "How are you?"

"Fine," replied Elise. "Paul, you know they should serve water to camels in great finger bowls!"

"Should they?" He came toward the bed and stood over her, grinning. "Feeling frisky this morning, aren't we? Well—"

He kissed her, anointing her with lather. She screamed in mock rage and pushed him away.

He yelled, "Hey! What is this? We're going places today. Know what?" and he kissed her slender hand. "We're going to see the pyramids."

She hastened with her dressing, talking loudly to Paul the while, or humming, or singing bits of a song that insistently came to her: "Gin a body meet a body comin' through the rye, Gin a body kiss a body, need a body cry?" She must not forget to be gay.

"Certainly feeling fine today, aren't we?" Paul remarked, and her smile assured him.

Directly after lunch they were driven to Giza. The February sun beat down upon them like a shower of icy-hot crystals. At the edge of the desert they stepped from the car and stared up at the towering piles of stone taunting the desert and the sky.

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“I thought that they would be like that,” said Elise.

“Did you?” Paul smiled. “Why?”

“I wanted them to be. That big one, see, that one—nearest to us. Paul—they say the Arabs can climb it in eight minutes.”

“Will the lady like to see me climb it?” An Arab guide stood behind them. “For five piasters I will do it.”

Elise seized Paul's arm. “Let's have him do it,” she begged. “Shall we?”

“All right,” he replied, amused. He gave the Arab the money. “Now—*emshi!* Let's see a record climb!”

They watched the man scurry across the sand and leap upon the first ledge of the pyramid. Like a great spider he crawled upward, never stopping for an instant, knowing each projecting rock and foothold. Higher and higher, then he was at the top, and beginning his descent. In an incredibly short time he stood before them once more, bowing ingratiatingly, suggesting baksheesh. Paul gave him a few odd coins.

“That was clever,” Elise said gravely, as Paul watched her. “Thank you for having him do it, Paul. Now shall we get camels, and ride off into the desert? Not all the way across. Just a little way.”

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“Not all the way across?” he teased. “All right, Elise. As you say. I'm glad you're feeling so well. What a day this is!”

They rode almost to Saqqara, where the older and smaller pyramids are, followed by camel boys who clung to the tails of their animals and sang in cracked, tuneless voices words that sounded like “Kai-yiff akoul ill-eee fe-e-e-e” again and again. Elise repeated the words to Paul, and told him it was a Ballad of No Regrets.

Dusk was closing in when they returned to the Great Pyramid. Dismounting, they sat down to rest. Purple and blue shafts of the sinking sunlight clove the uneven sand like sudden-appearing brooks, and the desert itself became a softly tinted ocean with waves checked at their height.

Elise held this silence so long to herself that Paul asked:

“What is it, darling? Tired? Shall we go back?”

She turned toward him slowly. “Go back? No. One can't go back. I don't want to.”

His shoulder moved, touched hers. “Nor I. Oh, you mean—” He looked away from her. “We have another week. We weren't going to mention that until the very day. Don't you remember?”

He had not, really, understood. Elise said, “I'm sorry, Paul. Stupid of me. Let nothing us dismay. You in New York and I in Paris. I think I'll paint better pictures now, don't you?”

“Of course you will! I want to buy the first one. But I won't have much money left.”

“I'll give it to you. Souvenir. I'll call it Memory of Mallorca. A tall youth, standing on the Punta, a stone held high over his head, about to hurl it from him. His face lighted with eagerness and triumph. How splendid thus to rid himself of all he—”

She stopped, a sound that might have been a sob in her throat. She said, after a moment, “I'm being silly again. Let's just sit here.”

Paul said, “All right, Elise. But it will be dark soon.”

Elise, arms back of her, fingers dug in the sand, gazed steadily at the pyramid. Then, as if to herself, she murmured, “We could.”

Paul looked at her sharply. “What?”

“Climb the pyramid.”

Paul smiled, and said, “I, perhaps. Not you. It's too hard a climb.”

She closed her fingers tightly, then relaxed them.

“I could, Paul. You know I could. We might go slowly, resting often. I saw how the Arab did it. I want to.”

He shook his head. “It's impossible. Not allowed, in the first place.”

“No one is around now. It's late.”

“You might fall.”

“I won't fall. I'll be careful.”

“Why do you want to?”

“I want to see the desert from it by moonlight.”

“Will there be a moon?”

“Soon. See, there's the rim of it.”

“Well—”

He laughed, and she knew she had won. They arose, and hand in hand walked across the sand to the pyramid's base. No one was near. Night hung breathlessly over the desert. At the foot of the pyramid they halted, and Paul asked:

“You're sure you feel strong enough, Elise? You're not afraid?”

She glanced up at him, and replied, “I'm not afraid. But I'll take my shoes off, I think, so I can climb better. There, now we can start. Will you go first, or shall I?”

“I will. And help you up.”

Placing his hands upon the first great block he raised himself, and then was standing on the ledge. Reaching down, he grasped her hand. His sudden pull brought her up quickly, and they stood together closely, their hands still clasped. Elise was breathing rapidly. She felt drugged with her resolve. No more indecision.

“Right?” Paul asked her. She answered gaily, “Right! Let's go on. You first.”

The next jutting block was higher up, and Paul moved to one side, seeking a foothold. Inserting his foot he sprang for the narrow ledge, reached it, and drew himself up on it. Then he seized Elise's hand, lifting her beside him.

“Strong, aren't you?” she panted.

“Pretty strong. Shall we go on?”

“Of course!”

The way up was easier for a time, since the blocks afforded better foothold. They climbed more swiftly. But soon it became more difficult, and they had to proceed cautiously, Paul trying each stone before trusting to it their weights. He spoke to Elise often, encouraging her, inquiring if she were all right and not tired. Briefly she reassured him. Breath was precious.

Finally, upon a ledge, they halted for a rest. Except for a shortness of breath, Elise had not felt the effort. She was not tired, her limbs did not ache, her head was clear and thought came keenly. Indeed, there was an unusual poignancy in thought just now. The sensation of thinking was sensuous; everything was Thought.

Pressing back against the wall of stone, Elise gazed down. The desert was not sand but bottomless gray depth. From it, like volcanic islands, arose the two other pyramids, proud soundless monuments, stabbing the white night with their peaked heads.

Elise, palms against the rock at her back, felt the roughness with her restless fingers. It seemed like the rough bark of the tree that grew upon the edge of the Punta de Conejos. And surely that was the murmur of the sea below her? The taste of salt upon her lips—had that not been carried to her by the ocean wind?

Some movement before her, in the moonlight, flashed like the swift shining turn of a gull. Elise watched it, and imagined that the gull, wheeling, had halted suddenly in its flight, wings outstretched. In a moment it would dive. Now! Fiercely down it swept into the surf, gone from sight in a silver sheen.

That had been strange. The bird was not real. There were no gulls here in the desert. Her eyes had been confused by the moon. Perhaps a tiny trace of the fever still remained, altering but not obscuring reality.

Paul, standing off a little, was watching her, and suddenly she became conscious of his scrutiny. For a time she had felt so alone, and now the presence of Paul rushed in upon her. It was surprising. She uttered his name curiously:

"Paul."

"Yes?"

The sound of his voice recalled something to her. It held a vague note, a hint of distraction. Thus he had spoken as they stood upon Mount Etna, before he began his search for a stone. And on the cliff at Formentor, Punta de Conejos, the last evening on the island.

"We've climbed lots of heights, haven't we, Paul?"

"Yes, Elise—I guess we have."

"Not actually so many though—the Punta, Mount Etna, and the pyramid—they *seem* like many. This is the best one, don't you think, Paul?"

"By far the best."

"Have you enjoyed it?"

This aroused him. "Elise! You know I have. Every day, every second of it. That's not important, though. What about you? Have you enjoyed it, Elise?"

He started toward her, but she stepped back, raising her hand in protest. There was something she had to say, and it could not be said in his arms.

"There are no loose stones on the pyramid." Her words were spaced strangely.

This, more than her upraised hand, halted him.

"No loose stones?" Paul repeated.

"No. Isn't that too bad! Soon it will be over, finished—and there will have been no last stone to roll down—Oh, Paul!"

WITH a sickening swiftness it came upon her that this was all she had to tell him. There was nothing more, nor ever would be; just—no more stones! So soon over, their love, their happiness. She who had been so easily won could ask for no more. He was just a boy, content with the present.

Defeated, she closed her eyes. There must be no hesitation, no more, nothing to say. Just to go down, as stones go—

She stretched her arms wide, as if to embrace the desert. A lassitude seeped into her. This was to be the end, destined from the beginning. A quick release. She herself would be the last stone he would ever cast away.

She leaned forward into the tugging emptiness.

Her name, torn from his lips, was an echo of all that had passed. She was not certain that she had heard it. For by then she was falling toward finality, accepting a conclusion which must not be delayed. She did not know how he sprang to her. The impact of his arms flung about her she felt only, as in a dream, one feels the sudden end of flight.

Together their bodies struck the next block. His was beneath. One hand flailed at the stone, the fingers

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seeking a hold. His shoulders hung in air. Her weight upon him threatened to hurl them from this brief security.

Paul was dazed by the shock, yet strength remained to grip the slight projection his hand found. He gasped, "Elise—try to hang on—for a second—"

She stirred, but her arms were limp. The fall had stunned her. Paul attempted to raise her with his other hand. He could not. There was no support for his shoulder. All his energy must be spent in keeping them on the ledge.

This he could not do for long. The strain was too great. "Elise!" he panted. "Oh, God—Elise—"

She uttered no sound. Her head must have glanced from the rock. Paul waited, hoping to gather strength; then, in a cry of despair, "Help me! Darling, help me!"

She heard those words. They thrust into her numbed mind; consciousness returned. "Darling, help me!" This she must answer.

"Yes, Paul," she murmured, and slowly, laboriously, she pressed her palms into the rock on which they lay, lifting herself from him. She pulled him then toward the inner wall. The ledge was scarcely wider than themselves.

Now they were safe. Paul lay there, gazing up at the shadow of Elise's face. She moved slightly and was kneeling at his side.

"Paul, you're hurt!" she breathed. "Your back is hurt!"

"No," he answered. Words were difficult. "You? Are you—all right?"

"I'm all right—now—"

She bent over him, her eyes seeking his.

"Do you know what I intended to do?" she asked. "Do you know why?"

"Yes," he said.

"I should not be living. Paul, it was a horrible thing!" She covered her face with her hands. He reached up and drew them away.

"It's all right," he told her gently. "I was here. It couldn't have happened. You know that, don't you, Elise?"

"I was afraid of seeing it through. I wanted to leave you before you left me. This was a way. . . . I'm weak, Paul. I went back on our bargain. I couldn't have you go from me."

"Go from you! It wasn't I who—" He stared at her, and it was as though they were seeing each other for the first time. "Good Lord!" A great wonder in his voice. "Did we need this to tell us?"

"It was so close!" She shuddered. "Almost—both of us. Why didn't you let me go, Paul? No, don't answer—I don't want to make you—"

He sat up, unwearied now.

"Listen," he said. "I love you, Elise. Do you love me?"

"Oh, Paul, yes!"

"We've been such fools! What was it we were trying to fight? Ourselves? Modern— To hell with modernism! Elise, we could never be apart—never! I want to ask you this very formally: Will you marry me?"

"I will marry you, Paul."

"Thank you, dear." He kissed her. Holding her firmly, he smiled and said, "High upon this tomb we pledge our troth. Hear us, you mighty dead who once lay within! You know, Elise, they may have been watching. They may have saved us."

"It was kind of them," she whispered.

Before starting the descent he put his arm about her and kissed her again. His foot disturbed a loosened bit of rock and it tumbled down the pyramid, bounding from ledge to ledge, disappearing in the silvery dimness at the bottom. A thin trail of ancient dust followed the last stone.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

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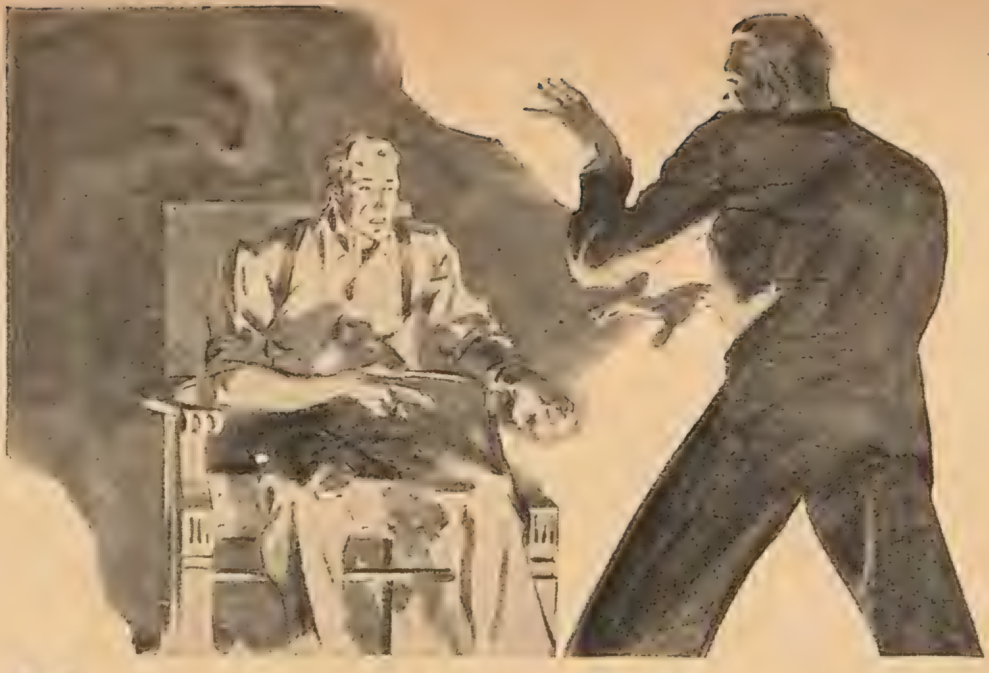
by

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



A hypnotized patient believes a cold coin, placed on his skin, is red-hot.

CAN we regain our youth, repair our organs, reactivate our system through the power of our mind? There is warrant for believing that thought may be as strong as the surgeon's knife and as sharp as his needle. This exciting message comes from the laboratory of one of the world's great biologists—Professor Eugen Steinach. Steinach's conclusions, based on painstaking experiments, confirm certain theories somewhat hesitatingly advanced by Alexis Carrel.

The controversies raging about Steinach's head have not diminished his stature and the years have not impaired his vitality. Two hours' animated discussion with the venerable scientist left me breathless.

Has mind the power to make or mar? Can the brain heal or destroy? It is an age-old question. "Yes," say the mystics and the psychologists, those who heal by faith and those who heal by suggestion. "No," say rationalists and skeptics, who distrust things that cannot be measured or weighed. Of late the skeptics have had the best of the argument. The human brain, it seemed, was only the plaything of mysterious physical forces within us. The glands pre-empted the throne once held by reason. Love = C H O. That was the formula of the biochemists. For these three elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, in various combinations, are the chemical bases of the sex hormones.

Professor Steinach's experiments on guinea pigs and humans seemed to show that our constitution and our morals are regulated exclusively by secretions poured into our blood from the chemical laboratories which we call glands. But now Steinach himself presents evidence that impressions received through the brain may dominate the glandular system. The mind may assume, within certain limits, dictatorship over the body. After a lifetime devoted to physiological research—at the summit of experience—Steinach admits the power of purely mental or psychic influences to effect permanent organic and psychological changes in animals and human beings.

It is difficult not to admire Steinach's intellectual stamina. It took courage to confess that chemistry offers, in many instances, a satisfactory substitute for the surgical operation linked with his name for a quarter of a century. (For details see my article in Liberty of November 7.) And now he himself challenges his cherished conviction, the unconditional supremacy of the glands.

We needed no Steinach to tell us that thought affects the actions and reactions of our body. Love, hope, or terror may flush or blanch our cheeks; it may slow down or accelerate our digestion, our heartbeats, and our breath. If we place one of our arms on a scale, the scale will record its weight. If we concentrate our thought upon that arm, its weight will increase measurably, because the preoccupation of the mind with the arm increases its blood supply. Forel, the celebrated Swiss investigator, established the power of the mind to effect changes in our tissues. After subjecting a patient to hypnosis, he suggested to him that a coin placed on his skin was red-hot. The patient not merely felt considerable pain, but the skin under the coin was covered with blisters! Carrel saw a large cancerous sore shrivel to a scar before his eyes at Lourdes.

Pavlov, the Russian Nobel Prize winner, in his laboratory proved by his famous experiment that the stomach responds not only to food but to ideas associated with food. Exposing the stomach of a living dog, he tempted the animal's appetite with a bone. Immediately the stomach secreted digestive juices. Repeating the experiment, he rang a bell whenever he offered the bone to Fido. Soon the thought of food and the sound of the bell were associated in Fido's mind. It was no longer necessary to show the food to stimulate his stomach; it was sufficient to ring the bell. The dinner gong, or the faint fragrance of food blown across the way, has a similar effect on the stomach of a hungry man.

Steinach's experiments go even further than Pavlov's. He has proved that impressions received solely through the nervous system produce not only functional but organic changes which may alter our constitution and transform our character. Steinach is not concerned with the philosophical or religious implications of his discovery. He merely records the facts. The love life of the lowly rodent is the text from which he draws his conclusions.

Isolating ten male rats at the tender age of four weeks, Steinach imprisoned them in an Eveless paradise with other males for a period of four to five months. Remote from any feminine influence they reached man's estate. Steinach then introduced a buxom young female into the cage of the bachelor rats. They needed no sex instruction, no primer of love. Immediately, aggressively they pursued the temptress and fought tooth and nail for her favor. Pugnacious to the point of ferocity, amorous, without inhibitions, ac-

New, Astonishing Secrets from Steinach, the Father of Rejuvenation . . . Now He Admits that the MIND, Through Its Rule of the Glands, May Rebuild Our Bodies!

quisitive, they exhibited the qualities characteristic of masculine gender. The female, it must be added, was not a neuter: a Venus among rodents, every pore of her body, every motion from snout to tail exuded sex.

After the amorous encounter Steinach banished the young males once more to their bachelor quarters. They had borne the absence of female companionship until they had reached their full growth apparently without damage. What would happen now if they were once more isolated? Steinach condemned them to a month of loneliness. Then he reintroduced a female for a few minutes.

At first the young bachelors were agitated by the intrusion of Eve; but, as the experiment was repeated month after month, Steinach began to notice a marked change in their behavior. Every month the reception extended to their visitor became less lively. After six, in some cases nine months, they refused to notice the fair intruder. The negative suggestion of complete isolation from the other sex proved stronger than their amatory propensities. It silenced the once so clamorous demand of the sex glands. It was, however, not merely the sex instinct that suffered. Growing ever more listless and apathetic, they lost interest not only in the female of the species but in life itself. Zest changed to indifference, courage to timidity. When a normal male was ushered into the cage, they turned tail and fled.

An anatomical examination revealed an exact parallel between their physical condition and their state of mind. Their development had retrogressed; they acted more like infants than like full-grown males. Their shriveled glands resembled those of senile or castrated animals. "Yet all were lacking if sex were lacking," says Walt Whitman. The poet's line foreshadows Steinach's discovery. The normal male needs the emanations of the female. Sex, charm, It, is the cornerstone of his life. This seems to be true of mice no less than of men. Remove the idea of love's fulfillment and the male loses the ambition to achieve his social and biological destiny.

What happens if hope is restored?

To answer this question, Steinach tried a second experiment. He imprisoned in the same cage with the bachelor rats, deprived of pep and ambition by long incarceration apart from the opposite sex, a lively young female, separated by a wire netting. There was no possibility of a physical encounter, but the suggestion of femininity was ever-present. Constantly the perfume of sex was wafted through the netting. In the rat the sense of smell is most strongly developed. It was primarily through their noses that the bachelor rats perceived the proximity of the female. All the rats underwent a miraculous transformation in the course of three or four days. The mere emanations of the female, sending a message through the brain to the entire system, revolutionized their attitude toward life and replenished their starved organs. No longer apathetic, they made desperate attempts to force their way through the wire netting.

WHEN, after three weeks, Steinach removed the wire netting, a battle royal began. The bachelors, once more amorous, pugnacious, jealously intolerant of other males, had regained the salient psychological characteristics of their sex. An examination verified Steinach's surmise: anatomical changes corresponding to the psychic changes were unmistakable. Not only the glands, but the brains, the nervous and circulatory system were completely rejuvenated. Youth and vigor had come back with sex. But the miracle had been wrought without the slightest physical contact, *merely by the power of thought upon the glands.* It was identical with the miracles accomplished by Steinach in similar cases on aged or unsexed animals, with the aid of the knife and the syringe.

If thought can change the character and the physique of the humble rat, it can perform even greater miracles in human beings. Fortunately, no cruel experiment is necessary to prove to us that a man is susceptible even more strongly to mental and psychic stimuli than a rat. He is affected by influences less crude than those employed by Steinach in his experiments with rodents. For that reason the mind healer, the mental therapeutist, may produce important physiological and psychological changes without the aid of gross sense impressions. He may avail himself of "sublimated" love, ideas, and ideals, transfiguring the basic instinct. It is possible, in some cases, to cure physical ailments by working solely upon the mind. Mental and physical disturbances may vanish as the result of suggestion. But most students hold complete mental and physical health requires stimulation of the sex centers.

In that respect Steinach and Freud are one. That is important. But it is even more important that Steinach's experiment has filled the gap that yawned between body and soul, between physiology and psychology, between his lifework and the lifework of men like Freud, Adler, and Jung. Steinach's experiment restores human dignity because it makes the brain once more a monarch in the realm of personality—though not, let me add, an absolute monarch. The equilibrium between soul and body is maintained by a system of checks and balances between physical and mental forces. The mind cannot maintain its rule if glands and other organs rebel.

STEINACH'S discovery should add not merely to human self-respect but to human happiness. Most divorces, most unhappiness, most disharmonics in human relations, the cause of a wife's coldness, the inadequacy of a lover, may be traced either to some psychic shock or to the exhaustion of certain glands. Usually—since one acts upon the other—both the glandular system and the brain are involved. We would be able to solve, more efficiently, many problems which make human beings unhappy if those who administer to the body would co-operate with those who administer to the soul. Steinach's experiment brings home to all the lesson sometimes forgotten: that the human body is not a machine.

One writer, Dr. Walter Finkler, resorts to a homely illustration to explain the interaction of soul and body. He pictures a carriage that refuses to move, in spite of the efforts of the horses, because of a defect in the brake which, once applied, could not be released. What can the coachman do?

There are two ways of remedying the situation. One is to force the carriage to move in spite of the brake by adding another horse; the other is to repair the brake. The horses are the hormones; the brake, complexes or inhibitions. The coachman, or the physician, must decide which method is feasible in each case. He may add to his horsepower, he may repair the brake, or he may decide to apply both methods.

Steinach has established a simple chemical test which reveals, at least in males, whether the origin of their disturbance is psychic or glandular. Other, more complicated tests have been devised for women. Steinach contends that the stimulus of the sex hormone benefits even patients whose difficulty is primarily mental or psychic. Probably the combination of physical ministrations and mental therapeutics is advisable in both cases.

"A man is as old as he thinks he is," runs a popular saying. That is not strictly true. But a man may *think* himself younger; his thought, consciously directed, may affect the processes of his body. The intelligent patient will co-operate with his physician in this fashion, but he will *never* resort to glandular remedies without expert guidance. The balance of the glandular system is exceedingly delicate. The man or the woman who tampers with it, except under competent medical supervision, is like a child playing with high explosives. Only the experienced physician can select from the many products which flood the market those that are biologically potent.

Hormone preparations may be introduced through the stomach, through muscular tissues, or through the veins. Some students claim that some hormones are absorbed readily through the skin.

Who knows what surprises the future may hold for us? But let us not expect too much. Such experiments as Steinach's merely let us glimpse through a glass, darkly and far off, the primrose path of eternal youth. In the meantime, beware of charlatans who unscrupulously exploit the desire of men and women to conjure back in December the roses and raptures of June.

THE END

Horses . . . and Hepburn

Also a Talented Newcomer, Stealing an Edna Ferber Picture—Varied Highlights in the Week's Parade of Films

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★½ THREE MEN ON A HORSE

THE PLAYERS: Frank McHugh, Joan Blondell, Sam Levene, Teddy Hart, Paul Harvey, Guy Kibbee, Carol Hughes, Allen Jenkins, Edgar Kennedy, Eddie Anderson, Harry Davenport, Eily Malyon, Tola Nesmith. Adapted from the comedy by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. Produced by Warner Brothers.

A HIT on Broadway for the past two seasons, this comedy of the race tracks now gallops on the screen. Gallops is the word! It is fast and amusing.

The hero—if you can call the downtrodden, debt-bitten Erwin Trowbridge a hero—is a shy young suburbanite who writes greeting-card verses for a flinty old man supplying prepared sentiment to hurried, unlyrical America. On the side Erwin dopes the ponies, selecting winners and writing his mythical winnings in a little memorandum book. But he never bets real money. He hasn't any left to bet. A quarrel with a brother-in-law sends him to seek solace in an East Side saloon. There he runs into a trio of small-time bettors who have been losing heavily. A few drunken suggestions from Erwin and they're in the big money.

Joan Blondell, Frank McHugh, and Carol Hughes in the race-track comedy Three Men on a Horse.

There you have the comedy. The boys want to keep expert Erwin close by—but Erwin is behind in his greeting-card poems for Mother's Day.

Here, we're sure, is a farce that will arouse your laughter. We like Frank McHugh as the timid Erwin; the three small-time bettors are briskly done by Sam Levene, Allen Jenkins, and Teddy Hart; there is a swell barkeep by Edgar Kennedy; and Joan Blondell does the very much repressed (in the screen version) ex-Follies sweetie of one of the dopesters.

VITAL STATISTICS: Commuting between starvation on a Westport, Connecticut, prize rabbit farm and a skinny theatric career in New York, where others did X-words or played bridge John Cecil Holm studied racing form in his morning paper, made mental bets. One day he picked six in a row, thought: Why not a play about a human rabbit who picks 'em like he was related to the hosses—but never plays 'em? Put idea aside for a year. Finally wrote Hobby Horses, first draft of Three Men on a Horse, in three and a half weeks. Peddled play all over B'way, had it turned down plenty. In time one Alex Yokel, ex-theater press agent, put on play for buttons, said buttons being supplied by Warner Brothers. First George Abbott rewrote it, Holm renamed it. It made several hundred thou for the Warners; playwrights split $6,000 royalties between them some weeks, eight road companies playing it in stix. . . . When Homestead, Pennsylvania's roly-poly redhead Frank McHugh was told he'd been picked for this, he said: "I've played everything from a mug to a subnormal half-wit, but I draw the line at playing a horse!" This is Frank's first starring part. Son of Ed and Kitty McHugh, who played in Human Hearts for thirteen years, beginning back in '98, Frank started at eight as Mary Morgan in Ten Nights in a Barroom, piping the famous "Father, dear father, come home with me now!" Frank says amateur drunk like Erwin is hardest to play. Easiest is tearful drunk; next, cop-fighting type. . . . Carol Hughes was Kitty Hughes of vodvil act Fayden & Hughes. . . . Halfpint Teddy Hart played same part he does in this for eighty-five weeks on New York stage. . . . Sam Levene played Patsy on the stage. He's a Bronx babbie, son of a rabbi. Got on stage by accident; favorite color's wine; drinks borsch and scotch-and-soda; never plays the hosses. . . . Dick Barton's just a flash in betting-office scene, but he's a real bookie. Says bookies die broke if they bet but rich if they are content with commissions on bets. Director Mervyn Le Roy is Mervyn Levy; has been made producer by father-in-law Warner; is a plugging multi rehearser; consumes more than his length daily in cigars. . . . Edgar Kennedy was born in Veratina, California, no longer existing. Was an orig Keystone cop, master of the slow-burn. . . . Joan Blondell finished this, became at long last Mrs. Dick Powell.

★★½ COME AND GET IT

THE PLAYERS: Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, Frances Farmer, Walter Brennan, Andrea Leeds, Frank Shields, Mady Christians, Mary Nash, Clem Bevans, Edwin Maxwell, Cecil Cunningham, Harry Bradley, Rollo Lloyd, Charles Halton. Screen play by Jules Furthman and Jane Murfin from novel by Edna Ferber. Directed by Howard Hawks and William Wyler. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.

THIS is Edna Ferber's novel of the Wisconsin lumberlands. Miss Ferber wrote it to show the ruthless wastage of our forest domains, but the message does not get in the way of the yarn of a tough lumberjack, one Barnet Glasgow, who fights his way to wealth. On his way he breaks the heart of a dance-hall girl as he goes on to marriage with the lumber boss's daughter. Twenty-five years later his son falls in love with the daughter of his old sweetheart, who looks exactly as did her mother a generation before. The rich and lonely Barney is caught by the resemblance—and his memories—and he tries to cut into his son's romance. Hasn't he always gotten what he wanted?

There you have the story of Come and Get It: father versus son. Edward Arnold plays Barney Glasgow through the years—but he is not entirely believable as the younger rugged lumberjack. Actually the picture is stolen by a newcomer, Frances Farmer, who portrays both the hard, susceptible dance-hall cutie, and her pretty, ambitious, saner daughter. She carries Come and Get It to whatever interest you will encounter in its length. And there is a grand character performance—of a wild,

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FOR AMBITIOUS BUSINESS GIRLS

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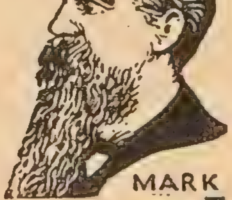

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simple, honest Swede lumberjack—by Walter Brennan. If you like rugged he-man drama, here it is.

VITAL STATISTICS: First, with Sam Goldwyn in hospital, Director Howard Hawks tossed out Jane Murfin's screen play and had one Jules Furthman fix up one tossing out Ferber. Then Goldwyn came out of the hospital, burned up that Hawks had exed Ferber from the script, and, though picture was virtually complete, recalled Murfin, tossed out Hawks, had William Wyler reshoot entire picture. Original budget of $1,000,000 shot up another $500,000—but what's half a mint to Sam Goldwyn when plot veracity's at stake? . . . Each end of original Ferber libretto's been hacked off for movie use but middle meat's been retained. Character Arnold plays is allowed to live at picture end, unlike his book doom. Miss Ferber is in hearty accord with this change, having had said character's death on her conscience after publishing. Otherwise Miss Ferber got $60,000 for movie rights, an additional $30,000 to work on script. Latter proved nil, because when she tackled job Miss Ferber felt like a surgeon cutting his own child and couldn't go through with it. Edna's a bachelor. She was born Jewish in Kalamazoo back in '87. Her first job was at three dollars a week, reporting on the Appleton (Wisconsin) Daily Crescent; her first short story was The Homely Heroine, published in Everybody's; her first novel Dawn O'Hara, fished from a wastebasket by her mother. . . . Logging shots were made by Thrill Director Richard Rosson, Hollywood ghost megger. Rosson went into white-pine country up to Idaho, shot 55,000 feet of logging at $150,000—out of which only 400 feet are included in picture. . . . Edward Arnold had to reach forty-five, become plump and partially bald, before he got it. During his handsome juvenile prime he never exceeded $250 a week—now he incomes over $100,000. . . . After six months of mediocre parts at Paramount, Frances Farmer gets her big moment in this. Frances wants to succeed on stage; worked her way through Washington U. waiting on tables and ushing in Seattle theater. Returned to this theater on Come and Get It personal-appearance tour. . . . Andrea Leeds was found by Goldwyn in a 16-mm. film made by the U. C. L. A. dramatagogues. This is her debut. She's dotter of a mining engineer who operates around Durango, Mexico. . . . Frank X. Shields is the world's handsomest tennis player.

★ ★ ½ A WOMAN REBELS

THE PLAYERS: Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allan, Donald Crisp, Doris Dudley, Lucille Watson, Eily Malyon, Margaret Seddon, Van Heflin, David Manners, Lillian Kemble-Cooper, Nick Thompson, Inez Palange. Screen drama by Anthony Veiller and Ernst Vajda from novel, Portrait of a Rebel, by Netta Syrett. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Produced by RKO.

ANOTHER film in which the sky is the limit as regards time. Here the story covers twenty years. Katharine Hepburn is cast as a mid-Victorian feminist who turns to woman's struggle for emancipation after she drifts into unwed motherhood. Unprepared for life by the smug, guarded training of the day, she is swept off her feet by youthful romance, a garden, and the moonlight. With a love child to support, she becomes the crusading editor of a woman's magazine.

Pamela's passion play seems unduly long. Not that Miss Hepburn gives a bad performance. She is interesting as the heroine who bucks at convention and tradition. Probably it is a better characterization than she has contributed from Hollywood in some time. And her surrounding cast is expert in picturing the narrowness of upper-middle-class English life in the '70s.

Herbert Marshall plays an English diplomat who waits, with dignified nobility, through the years for the headstrong Pam. But Doris Dudley seems too modern as the daughter of Victorian unpreparedness.

VITAL STATISTICS: Four have distinction of playing Kitty Hepburn's screen cheeild. All had to resemble Doris Dudley, stage gal who plays the eldest edition, aged twenty. Hunt took weeks to get perfect match. Colt version is Marylin French, six months and very vain, but of excellent lung power. Six-year-older is debutting Bonnie June Margaret Marylin McNamara, Canadian beauty contest winner from Toronto. Ten-yearer is Marylin Knowlden, whom you may have goggled in D. Copperfield, A. Adverse, and S. Boat. . . . As usual, the redheaded Hepburn refused doubles in so-called dangerous scenes, this time insisting, though dressed in Victorian volume, on falling into a raging torrent with a rock bottom while leading a balky donkey across stream. However, rain which fell synthetically on her in those damp scenes was heated to 78° F. She worked fifty-three days steady on this, with only Sundays off. . . . Herb Marshall had never met Kit Hepburn till the first morning's shooting and waited till they were introduced. Three years ago Marshall put Hep tenth on a list of gals he hoped to support and, by Jove, having checked off other nine, it's come true! Herb's still much appended to Gloria Swanson. . . . Donald Crisp is off for Indo-China on a tramp steamer on his eighth solo vacation to the world's wilds. Travels with a pack, by car; fishes, hunts, rests, roughs it. Most enjoyable trip: through the waterways of Norway by barge. . . . Elizabeth Allan's of Skegness, Lincolnshire, England. She elocutes terrifically. . . . Van Heflin, a Walters, Oklahoman, has been in more flops than a flapjack turner. Is well schooled in brain and emotion. Almost gave up stage twice to become an able seaman, but the call to a flop invariably intervened. . . . Lucille Watson's a swell pianist; likes hiking without hitching; reads any memoir; is a garden dowager, a friend of Dan Wilbur Steele, Stokowski. . . . David Manners was Kit Hep's first leading man, in Bill of Divorcement.

★ ★ THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

THE PLAYERS: Jane Wyatt, Louis Hayward, Nat Pendleton, Eugene Pallette, Catherine Doucet, Philip Reed, Viola Callahan. Adapted by Herbert Fields and Henry Meyers from a story by Anne Jordan. Directed by Edward Buzzell. Produced by Universal.

HERE is a simple, unheralded comedy that is quite light and amusing through its entire length. Rich and spoiled Pat Duncan wants to marry a nice-looking young tennis champ who has no money. So her father sends her to New York with a monthly allowance of $150. She is to live entirely on the stipend. Thus Papa Duncan hopes to teach Pat the spending power of the dollar.

As she tries to make $150 last thirty days in her hall room, Pat meets another boy, also *sans* fortune. Thus Papa Duncan's cure produces another—and more malignant—heart ailment.

You will find the comedy frothy and gay most of the way, thanks to Director Eddie Buzzell's smooth direction, the acting of Jane Wyatt as the spoiled Pat and of Nat Pendleton as the dumb bodyguard hired by Papa Duncan to watch over his daughter's hall-room education.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jane Wyatt's hardly the unluckiest gal in the world. Her veins are full of gilded blue blood, she being dotter to Socially Registered Christopher Billopp Wyatt and Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt. She was born in a silver spoon in New York, was finished off in Miss Chapin's Finishing School and at Barnard. At nineteen, tired of being served, she decided to go on stage and serve others. In 1931, after some stocking and understudying along B'way, she ingénued in A. A. Milne's Give Me Yesterday. A series of big-time flops and she was an established actress. She's married to Edgar B. Ward; they live in an exclusive Hollywood apartment. . . . . Johannesburg's Louis Hayward forgot a boyhood ambition to join his uncle in the pitwood brokerage business at Cardiff, Wales, to become an actor. He's well educated, both London and French variety. . . . Eugene Pallette, who used to be a sylphlike juvenile before the double chins of good living caught up with him, for all his drollness has had sad moments. He lost all in an oil crash which also took his health. Doesn't sandpaper his tonsils to get that frog croak in his voice but says it's a gift. . . . Viola Callahan has lived in many a boardinghouse and well knows the stiff-necked landlady she plays in this. . . . Philip Reed's soft deerlike eyes keep him from being a Clark Gable. He longs for toughening, jack-holtsomeness.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

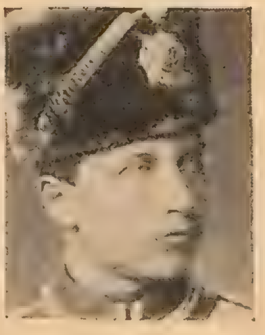
★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat.

★★★½—The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse.

★★★—Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—In 1890 he dropped the pilot, and thereafter sought for his country a place in the sun, but Bolshevism drove him to take refuge in a neighboring kingdom. Can you identify the subject of the early photo to the right?



2—About how old is the Heidelberg man?

3—What birds do the Chinese train to catch fish for them?

4—Who is the United States Ambassador to France?

5—How many women die each year of illegal operations in the United States?

6—What former illustrator wrote The Rogue's Moon?

7—Express elevators in New York's RCA Building travel how many stories a minute?

8—Who use maulsticks?

9—What is the name of a painless disease as well as a waterfall?

10—How far is it possible for a frog to jump?

11—According to the Bible, what harlot's son ruled Israel for six years?

12—A lurcher is a cross between what?

13—Which ships engaged in the Civil War's only open sea fight?

14—In what game are there six playing surfaces?

15—Polycycle and self-propeller were names for what?

16—The world's nations spent $9,295,000,000 for what last year?

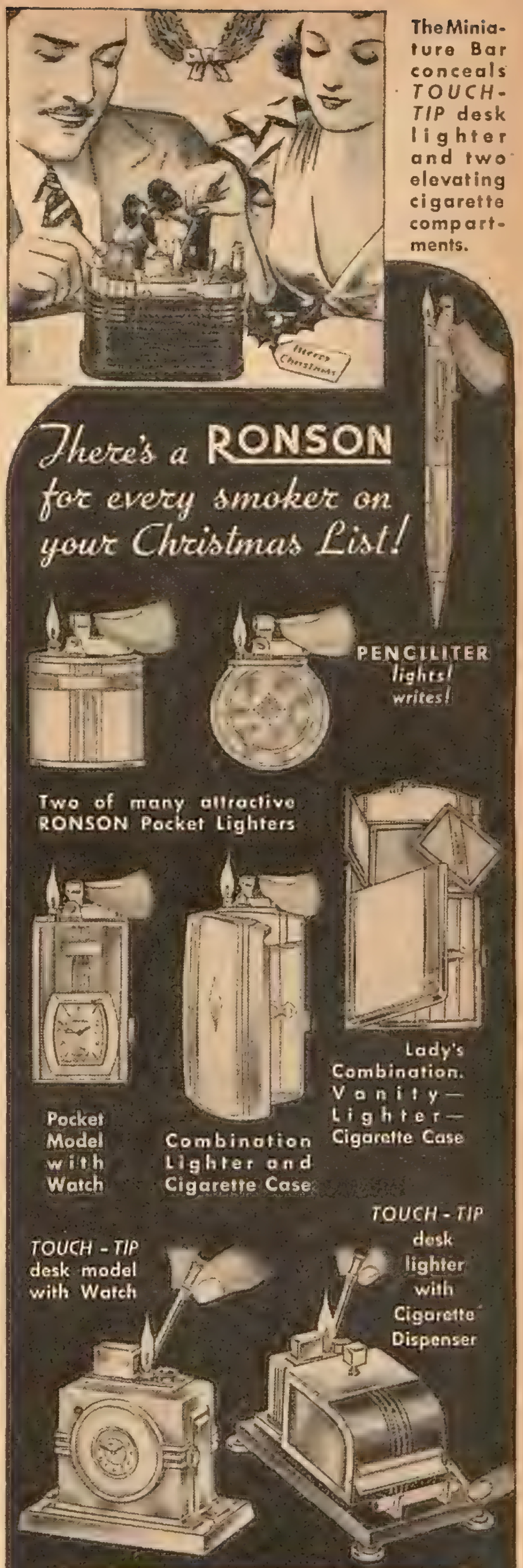
17—Who struck the first friction match?

18—Which of the Great Lakes is not bounded by Canada?

19—When a man is hanged, what is usually the direct cause of death?

20—Who was Minister to Italy 1882-85, became an English publisher, and died a viscount?

(Answers will be found on page 56)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The Fleet's *Out*

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by LYON MEARSON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MARNY—short for Margaret—came home first and became extremely busy in the kitchenette getting dinner. This was to be a very special dinner, and Marny sang a little to herself as she sliced the tomatoes for the salad. She paused for a moment and gazed dreamily at the Hudson.

The sun, poised for an instant on top of the Palisades, mellowed the steel gray of the battleships. The golden notes of a bugle cut through the dusk. On one of those ships Jimmy would be sailing away after a while, and when he sailed things would not be as they had been for Marny.

She smiled, and yet there was a trace of wonder in her mind that all this could have sprung up in one evening—this feeling, so strong and so certain, this emotion that usually took time and knowledge. Well, the quicker the better. Life had not been easy for her, she reflected, but she did not mind what it had been, just so it was going to be better. Standing all day on your feet in Bloom's Cigar and Stationery Shop, waiting on men who had no conception of how your feet hurt.

Nanette's key in the lock, and then Nanette.

"Hello," she said. "What a day!" She sank into a chair. "What's cooking?"

"Thought you'd smell that," said Marny. "I told you this morning, when you rushed out, that we've got company for dinner tonight. Jimmy's coming." She went on humming.

"Oh, yes. I was so sleepy when I was beating it out to work this morning that it hardly registered. That's that sailor you picked up last night, isn't it?"

Marny colored. "I didn't pick him up. You know very well I never pick up people."

"Sorry," said Nanette. "I was just feeling kinda irritable. When you manicure as many paws as I did today, you—"

"O. K.," said Marny. "He came into the shop and we sort of got to talking. You know, Jimmy's different."

"I know, kid," said Nanette. "They all are. As different as two peas in a pod, those sailors."

Marny looked at her soberly. "I'm glad I'm not a manicurist like you, Nanette. You got so's you don't believe anything."

"Well, you still believe in Santa Claus, baby," said Nanette. "What ship's he on?"

Marny shook her head. "I don't know."

"Is he an officer?"

"I guess maybe he is—he had on a nice blue coat with brass buttons and one of those caps with peaks on them. I guess I don't know anything much about that sort of thing. You know, I never knew a sailor before."

Nanette looked at her closely. "Say, you're not beginning to feel that way about a man you only met once, are you?" She was concerned. "What *did* you talk about, anyway?"

Marny paused before replying, "Oh, I don't know—me and him mostly. You see, he's going to give up being a sailor if I—that is, if I—" She went no further, but there was a glow in her eyes.

"So that's the way it is," said Nanette. "Now, look here, Marny. I don't want to see you get hurt. Some one ought to tell you the facts of life, and I guess it'll have to be me. You know, sailors have to be fast workers, because they don't stay in port very long, so don't believe everything they tell you. You've had a pretty hard time of it—I know, and I'm not blaming you when you sort of go off the deep end about a man who's going to take you out of it—"

"Oh, it isn't that," said Marny. "Jimmy—oh, he's different, that's all I can say about him. You'll see when he comes tonight." She was quiet, pretending to be very busy setting the table.

"Well, all right," said Nanette. "I'm willing to be shown. I suppose you were sap enough to let him kiss you?" she asked.

The color flooded Marny's face down to her neck. "You don't understand. It wasn't a case of 'letting' him kiss me. We just sort of both felt that we'd finally got to something big, something real. Nanette, I never felt that way about anybody before."

Nanette looked at her kindly. "O. K., kid."

She rose and walked to the window. A faint bugle call glided across the water as she looked into the gathering dusk. She stared for a few seconds, then turned to Marny.

"Look, Marny," she called, and there was a quality of softness in her voice that struck panic, for some reason, into Marny's heart as she hurried to the window. The seven warships, smoke pouring from their funnels, were edging out into the stream.

Marny looked at Nanette in terror-stricken inquiry. Nanette nodded. "The fleet's leaving, Marny. The next stop is the Panama Canal. It was in all the papers last night and this morning. He didn't tell you *that*, did he?"

The gray ships slid down the river. Nanette tried not to look at Marny as her eyes became blurry and luminous just before the tears came. She turned away from her friend, and in the room darkness began to fall as night's black curtain descended swiftly over the river.

At last Nanette spoke. "Don't let it bother you, baby," she said, laying a hand on Marny's arm for an instant. "You get used to being unhappy after a while. Let's you and I eat the dinner—I can get passes to a show if I call up right away. Some bozo whose hands I plowed today."

Marny stood still at the window. So they were all the same . . . all the same . . . all the same. . . . None of them could be different . . . not even one of them . . . not even Jimmy.

THE doorbell rang like the crack of doom and Nanette went to open the door.

Marny turned slowly. What did it matter who came?

A figure stood at the door, a figure in uniform. Marny looked, and there came to her the sensation of sunrise, the impression of awakening life. Her voice came to her, full and unbelieving.

"Why, Jimmy!" Her voice rang out without her volition, without effort of her will. "It's you!"

"Certainly is," said Jimmy. "Weren't you expecting me, or what?"

"But, Jimmy!" Marny was full of wonder, and yet she felt she should not have been surprised. Jimmy had told her he would come. That should have been enough. "Jimmy! I thought you were going away on your ship—"

"What ship?" he asked.

"Why, the battleships," said Marny. "There they go—"

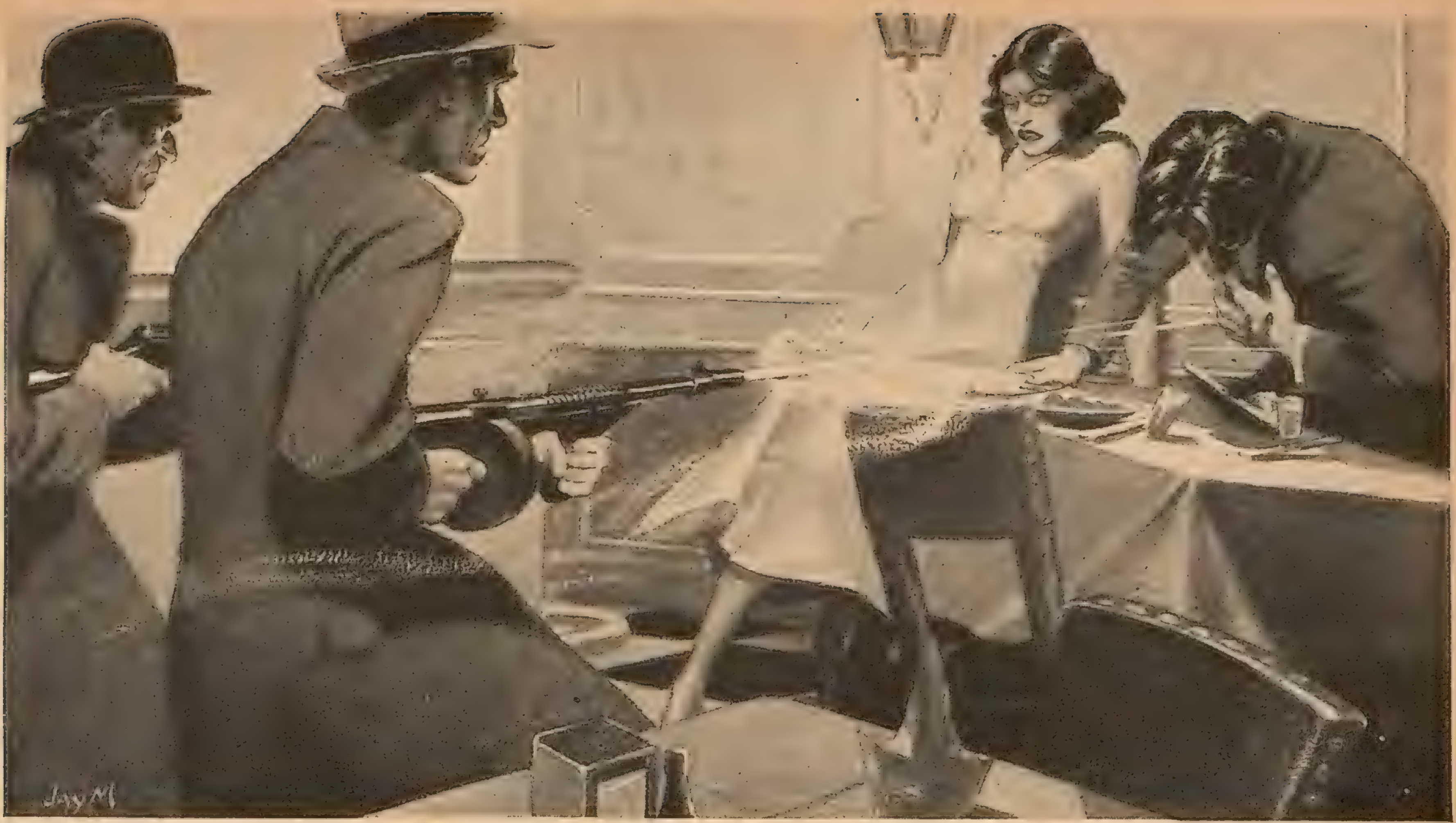
Jimmy looked out of the window. "Them ain't my ships," he laughed. "Look, there's my ship—you can see her at the dock from here."

"Where?" asked Marny, looking along the line of his finger.

As she turned back to him her eyes were twin stars.

"There, that one," he was saying. "The one with 'Hudson River Night Line' painted on her—"

THE END



"She saw bullets smash into his head and chest, and watched him slump, dead, to the floor. She was bleeding, too."

UNDERWORLD NIGHTS

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THESE stories were not invented. They were lived in the underworld and were given to me by Mildred Harris and "Cokey Flo" Brown.

When I first saw the two they were hedged about with matrons and policemen. They had testified against Luciano and had convicted him. Plans were being made to assure their safety. They laughed at all this pother. They weren't afraid. Not now. They had testified, and nothing had happened to them.

Cokey Flo had been described to me as "a notorious madam who knew all the big shots of crime—a very bad girl with a queer streak of honesty." I found a woman who looked younger than her twenty-nine years, who had a shy "little girl" smile. She was slight and dark and incredibly thin. It was only a few days since she had taken the drug cure.

In contrast, her friend Mildred Harris was tall and broad-shouldered. Mildred's blonde hair had been dyed jet black. There was an air of primness about her. At times her blue eyes flamed with embarrassment.

Both women were above the average in intelligence.

When I met them again they were rooming in a dismal suite of two rooms and bath in a New York suburb. The place had been leased for them by one of Prosecutor Dewey's assistants as part of the plan to protect them.

"You walk up two flights," Flo said, "and what do you get? You get this. The wages of sin!"

The rooms were small and hideous. Such furniture as there was, was old and uncomfortable and soiled.

"And here's our prize," said Mildred, exhibiting an ash tray made of heavy metal and shaped in the image of a frog. It had been gilded in its time. "I have nightmares about it," she laughed. "Not even a junkie's dream could match it."

We began to talk of junkie and junk—which is drugs.

"Hundreds of thousands of people in America take drugs," she said. "The traffic is enormous. You wouldn't believe it. You can get the stuff even in small towns. It's controlled by a New York combination. What racket isn't?"

"Doesn't the government—" I began.

"Oh, they knock over a load now and then. But that sends the price up. The big guys don't lose."

Mildred poured me a glass of ice water. "It's all we have," she said. "We've cut out drinking."

"Our only vice now is smoking," Flo said.

They smoke cigarettes, and many of them. Both had smoked opium, and had learned to "chef"—cook an opium pill expertly.

"This is depressing," I said. "Let's get out of here."

We found a table in the rear of a good restaurant. Our waitress reminded Mildred of a girl she used to know. "She was a hash slinger in a cheap quick-lunch place," she said. "Her name was Teddy. She was brought up in a small town in Pennsylvania. She had one ambition in life—to be a dancer. When she was fifteen she ran away and came to New York.

"She was a pretty kid—tall, with beautiful long dark

More Revelations of New York's Crime Barons and the Dewey Probe, from the Lips of the Two Who Clinched the Case Against "Lucky" Luciano hair and big black eyes. She knew enough to get herself a job and then go to a dancing school. Before long she had dreams of finding herself in a Broadway chorus some day, when she fell for one of the customers.

"This fellow's name was Sammy something. Teddy knew he was some kind of racket guy; but she didn't know what kind, and didn't care. He was good-looking. He was polite. And he had so much money! I don't say she was a gold digger, or anything like that. But she began to think she didn't have to work so hard, taking orders and remembering them, and lugging heavy trays.

"Anyway, she went to live with Sam. Life was so easy for her now that it cooled her ambition. Besides, the phony glamour sort of dazzled her—as it did me once. She had a lovely apartment and beautiful clothes. She had a maid to wait on her.

"One night Sam asked her to do a little favor for him. 'Go to this address,' he said. 'I'll get a guy to take you. At the party they're having, you'll meet a guy named Jake. Angle for a date with him; but if my name is mentioned, you never heard of me. See? This Jake can shove a lot of money my way if he wants to. You can help me there, later on.'

"Teddy thought that was funny; but if she could help Sammy she'd do it, of course. She went and met Jake.

"'We got a date for Wednesday night,' she told Sammy.

"'That's swell,' he said. 'Keep it. Take him to the Red Rooster Inn. Have him there before 2 A. M. And don't let on you ever heard of me.'

"TEDDY kept her date. Jake took her to a night club, and around one o'clock she began to insist on going to the Red Rooster. Jake drove her out there, taking his two bodyguards along. They got to the Red Rooster a little before two o'clock, and the waiter came and said some one wanted to see Teddy outside.

"Sammy grabbed her as soon as she got outside the door, and another man hurried her into a car. She heard guns, and saw Sammy come running with a machine gun in his hands. He jumped into the car and it started away as fast as it could go.

"And now for the first time Teddy knew. Her man was the killer for a mob, and he had used her to put the finger on Jake. She was going to leave him. But he calmed her down.

"'You better soft-pedal that talk,' he said. 'You're just as guilty of murder as I am, you know. For the love of Mike quit bawling, and I'll buy you a swell ring tomorrow—with a diamond in it as big as a pineapple.'"

"You get accustomed to murder," Flo said. "It's dog eat dog in the underworld. Nobody's safe."

"Teddy became the finger woman for the mob," Mildred went on. "She found a terrible thrill in the work. I don't know how many men she lured into being riddled by her lover's tommy gun. Maybe a dozen. Maybe twenty.

THIS SEAL MAKES EACH BOTTLE AS TAMPER-PROOF AS AN EGG

Telltale metal seal breaks when cap is unscrewed.

WHEN YOU BUY *Schenley's Cream of Kentucky*

See Page 37

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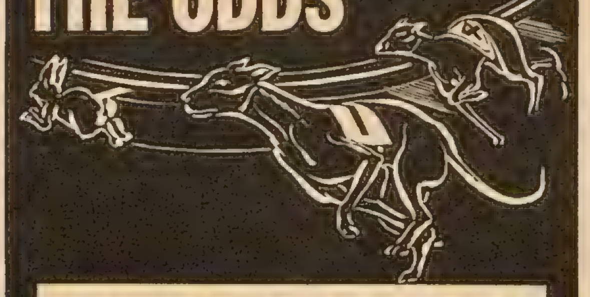

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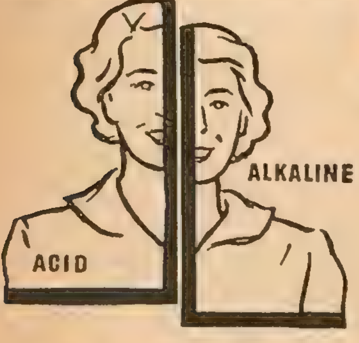

COLDS STRIKE!

WHEN YOU'RE OUT-OF-BALANCE

Because many medical authorities say that an acid condition...a lowering of your alkaline balance...is often the cause of colds, Luden's now contain a natural Alkaline Factor which helps balance your alkaline reserve. They also soothe your throat; help clear your head.

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HELP BALANCE YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE

“ And then she met a man at a party who started her thinking seriously of taking up dancing once more. ‘ With your face and figure and your talent,’ he said, ‘ you're bound to go over big. Start practicing again, and I'll get you a job in a real Broadway show.’

“ Teddy was flattered, of course. And her old ambition was reawakened. She talked it over with Sammy. The fellow explained to Sammy that this was simply business. Teddy had talent. She could make a lot of money. ‘ But let's not talk about it now,’ he said. ‘ I'm a little lit. Let's get together in some quiet joint tomorrow and chew the rag.’

Further Underworld Nights revelations from Cokey Flo and Mildred, who kept their word and clinched the case against Luciano, will be reported by Mr. Doherty in an early issue.

“ They met the next night for dinner at Mike's, a little Italian speakeasy and restaurant in the Fifties. Mike came to the table and told the fellow with Sam and Teddy that some guys who said they were friends of his were outside. Mike didn't want to let them in. They might be cops.

“ ‘ I'll go take a look at them,’ the fellow said. Sammy didn't suspect anything. You'd think that a man that had pulled just this stunt so often would have seen what was coming.

“ Teddy took advantage of the moment to go to the ladies' lounge. She had hardly closed the door behind her when the guy who was going to make a swell dancer out of her let his friends in. She heard somebody say, ‘ He's at the table near the piano, him and his broad. Give it to them both.’ She came running out into the dining room with some crazy idea of saving Sam. She saw bullets smash into his head and chest, and watched him slump, dead, to the floor. Before she realized it she was bleeding, too. Some one rushed her to a right doctor. He patched her up.

“ She got out of town as soon as she could. She hasn't anything that Sammy gave her. She had to give the doctor her diamond ring.

“ She'll never be anything but a hash slinger in dumps, for she's got a bullet mark on her forehead that would bar her out of any high-class place. She's only twenty-one, but her future's all in the past. And maybe it'll catch up with her yet. That's what she's afraid of.”

“ Tell him about the doctor who fixed her up,” Flo said.

“ Not much of a story,” Mildred said, “ but maybe it'll interest you. He was born on the East Side. His people were the poorest of the poor. So the kid was always working. When he started going to high school he got a job in a drugstore. He became interested in medicine, and determined to be a doctor. He worked and studied all the time. He scrimped and saved. He lived one hell of a life, but he finally made the grade.

“ In the hospital where he was an interne he fell for a nurse; but they couldn't afford to marry—had to wait.

“ When he was ready to start his own practice, he found a small office in his own neighborhood. Everybody knew and liked him. But times were hard, and though he soon had many patients, he was poorer than ever. Besides, by this time his father was old and feeble, and he had to support him. Joan was working regularly, but she had dependents too.

“ The doctor had a friend named Tony, a boy he'd grown up with. Tony had spent more time in poolrooms than in schoolrooms. But he always seemed to have money.

“ ‘ You'll never get ahead this way, doc,’ he said. ‘ Let me stake you and send you some real patients.’

“ The doctor, like most legitimate people, fell for the friendship gag. He took the stake, opened up on Park Avenue, and began to make real money.

“ Most of his patients were women sent him by Tony—who controlled a number of vice chains in New York. The women paid enormous fees. Tony wanted his money back.

“ Through all this, of course, the doctor began to realize Tony's character and the nature of his business. But he was deeply in debt. He must go on.

“ Tony began sending him gangsters who had been shot or stabbed; criminals. When he pleaded, Tony just laughed.

“A GANGSTER shot by a policeman had one of the doctor's cards in his pocket. The doctor didn't know him, had never seen him. He wasn't detained; but the questioning frightened him.

“ He told Joan everything. Joan was heartsick. ‘ There's only one thing to do,’ she said. ‘ Give up this office, this practice. Go away for a while. Rest. Then come back and open an office where Tony can't find you.’

“ The doctor went away. He hunted up an office on the West Side when he returned to New York—and started all over again. He and his folks almost starved.

“ After a few months one of the mob was badly stabbed, and Tony had him rushed to the doctor's new office.

“ The doctor couldn't stand by and watch him bleed to death. He went to work; but the patient did die.

“ His widow said the doctor had killed him—the doctor and ‘ his mob.’ She went to the District Attorney and told him all she knew. Tony lammed to Europe.

“ The doctor was arrested. He pleaded guilty. He went to prison. Two and a half to five years. His mother died three months after he was convicted, his father a few weeks later—of the shame and disgrace.

“ Joan is still waiting for him. Some women are like that.

“ Tony? He came back when everything blew over. He's a bigger guy than ever. And right now he's busy breaking in another young doctor. A mob has got to have a doctor.”

THE END

There's a satisfaction in being *prepared* for winter—with good general *resistance!*

Winter discomforts are prevalent right now. This month and the months just ahead are the “peak season” for them.

Low *general resistance* helps to explain why. Too little exercise, fresh air, sunshine, tend to deplete your physical forces at this season.

One way to escape the uncertainty of wondering whether you'll be affected by winter discomforts, or whether you'll get through this year without them is to act at once before they overtake you. Try *Adex.* It will help protect you this year *in advance.*

Taken *every day,* Adex contributes greatly to your general resistance. It contains Vitamin A, often called a “first line of defense” at this time of year. Adex also provides “sunshine” Vitamin D, another factor you probably need now.

Both these vitamins in Adex are obtained from good cod liver oil, halibut liver oil and other natural sources.

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RIDING HIGH

by Dora Macy

Author of Ex-Mistress and
Public Sweetheart Number One

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

NOT until she was in front of the Hotel Holt did Patsy really recover from the blow Chance had landed on her jaw. She sat up feebly and realized that Parson had bundled her into Chance's car, and that, being a thoroughgoing chap, he had brought along her luggage, from which bits of her clothes protruded crazily. She tried to protest as he lifted her out, but her jaw hurt and Parson's loud concern drowned out her voice anyway. Some one helped carry her up the eight stories, and there in the hallway Patsy recognized a motley heap of Monk Raleigh's belongings. Quite plainly the boys had already thrown him piece by piece out of his room.

When they brought her into Monk's room and laid her on his bed, she sank back weakly. As the door closed she struggled for easy, even breathing. Her head throbbed, her face was sore, and her hand ached unmercifully. Occasionally some one looked in on her, and each time Patsy pretended to be too weak to talk.

The noise of the hotel was unbelievable. She heard shouting and angry cheers; she knew that some sort of meeting was being held. Once in a while a few words came through clearly, an angry oath, or the sound of running feet. Chance had certainly blown the show wide open, just as he had said he would. However questionable his methods, he had made Hector Ryon confess to fixing Third Rail, and he had pinned the goods on Monk as a crooked judge. Of course, one way of getting rid of rats on a ship is to blow the ship up.

Suddenly the noises stopped, and Patsy listened intently. She groaned and sat upright, fighting dizziness. The strange breathless silence puzzled her. Carefully she got to her feet and opened the door. The halls were oddly deserted. Only the unsightly heap of Monk's belongings cluttered the corridor.

With a new wave of strength, Patsy turned on the lights. Her heart pounded with unknown fear. Swiftly she opened her suitcase and from the jumble of clothes that Parson had thrust in every which way she picked out underwear, shoes, stockings, her blue knitted suit, and her new coat. In record time she dressed, not even stopping to comb her hair. The bandage on her hand was splotched with red, but the bleeding had stopped and she knew better than to attempt to rebind the wound.

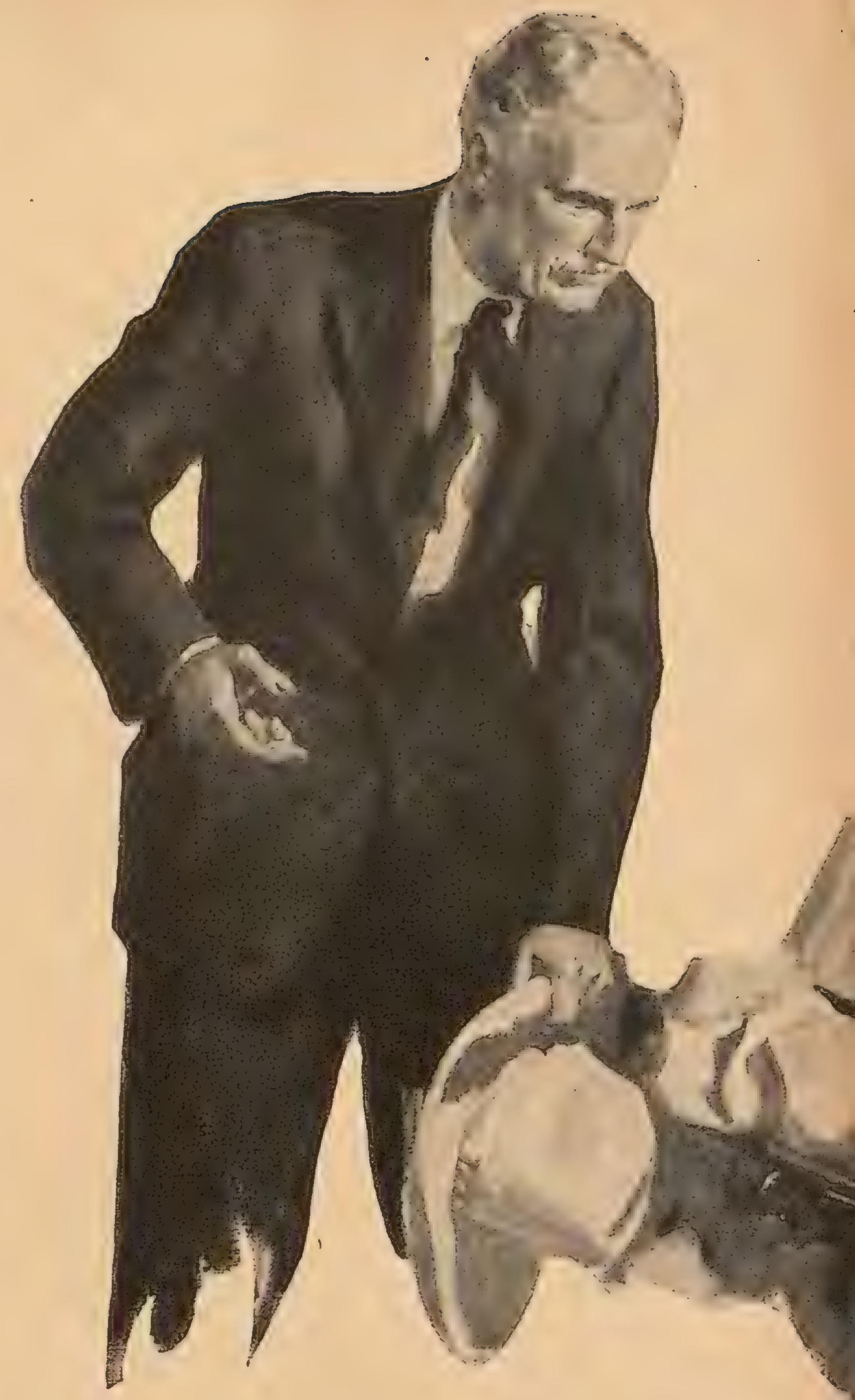


ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

The emptiness of the hallways and staircases was unnatural and a bit terrifying. But on the top step of the last flight Patsy found Sally Ross, tearful and huddled.

"Sally—what's happened?"

The clown's wife looked up wearily. "The Colonel came. Somebody sent for him," she said brokenly. "He's in there now—in the dining room—with the boys all called together. We ain't allowed. Oh, he's awful mad, Patsy. But I don't care if he throws my Tom out! The boys were right to gang up on Ryon, the big swine."

"You mean One-Gut's back here?"

"Yeah—everybody. They're all in there except your brother—and Chance."

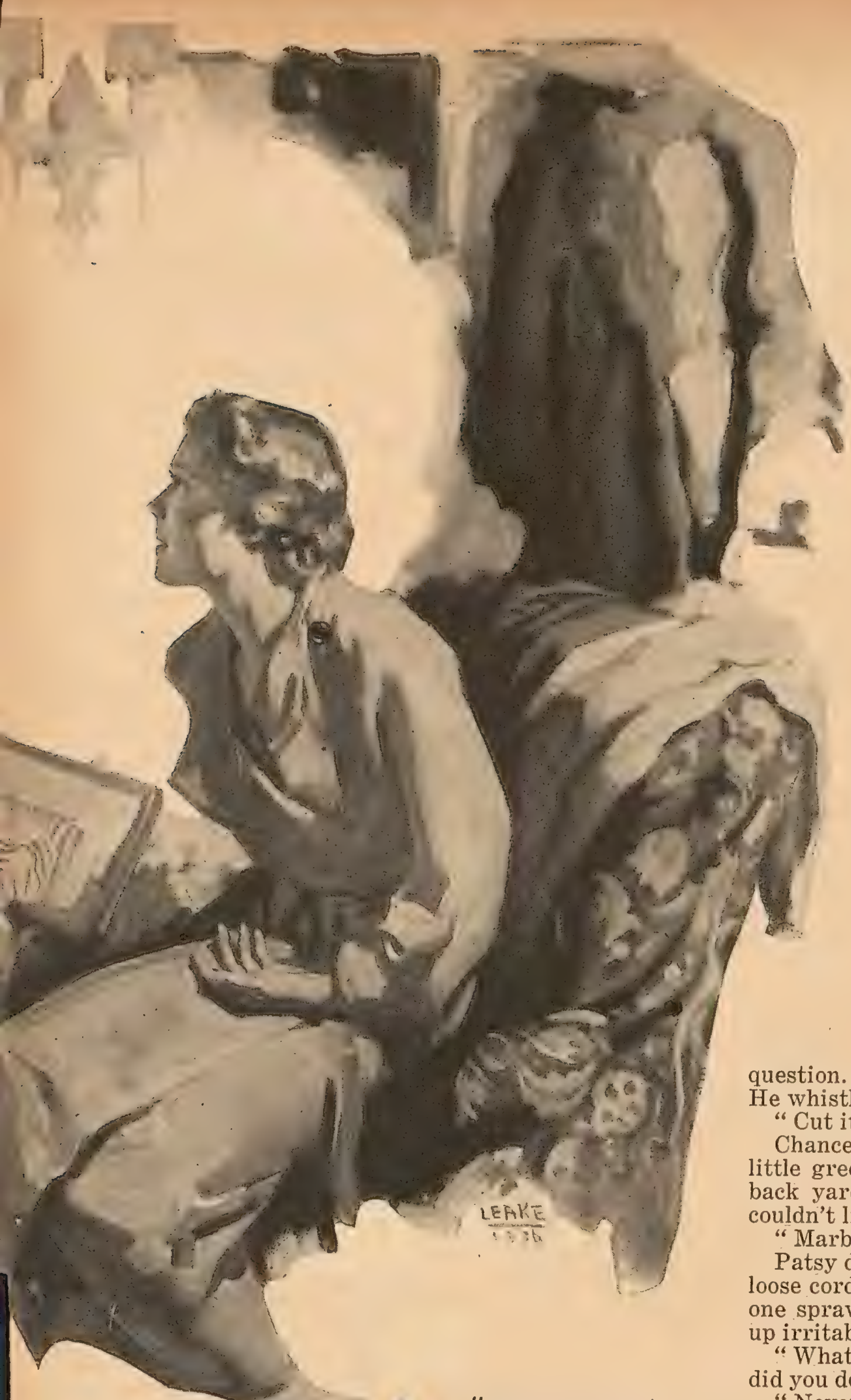
Patsy caught her breath. "Sally—lend me a few dollars, will you? Please, Sally!"

Mrs. Ross gazed at Patsy sourly. "What you think you're goin' to do?"

"I'm goin' to see if there's been a murder," Patsy announced stonily. "And I never needed money more than this minute. If Chance ain't back you can count on it something awful's happened."

Sally opened her worn purse, and Patsy left her as

Thrill Follows Thrill and Love Springs a Surprise as the Curtain Falls on an Enthralling Rodeo Novel



"What's this about not comin' when I send for you?" The Colonel's voice was as cutting as jagged tin.

she was entering the loan in her frayed little notebook.

At five o'clock that morning Patsy walked into the same little sitting room where she had been knocked insensible. She stood at the doorway and with stony eyes regarded it and the two men who were unaware of her presence. In stocking feet, shirtless, his right eye closed by a long jagged cut directly over it, Chance was perched on a table, his enormous legs dangling. In bloodstained pajamas, sleeves rolled up, Hugh was sprawled in the love seat opposite him.

They were singing Home on the Range—singing it loudly and with occasional attempts at harmony.

Patsy leaned against the door. She felt like the room looked: wrecked beyond repair. Perhaps the only things within its walls not smashed were the windows.

Drake had met her at the front door an hour ago and he had told her. Told her that a cop had been there and gone away laughing. That a doctor had come and treated them both. That the two had settled down to drinking and jawing, and that Hugh had given orders to keep the hell out.

The singing faded off as thin as the dawn beyond the drapeless windows. With a pawing gesture Chance felt on the floor for a bottle.

" I defy you "—Hugh leaned forward intently, his whisky-soaked voice in the sort of drone that obviously drummed on a repeated point—" defy you to name one Wes'ern fighter of any repute."

Chance combed his hair with his fingers in deep concentration. " We don't need no ring to fight in," he decided.

" Best fighters are from a city street," Hugh assured himself. " Take Braddock—an' nen Dempsey—why, they're members of the Grand Street Association—know that? "

Neither denial nor comment met this question. Chance was studying the contents of his glass. He whistled softly Home on the Range.

" Cut it out! " Hugh frowned. " It's a lousy song."

Chance snickered. " Brings us right back to them neat little green shutters," he gibed. " And to your box of a back yard. And to them goddam window boxes. She couldn't live no tidy padded-cell life like that."

" Marbles! " said Hugh.

Patsy drew a deep breath and took a step forward. The loose cord of a lamp tripped her and she stumbled. With one sprawling lunge Chance caught her. Straightening up irritably, she shook him from her.

" What you doin' here? " Chance asked thinly. " How did you dodge Parson? "

" Never mind all that." Patsy stood back with a nervous clearing of her throat. " It might interest you to know that Drake and I untied Hector Ryon a half-hour ago and Drake took him home. Do you hear me? Or are you too drunk to remember what you did to Hector Ryon? "

Chance gazed at her from under his cut and swollen eye. " Honey," he drawled, " you're all tuckered out. You better come along with me and—"

" I'm not comin'," Patsy cut in. " Much less with you. You go take care of yourself. Hector threatens to sue you. He's got more than one broken bone. The Colonel is holdin' the boys on rowdyism and they're havin' a meetin' over Monk. I can picture what he'll do to you. So you just go and take care of your own troubles. And leave me stay."

" I'll go when I get to it." Chance shrugged. " He can fine me tomorrow as well as today. The law was here and didn't run me in. Me and Branders is busy settlin' things."

" Patsy! " She turned to where Hugh still sprawled on the love seat. " Light me a match, will you? "

He handed her a box of matches and in puzzled silence

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she struck and held one to his cigarette.

"Thanks." He smiled. "Sorry not to get up. But my back is strapped. Now, listen. You go on back with Chance. Because I'm sorry, but I've changed my mind about marrying."

"You—*what?*"

Hugh jerked an explanatory thumb at Chance. "He tells me you'd shrivel up in my tiny little house. And he's right. He tells me my friends would crucify you. And he's right. He tells me that you—"

"Now, wait a minute!" Chance's voice was fiery with argument. "You can't back out of marryin' her! You said you'd buy her a ranch, didn't you? You said you'd spend part of every year—"

"No, I'm not playing that way"—Hugh waved him away impatiently—"with you hanging around and policing us, and if I don't make her happy you'll wallop me. No, thanks. I licked you once, but I'm not up to making it a life's work."

"Do you mind—" Patsy began furiously, but Chance pushed her back with one sweep of his arm.

"Keep out of this!" he barked, and leaned toward Hugh with an admonishing finger. "Bigod, you're goin' to marry her or I'll dig your grave for you."

"Big man, huh?" laughed Hugh. "But not big enough to marry her yourself. Not big enough to—"

"You're drunk!" Patsy's voice was a lash. "Both of you!"

The shrill fury of her tone caused them to stop short and look at her. For a moment the bitter heartbreak in her accusing gray eyes sobered them. "Well, what if we are?" Chance mumbled.

"I'll tell you what." Patsy summoned all her pride to speak steadily. "I wouldn't marry either one of you. You're two of a kind!" In silence she turned to pick her way through the debris. From below came the sound of voices, and Patsy paused. Then, recognizing the heavy step ascending the stairs, she turned with a startled frown. "Dusty!" she gasped.

HER brother almost touched the top frame of the door as he stalked into the room. He glanced at the two men, and turned the full focus of his buttery eyes on Patsy.

"What's goin' on?" he demanded. "The boys down to the hotel told me they was hell poppin'. What they been doin' to you, Patsy?"

"They been showin' me where I get off," Patsy said caustically. "They been havin' a little friendly roughhouse. And now they're havin' a little friendly binge. As for me, I'm just leavin'."

"Oh!" Dusty blinked. He turned and regarded Chance and Hugh with a brooding look. "Oh!" he said again.

"Might I ask what happened to your honeymoon?" Patsy's voice was starchy with sarcasm. "It ain't six in the mornin' yet."

"My what?" echoed Dusty.

"Weren't you married tonight? To Mildred Graham?"

"Oh, that! Oh, yeah!"

"Did you lose the bride, Dusty?" Chance grinned.

"No. I just up and left her."

"Say that again!" Hugh's tone was incredulous.

"Oh, she wasn't nothin' but a little handful of bones." Dusty shrugged mournfully. There was a loud and ungentlemanly guffaw from Chance, who bent over with amusement that seemed to hit him in the middle.

"You can laugh!" Dusty nodded disgustedly. "Can't for the life of me figger what I seed in her in the first place."

"SO what?" Hugh pulled himself upright with an effort.

"So I left her," Dusty repeated patiently. "I'll get me a di-vorce back in Billings. She don't mind. I showed her pretty plain we weren't no mates."

Chance rose and threw himself against the wall for support against his laughter. Dusty gazed at him doubtfully. At a touch on his arm he turned and faced his sister. "Dusty," she said hollowly, "do I smell liquor on your breath?"

"Guess maybe you do." He nodded with a deprecatory smile. "Mildred she argued as how a real man could stand up to a snitch of whisky. And a real man sure can. Didn't affect me none at all."

A whacking slap on the back nearly caused him to stagger into Patsy. "Well, have one with us!" Chance roared. "Bigod, Dusty's gone and growed up!"

He thrust a glass into Dusty's hand, turned to pour another. "Branders, you got to drink on that, too."

Hugh grinned. "Drink to any man that could teach Mildred a lesson," he agreed with a foolish smile.

Patsy stepped back as if she had been struck. But not one of the three noticed her or her blank incredulity. She turned and walked blindly into the hall.

All the way down the stairs their voices followed her. She let herself out the front door and stood bewildered on the front steps. The sound of singing came from overhead, Dusty's voice a clear tenor:

"Home—home—on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope
play . . ."

She shrugged and turned west.

Because there was no place else to go, Patsy went back to the room that Parson had forced Monk to give up to her some hours previously. With great care she locked the door and flung herself on the bed.

The sound of weeping trickled in on her consciousness and she roused herself resentfully.

Almost unwillingly she got up and knocked on the adjoining door. She heard Gail sniffling, but she was hardly prepared for the picture of wretched grief that confronted her when Gail opened the door.

Patsy managed look and voice that

were scornful. "I thought Indians had some stuff," she jeered.

"It's the white blood in me," Gail admitted with noisy gasps. "Patsy, I'm so sore at myself for misjudgin' you."

"News travels fast," Patsy remarked. "Who told you?"

"Just go down to the dinin' room and see all what's goin' on," Gail sniffed. "Colonel's down there playin' God and playin' it very well."

"You mean he's still at it?"

"He's only started. He's rippin' up the show and puttin' it together again. One-Gut and Parson and Taps, they've been fined a hundred dollars."

Patsy whistled.

"Yeah, and they think they's lucky to get off that easy." Gail nodded. "Gawd, I feel terrible!"

"So do I," Patsy agreed. "Get a bath and some sleep. That's what I'm gonna do."

"You ain't mad with me no more?"

"No."

"I'm clearin' out of rodeos, Patsy."

"So am I. Soon as I sell enough pencils on a street corner to get the fare home."

"Come down to Texas with me?"

"Texas?"

"Yes." Gail's voice broke again and her face gathered up like a bawling child's. "Duke he left me everything he had. The Colonel knew. He told me. I'm well off, Patsy, and I got a home."

Patsy stared at the pitiful figure crying again uncontrollably. Then she turned dully and went back to her own room, closing the door between her and the noisy weeping.

She stretched herself on the bed again weakly.

A series of raps on her door roused her, hours later, from a profound sleep. She sat up stiffly. "Who's there?" she called.

"Me!" Chance's voice sounded subdued, humble. He had sobered mighty quick.

"I don't want to talk to you nor nobody else. Go away!"

Silence. Then: "Patsy, the Colonel wants to see you. He sent me to get you."

"Tell him to take a runnin' jump. He fired me last night."

"But he wants you back, Patsy. The show has started and you've missed grand entry."

"Tell the Colonel I ain't never goin' to ride in a show again. Tell him I hate him and his rodeo and everybody connected with it."

"All right," Chance said curtly. "I'll tell him."

She listened to his measured tread thudding down the hallway. Slowly she settled back, but she could no longer sleep. She rose wearily and prepared a hot bath. When Dusty came he'd get her some coffee and fresh bandages. Maybe he could borrow enough money for her to go home.

She was just about to step into the tub when a masterful knock startled her and the Colonel's voice sent a freeze down her spine. Fumblingly she hurried into her bathrobe.

COLONEL MANGER strode into her room, kicked shut the door. His fat cheeks, always high-colored, looked like raw meat; his deep-set eyes were the color of stainless steel. "What's this about not comin' when I send for you?" The Colonel's voice was as cutting as jagged tin.

"I—I must have been crazy!" Patsy heard herself mumble.

"Correct!" The Colonel folded his arms as if to keep from striking her. "Is it my fault you lied last night and took the blame?"

"No, sir."

"You're correct it ain't! Nor it ain't my fault you make a fool out'n yourself with that Branders chump, neither. And it ain't my fault that your daggone dumb brother married into sassiety, either. Is it? Now I ask you!"

"No, sir."

"No. But you take it out on me, huh? On me and my show. That's how your folks is, huh? The Wydes, what I've been a-hearin' about—that Duke allus told me was aces. And me wantin' to make your dad a scout for stock."

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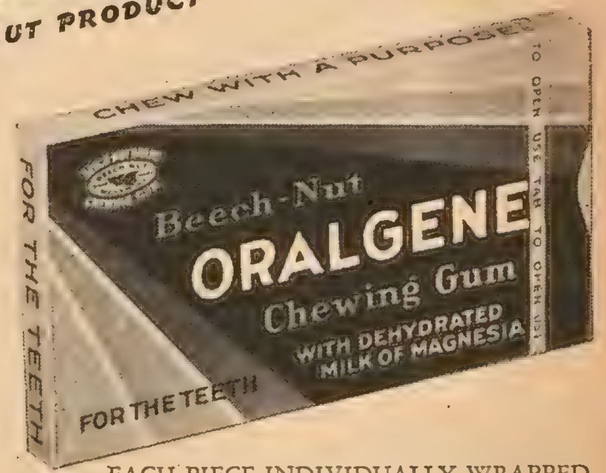

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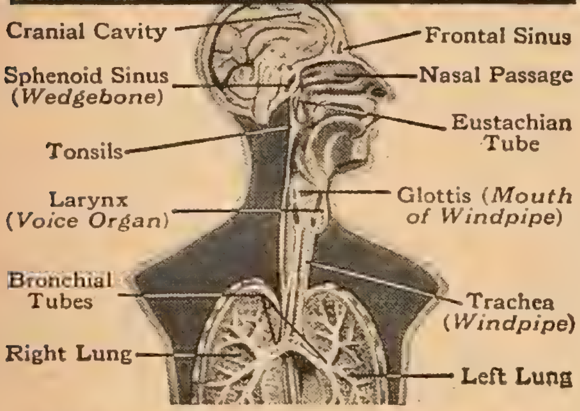

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"You—what?" she said slowly.

"Never mind that. I call me a meetin' to lay down the law, and you won't come when I send for you. Is that fair? Answer me!"

"Your show ain't been fair, Colonel!"

"Well, why in tarnation didn't you come tell me? Am I a mind reader? First inklin' I got that things was sourin' was from Duke, just before he was kilt. If you riders don't know by now that Colonel Manger runs a straight outfit, then you're all too dumb to live."

"But—"

"Don't you 'but' me! I've had enough of your fuss. I don't want no sass. The boys think they can go off half shot and settle the universe for theirselves. Well, I showed 'em. I showed 'em plenty."

"But, Colonel—"

"Shut up! I'm talkin'. I've had traitors before, and by Judas I know how to handle 'em. Monk Raleigh has sold out his own world and there ain't no room for him west of the Missouri. There ain't a rancher in the West that won't know. I've give him a head start to hell, and I bet he ain't within a smell of this town already."

His high foghorn voice broke; he sniffled loudly.

"I don't deserve no bad name," he complained harshly. "My riders don't deserve it, neither. It ain't correct there should be scandal. Or that the public should get the idea our outfit has been crooked. But, by Trinity, I'm cleanin' it up, whether the public knows or not. I've runned my shows straight and I'm continuin' to run 'em straight or I don't continue at all."

Patsy pressed against the grubby wall.

"NOW listen, cowgirl!" The Colonel's voice was steadier. "I'm givin' you one chance. Because you had a rotten deal and maybe was too new at it to know enough to come to me. We've chose a new judge. We picked out five men to try to set the wrongs right. They're to recast the New York ratin's. Them boys will be workin' the night through. We got a new publicity man, and he's got a big job to keep our reputation clean, 'cause I won't stand for no whitewash. Them damn-fool boys that tried to take this town apart last night has been fined and they know they's lucky they wasn't suspended. As for Chance Wagner, he's been read out of the rodeo."

"What do you mean?" Patsy gasped.

"What do you think I mean? I mean he's lucky he ain't in jail, where he belongs. He's barred from all my shows—dishonorably suspended for three years."

"But, Colonel—it's his life—he'll die—"

"Yeah? Then there'll be one jackass less in the business."

"But, Colonel, that ain't right. How was Chance worse than the other boys? You didn't throw them out!"

"None of your business! He'd ought to be glad he ain't in jail. There's laws against drinkin' and fightin', in case you ain't heard. Now you forget Chance Wagner. He's no damn bit of good. You put your mind on yourself. When the ratin's are fixed proper you're goin' to find yourself up high. If you got guts enough to ride, you're set close for championship. If you ain't got guts and walk out on me, I don't want nothin' to do with any of the Wydes again. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then if you're smart you'll pull on your boots and get down there for your trick ridin'. You got half an hour to make it in."

He turned and stalked out of the room. Alone, Patsy climbed breathlessly into her clothes.

THE wind outside was high and raw but it revived her to buck it in the block to the Garden. The sounds and smells as she approached the runway made her tingle.

At the entrance Gail Parker met her. "I been waitin' for you," she said nervously. "Got somethin' to tell you."

"I haven't time," Patsy protested. "I'm late."

"It's about Chance!" Gail insisted.

Patsy turned, her gray eyes questioning. "Talk fast!" she snapped.

"Know why he's kicked out of the show?"

"Far as I can make out, he was chosen as the goat for the whole business."

"Right! And he asked to be chosen. He did! He told the Colonel that the other boys had no source of income except the rodeo, and if the Colonel had to make a show of discipline, to kick him out, because he had been the leader anyways. He told the Colonel he had a place to go and a job to do. Do you know what he meant?"

"No!" Patsy shook her head incredulously.

"Well, I do," Gail snapped. "So does your brother—through letters he's got. Chance didn't want we should tell you."

"Why?"

"I don't know—stubborn proud, I guess."

"And what am I supposed to do?" Patsy demanded angrily. "Guess?"

"That's up to you." Gail pursed her lips. "If you ask me, he only came to New York to be near you. If you want to let him leave town alone, that's your business."

She turned abruptly and Patsy watched her stalk toward the bulletin board where most of the contestants were gathered between rides to watch the recasting of ratings as they came through. Patsy heard her name called and looked around at the performers' entrance.

Already the other trick riders were preparing for their entrance and she saw Gray Star pawing nervously, waiting for her. But at the same moment she had seen something else that stopped her short—dead short, pressed mutely against the cement wall as if to hide herself. She forgot the sounds and sights and smell of the show. She saw only Chance Wagner. On his way out. So definitely on his way out—his saddle under his arm, his ropes, his chaps, his hackamore slung over his arms and shoulders, his big black hat pushed back over a face that was tired, beaten. The cut over his eye was angry. His lips were set into a steady indelible grin.

He came out of the office, one hand full of greenbacks. Twice he stopped, obviously paying off boys he owed, each time coming a little closer to Patsy—coming closer to his exit—his exit from the rodeo world he loved. She heard the boys kidding him.

"Who give you the black eye, Chance?"

"Nobody give it to me," Chance drawled. "I fought for it."

"Where'd you get all the money?"

"I sold the equity in my car to Monk. He's beatin' it for Canada by now, like as not."

"Hope it springs a leak. What the hell did you do last night anyway, Chance?"

"Oh, I just learned a few guys a few lessons."

Gumbo Smith squared himself in front of Chance with a leathery smile. "Don't forget you're in steep to me."

CHANCE eyed him. "Ain't no time limit on gamblin' debts that I've heard."

"Yeah? I'll settle for Stinger."

For the first time Chance's grin wavered. "I'd shoot Stinger first!" He straightened up, tossed the rest of his money on the ground. "If you want that, Gumbo, pick it up. It's a first payment."

He wheeled swiftly then, and headed unseeing toward Patsy, his spurs clinking angrily.

"Chance!" she said softly as he approached.

He glanced at her, and with a sullen set of his features trudged on. Impulsively she ran after him, caught him by the arm. It was semidark in that tunnel; at one end was the roar of the rodeo, and at the other far end was the cold afternoon light of the streets.

"Chance, where you goin'?" She gripped his arm.

He looked at her long and broodingly. "Allus said I'd come to a bad end, didn't you, sister?" he drawled.

"No," she said dully. "*You* allus said it."

"Yeah. First time I was ever right about anything."

"Chance—please—"

"Aw, cut it out. I don't want your pity."

"It ain't pity," she told him with a sob. "I'm glad you're out of rodeo, Chance. Only I want to see you go up—and not down."

Her gray eyes were beggars. Chance shifted uneasily.

From behind Patsy came a crash of music. Collegiate, with all the force of horns and drums.

She turned in a panic and peered back into the darkness that was Madison Square Garden. She dimly saw Gray Star, head nervously nodding. Then she felt a hand grip her well one, and, answering its urgency, she looked back at Chance.

"If you want to see me go up, come with me and show me the way," he said crisply.

"Chance, that's my music."

"Yeah, and you'll win the championship, even with a bum hand. Will you give it up and come with me?"

"Where, Chance?"

"To the license bureau and a preacher. After that I don't know where. I got nothin' to offer you, Patsy. Nothin' but a life of hard work and hard times. I asked you once to keep out of the rodeo. I ask you now to leave it. Will you come with me?"

"You know I would," Patsy said quietly. "Only—"

"Only what?" he snapped.

"How could I see a job through with you if I don't finish the job I got now? You know as well as I do my folks need my prize money."

"We'll take care of your folks. I'd sell Stinger before I'd see them need or want."

She glanced once into the cavern behind her. Then she turned to him with a smile. "All right," she told him. "I'll go—wherever you go."

"That's all I wanted to know," he said with a new note of excitement. "Now get on in there and ride like hell!"

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You'll find Olive Tablets excellent for this purpose. Mild, gentle, the formula of an eminent Ohio physician, they are used in thousands of homes as a standard proprietary.

Keep them on your bathroom shelf and caution the whole family to use them the night before the second day. Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

FOR CHEST COLDS

Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a *"counter-irritant"*—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Her eyes widened in shocked anger. But Chance's face was laughing and the hand that caught and held her for one brief moment while he kissed her was strong and possessive. "You'll win as Mrs. Chance Wagner, bigod. And then Mr. and Mrs. Chance Wagner is goin' home to their own range. You hear that? Our own ranch! Remember them telegrams that upset me so much? Well, my old man is dead. He got what was comin' to him at last—a bullet in the back. With love and kisses from Edie Frickstader's father. And my sisters, they wired me to come home and take over. We'll go back and show them poor critters how to live, huh?"

She stood off, flushed with his kiss, with the heady excitement of this news and all it meant.

"So we don't need their prize money, Patsy, but go on in and win it for your folks. I wouldn't let you quit. Not until it's on the records that you're what I know you are—a champ!"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 45

1—Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm.

2—Approximately 250,000 years. In 1907 his apelike jawbone was discovered near Heidelberg, Germany.

3—Cormorants (sea crows).

4—William Christian Bullitt, formerly Ambassador to the U. S. S. R.

5—At least 15,000.

6—Robert William Chambers (1865-1933).

7—More than sixty-five.

8—Painters. The long stick with padded head is employed to support the artist's wrist.

9—Cataract.

10—Fourteen feet eight inches is the world's record jump.

11—Jephthah, Judges 11:1; 12:7—"Now Jephthah the Gileadite was a mighty man of valour, and he was the son of an harlot: . . . And Jephthah judged Israel six years. Then died Jephthah the Gileadite, and was buried in one of the cities of Gilead."

12—The greyhound and the shepherd dog.

13—The Kearsarge (North) and the Alabama (South). The former destroyed the latter in a battle lasting one hour and two minutes outside Cherbourg, France. The Confederate warship was constructed, armed, and launched during the war in a British shipyard.

14—Handball, as played on a regulation indoor court (front wall, the two side walls, back wall, floor, and ceiling).

15—These were names for the early automobile, along with horseless carriage.

16—War materials, according to the League of Nations.

17—John Walker, American inventor of the friction match (1827). Alonzo D. Phillips was in 1836 awarded the first patent for phosphorous friction matches.

18—Lake Michigan.

19—Injury to the spinal cord.

20—

MAstor.

Alka-Seltzer
BRAND REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a clear, sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.
AT ALL DRUG STORES 30c and 60c PKGS.
Slightly Higher in Canada

Tune in The Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance on the Radio Every Saturday Night. N B C Network

BOYS!

Turn to page 48 and Get a Surprise!

Did you miss the swell free football offer on Page 48? If so, look for it now!

Remember to send in your answer immediately—you'll be glad you did!

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

STRAIGHT from Reno came a young lady to Mrs. Boardman's school for brides. The young lady made no secret of her divorce. "It was *all* my husband's fault," she said, "but I may get married again—and *this* time I guess perhaps I had better learn how to keep house."

A year ago Mrs. Richard Mather Boardman opened her New York school for prospective brides. She started with the idea that girls who really desire to make a success of marriage ought to understand the rudiments of cooking, marketing, household economy, and servant management before they establish homes of their own.

"The bride expects the bridegroom to support her from the beginning," says Mrs. Boardman. "Why should she expect him to tolerate a year or more of wasteful, inadequate housekeeping?"

To her surprise Mrs. Boardman's school has attracted a good many married women of maturity as well as the prospective brides. One wife came grimly to school for the single purpose of learning how to scramble eggs the way her husband liked them. Never had she or any of her kitchen help been able to turn them out just right for him.

At Mrs. Boardman's the class devoted three hours—and fifty eggs—to experimental scrambling. Ultimately they solved the problem.

Mrs. Boardman's complete course for brides requires three months, but you can take individual lessons in any department of the household arts.

● Mexican table accessories of carved and lacquered wood are among the ornamental novelties which seem to be highly popular this year as Christmas gifts. Sugar bowls, trays, and sets of coasters, all extremely good-looking. . . . One of the more curious articles imported from Mexico is the elaborately carved and polished swizzle stick for stirring cocoa or hot chocolate to a froth, the way they drink it across the Rio Grande.

I'm not certain where these may be purchased outside of New York, so I can only suggest that you inquire at your best local gift shop.

MRS. RICHARD MATHER BOARDMAN

● The police of England and America are hunting, I hear, for a clever young gangstress who makes herself up to look as *unattractive* as possible. She is said to belong to a clique of international forgers. Her repeated escapes from the grasp of the law have been accomplished through her understanding of crime tradition. Every one expects a young girl criminal to be alluring and pretty. So she disguises her face with an artificially bad complexion, her figure with lumps of false ungainliness. As far as I know this is our first case of deliberate *un-beauty* culture.

● Visiting friends in a town of medium size I was entertained by the contents of a typewritten booklet entitled Who's Who in Our Neighborhood Price Five Cents. The publication, I learned, was compiled, typed, and sold from house to house with great success by a smart pair of twelve-year-old kids. They list the names, phone numbers, addresses, and business connections of all neighbors dwelling within a radius of about a dozen blocks. Also they list the name and breed of every neighborhood dog.

One of the dog items pleased me especially. It said: "Little brown dog named Ginger. Kind of a chow but not much."

● At a recent party some of us tried to recall the last time we had heard any woman speak of having *a good cry*. None of us could remember hearing that expression used within quite a few years.

One of the men at the party was a well known nerve specialist, and we asked him what he knew about the decline of the good cry, once so popular as a feminine safety valve for letting off emotional steam.

The answer he gave us seems reasonable to me.

"Women used to weep," he told us, "because they didn't dare lose their tempers. They had been taught too long that it was unladylike to get mad and say exactly what was on their minds. Nowadays angry women are outspoken, and they know all the swear words. So they have a good cuss instead of a good cry."

● You'll find some psychological lessons worth learning in Florence Guy Seabury's new book, Love Is a Challenge. (Published by Whittlesey House.)

● Fish restaurants are patronized largely by men. Yet a good many husbands object to fish dinners at home. Give them sole Florentine, and they won't go downtown for their fish. Make it like this:

First prepare a purée of spinach—cook the spinach with 1 onion, rub through sieve, thicken with flour and butter. Spread a layer of the spinach in a fireproof dish. On it arrange fillets of sole, salted and peppered to taste. Cover each fillet with minced mushrooms previously simmered 5 minutes in butter. Over all pour a *thick* cream sauce containing 2 tablespoons grated cheese. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven.

Serve from the fireproof baking dish with baked potatoes on the side.

WILL YOU SLEEP OR COUGH TONIGHT?

It lowers resistance, upsets nerves, drives you mad to sit up half the night with a bad cough. Get relief from coughs due to colds with Piso's, backed by 70 years of cough-treating experience. Piso's does four things: (1) helps loosen phlegm congestion; (2) soothes bronchial channels; (3) helps clear air passages; (4) relaxes cough impulse. Piso's (pie-so's) In bottles

PISO'S 35¢ 60¢

Acidity Makes Women Look Older

Kidneys Often to Blame

Women, more than men, are the victims of excess Acid in the system, due to poor Kidney functions, which may undermine health and vitality, dry and coarsen the skin or cause Getting Up Nights, Burning and Itching, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Lumbago, Swollen Ankles, Circles Under Eyes, or Rheumatic Pains. Help your Kidneys filter 3 pints of Acids and Wastes from your system each day for just one week with the Doctor's prescription Cystex. $10,000 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, is behind the guarantee that Cystex must fix you up and make you feel and look years younger or money back. See results in 48 hours. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) today.

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

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When all else fails end your suffering with the flexible "no metal" Heefner ARCH SUPPORT
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COLD IN HEAD

Here's quick relief. Kondon's clears head . . . relieves stuffy nose *at once.* Ask your druggist.

KONDON'S NASAL JELLY
Plain or Ephedrine

ITCH
. . . STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE . . .

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

ANOTHER LIMERICK COVER CONTEST

$200

IN BIG CASH PRIZES FOR ONE LINE

ENTER NOW

THIS week's Cover Limerick Contest gives you one more opportunity to write a last line for a substantial cash prize. Who has not at some time or other essayed a feat of magic? Remember that card trick you tried to master? Or was it the one where the handkerchief disappears? Anyway, whatever your ambition in this direction, Liberty gives you an opportunity to pull some prize money out of the contest. The magic formula must be in your own words—words which compose a last line to finish the contest Limerick in the coupon below. You can win as much as $100 if your entry is rated as the best. Or you may receive the $50 Second Prize. Study the cover of this issue of Liberty, read the unfinished Limerick, and then write your last line to complete it. Finish up your entry and mail it as directed. Winners will be published in the first possible issue.

The Rules

1. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of the publishers and members of their families.

2. To compete, study the cover of this issue carefully, read the uncompleted Limerick on the coupon below, and write your own last line.

3. When you have written your last line for the Limerick, write a statement of not more than sixty words on what feature of this issue you like best and why.

4. Last lines will be judged on the basis of originality and story value. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and interest.

5. For the best last line accompanied by the best statement Liberty will award a First Prize of $100. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $50; Third Prize, $25; and five prizes, each $5. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to LIMERICK CONTEST EDITOR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, December 30, the closing date of this contest.

7. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Magazine and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CLIP HERE

DECEMBER 12

COVER LIMERICK ENTRY COUPON

HERE IS THE LIMERICK:

Don't laugh at The Grate Doolin's plight.
His magic may turn out all right.
  Columbus, in Spain,
  Used an egg trick to gain—

. . . .

(Write your own last line here)

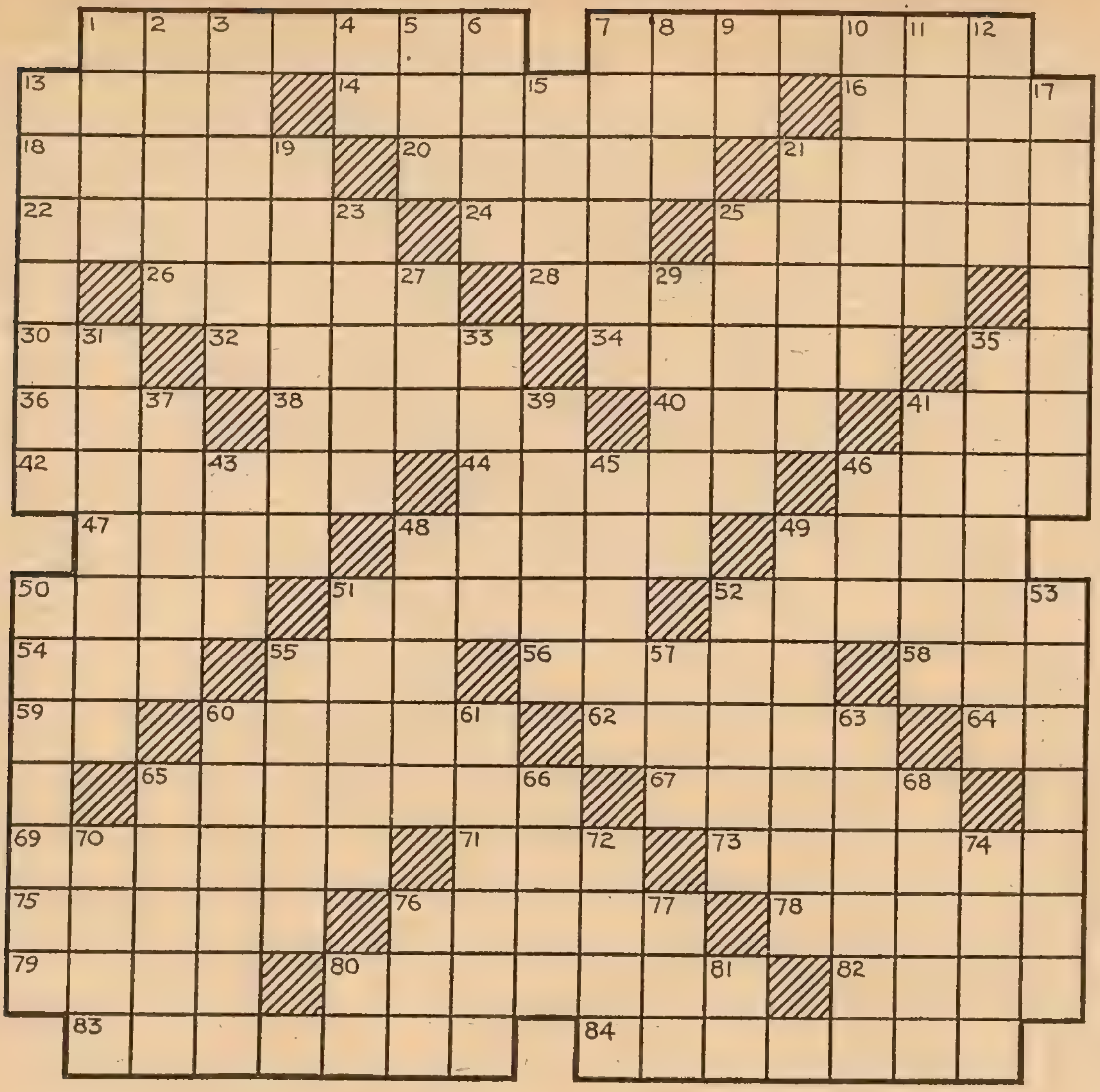
Name . . . .

Street . . . .

City . . . . State . . . .

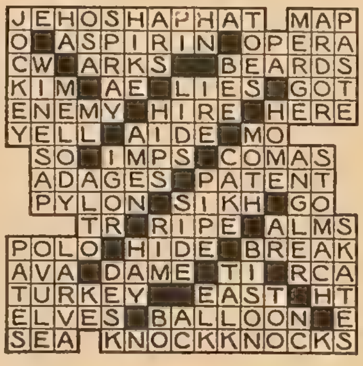
ANOTHER CASH PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Barricade
7 Part of a flue (pl.)
13 Auction
14 Omission to perform
16 A series of bell sounds
18 Proverb
20 Perch
21 Tremble
22 Die
24 Small child
25 Stocks against a future time
26 Engine
28 Orderly process (pl.)
30 Into
32 Part of a stairs
34 Crowlike birds
35 Not
36 To annoy by fault-finding
38 Kind of berry
40 Very small
41 Firearm
42 Makes neat
44 Companions
46 Thrusts violently
47 Measure of length (pl.)
48 Wanderer
49 Long staff
50 A container
51 A fabric
52 Threadlike tissues
54 Devoured
55 Fowl
56 Sweetheart
58 Undermine
59 Pronoun
60 Irritate
62 Competitor
64 An exclamation
65 Barbers
67 A fusible substance
69 To turn



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JEHOSHAPHAT MAP
O■ASPIRIN■OPERA
CW■ARKS■■BEARDS
KIM■AE■LIES■GOT
ENEMY■HIRE■HERE
YELL■AIDE■MO
 SO■IMPS■COMAS
 ADAGES■PATENT
 PYLON■SIKH■GO
   TR■RIPE■ALMS
POLO■HIDE■BREAK
AVA■DAME■TI■RCA
TURKEY■■EAST■HT
ELVES■BALLOON■E
SEA KNOCKKNOCKS
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

71 Strike smartly
73 A meal
75 Manacles
76 Money in addition to an agreed compensation
78 Debauch
79 Cleat on a horseshoe
80 Artificial barriers
82 Exclamation
83 Abates
84 Rope for fastening a boat

VERTICAL

1 Ordered
2 Apprehension of danger
3 District
4 That is (abbr.)
5 Part of the head
6 Tumult
7 Housekeeping implement
8 Craft
9 Pronoun
10 Vestments of a Jewish high priest
11 Builds
12 Purpose
13 Immature tree
15 Weaving device
17 That which is taught (pl.)
19 Respects
21 Tend a fire
23 Yowls
25 Part of a brake (pl.)
27 A color
29 To overtop
31 Relate
33 A fruit
35 A number
37 Tailor's iron
39 Unweave
41 Winds
43 Poem
45 Meaning
46 Plunder
48 Wash lightly
49 Freebooters
50 Thin fabric
51 Abandon
52 Condition of great excitement
53 Dotted
55 Warms
57 Vigor
60 Grateful acknowledgment (pl.)
61 Mistakes
63 A lapel
65 Went in a stealthy manner
66 Grit
68 Extensive
70 Pertaining to the mouth
72 The fleshy part of a fruit
74 To burn
76 Kind of cake
77 Billow
80 Pronoun
81 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

IVER JOHNSON

The Biggest Christmas Thrill
A NEW UP-TO-THE-MINUTE
IVER JOHNSON STREAMLINED BICYCLE

The last word in fine bicycle design, construction, and equipment. Iver Johnson quality assures the maximum of safety, smooth and easy riding, and long service.

Send at once for color folder 12-B, describing many beautiful models for boys, girls, men and women.

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VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS

Here's the only
cough drop medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.

VICKS COUGH DROP

Vox Pop

Two Remedies for Radicalism in Public Schools

ATHENS, OHIO—Is radicalism being taught in American schools? Mr. Roscoe Peacock (October 10 Liberty) says that it is; but he suggests no remedy.

I am and have been for some years actively engaged in teaching and in the training of teachers, and I do not believe that American education is alarmingly radical—now. There is an occasional radical teacher; and—much more frequently—the justified and prudent words of conservative teachers are given a sinister twist by hostile and ignorant pupils, parents, and public officials.

Mr. Peacock mentions teachers' oath laws. Let us look at the facts in one case. A great deal of the opposition to the teachers' oath law in Massachusetts came from persons associated with Harvard University. Now, every one who lives or has lived in Boston knows that Harvard is one of the few institutions in that state in which the old conservative American stock is still predominant. The government of the state is not dominated by the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. The public officials of the Bay State are far too often the children and grandchildren of immigrants, men who have grown up among the foreigners in the city of Boston, men whose ideals remain essentially alien to America.

Try as I may, I cannot look upon the teachers' oath law in the Bay State as other than an attack by European immigrants upon the sacred American principles of freedom and education.

Speaking as a teacher, as a conservative in politics, and as an American no one of whose ancestors came to this country after 1776, I believe that the greatest present danger to American education is the hostility of un-American alarmists who refuse to understand our free institutions.

They are our greatest present danger. But if we look ahead the prospect is not bright, and it seems inevitable that American teaching will tend increasingly toward the Left. Attacks upon the freedom of the teacher will, in the end, drive him to rebellion. Interference with his private life, if continued, will force him toward new political creeds. Insecurity of employment and low wages will make him distrust the present social order.

You cannot hire men for less than a laborer's wages who will always be strong enough to resist the propaganda of the radical. You cannot hire teachers at starvation wages, make them subject to discharge at one's whim, harass them with public scorn, and still expect them to remain stanch conservatives. You cannot deprive them of the chance to own property, of the opportunity to rear children, and of the right to the ordinary citizen's liberty in private life, and expect them to teach the sanctity of private property and of the American home. You cannot deprive them of those very privileges which you want them to uphold.

There are but two possible remedies for the threatening radicalism in our American schools: We can grant that teachers as well as other Americans are born " free and equal "; we can demand better teachers, pay for them, and allow them to live in public respect and in equality with other citizens. Or we can close the schools. There are no other alternatives. The ideals of freedom and democracy cannot be perpetuated by slaves.—*R. E. Bennett.*

"FOG IN LONDON ALMOST UNKNOWN—"

GLOUCESTER, MASS.—In October 31 Liberty, Beverly Hills, in the Vital Statistics section, concerning the picture East Meets West, states, " Thanks to pea soup over England, British pictures must be made practically entirely indoors."

Now, I would like to point out that fogs in London or any other part of England are almost unknown during the six months starting at the beginning of April. November is the worst month of all.

Perhaps Beverly Hills would have us believe that the English producers wait until such time as there may be fogs to film all their pictures, or even film them all in November!—*L. Hillman.*

CATS AND BOILED EGGS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I always enjoy occasional mathematical brain teasers such as those by Sam Loyd, published in Liberty some time ago.

However, " there ought to be a law " against such alleged problems as Mrs. Adeline Leonard's in Vox Pop, Liberty for October 31. She asks how many cats it will take to kill 100 rats in 50 minutes if 7 cats can kill 7 rats in 7 minutes.

You may inform Mrs. Leonard in my behalf that it will take as many cats to answer her question as it will take saucepans to boil 100 three-minute eggs in 50 seconds, provided it takes 1½ saucepans to boil 4½ three-minute eggs in 4½ minutes.

Yours for more brain teasers.—*Trebor P.*

NEWSPAPERWOMAN THRILLED!

HIALEAH, FLA.—I have been a newspaperwoman nearly forty years. I have read and written a large number of stories. But I want you to know that I consider Moonlit Garden (October 10 Liberty) a perfect story. It towers so far above the sex stories so common today that I was thrilled as I have never been with a story.

By the way, as dramatic critic of the Chattanooga News for a period of fifteen years, I was acquainted with most of the great stage folks and I am also greatly interested in the John Barrymore series of articles. I knew him and several of the " loves," especially Elsie Janis, whom I admired very much.—*Lillian H. Warner.*

IMMIGRATION RESTRICTION LEAGUE PRAISES ARTICLE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please accept, on behalf of the Immigration Restriction League, Inc., our sincere commendations for your article, Why Not Deport the Alien? by Herbert Corey, which appeared in October 24 Liberty.

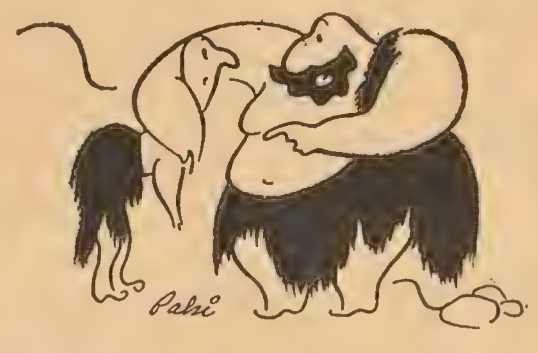
Your fearless exposé of the glaring abuse of our relief problem and the easy access of the foreigner to our shores should be read and appreciated by every native-born American, and, may I say, would be a splendid example for many of our publications to follow toward keeping America safe for Americans.—*The I. R. L., Inc.*

TOLD HIM BY A WRESTLER NAMED TOOTS MONDT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have read and digested a disturbing letter stating that a writer in November 21 Vox Pop read a story similar to Africa Speaks—Again. In fact, he intimated it was an old joke!

I cannot very well say that the reader's haunting intimacy with the plot can be ascribed to the fact that it is one of the thirty-seven original plots.

It isn't. It was, to the best of my knowledge, a new and novel little plot which I built around a story told me one night by an old wrestler named Toots Mondt, who managed Dick Shikat and one Chief Little Wolf.



It goes without saying that had I had the slightest suspicion that the story had been fundamentally used elsewhere I would never have wasted time with it. Neither would your readers. I cannot speak for the rest of the country, but the story met with complete favor here in Washington.—*Robert Considine.*

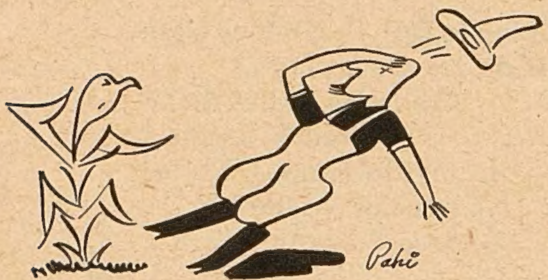
WHERE THE KENTUCKY WEED IS IN OCTOBER

RICHMOND, KY.—Odgers T. Gurnee, author of A Filly in the Fall (October 24 Liberty), doesn't seem to know the Bluegrass State, as he would have people believe.

Tobacco in the field in October would cause a Kentucky farmer's hair to turn gray overnight.

We start housing, cutting, and hanging in barn early in August, and all the tobacco is in by early September.

Green slopes, unless grazed heavily, are a rare thing in this section at this time, as we have heavy frost about the middle of October.—*A Kentucky Farmer.*



A CHAW OF TOBACCO AND A WOUND STRIPE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Preparatory to our taking over the Toul sector early in October, 1917 (where the first three Americans were killed under our colors, they being Gresham, Enright, and Hay of my outfit), I was one of the scared men sent up in advance of my company.

As we neared the zone of fire, lighted cigarettes and pipes became absolutely taboo. A friend gave me a great chunk of tobacco, which I chewed on nervously. It was by no means my first chew, but my very last one. As we wormed our way along the treacherous muddy trench into the front line, my cud of tobacco became even juicier. Then we reached the ill-smelling first-line trench where weary soldiers were standing on the firing steps with guns at ready and gas masks at the alert position. We had to squeeze our way through all manner of human traffic in the trench itself.

A gas shell, which makes a sort of squishy, phutlike sound when exploding, landed close enough to cause the gas alarm to be given. It seemed that every claxon horn and bell in the world started sounding off in that very trench. I must have broken all speed records putting my gas mask on. We used the English mask, which had a clothespin clamping gadget to keep one from breathing through the nose, and an air tube for the mouth. The mouthpiece was too big for the ordinary mouth. However, we who had to wear them never failed to stretch our mouths enough to get the gadget inside them.

I learned immediately that the darn thing wouldn't fit into my mouth along with the half plug of tobacco. I became panicky as more and more of the saliva welled up in my mouth. The little air I was able to get through the tube was accompanied by an ominous gurgle.

I had no more than swallowed the terrible mouthful than I thought a bomb had exploded within my very mask. The mask went off and I swooned in an actual faint. When they brought me to my senses behind wet blankets I was sick unto death and as limp as a dishrag. Well, the first-aid men thought me gassed. I was too weak to argue the point. Finally a wound-stripe order came through for me, and the old man made me wear it because I was one of the first casualties under fire. Though ashamed of my duplicity, I never had the courage to fess up as to my real ailment that night.—*Dan Edwards.*

[This is the sixth yarn that Dan Edwards has given us in the last few months. How about our other vets with good anecdotes? Let us hear 'em. —VOX POP EDITOR.]

DROOLING OVER BOBS TAYLOR

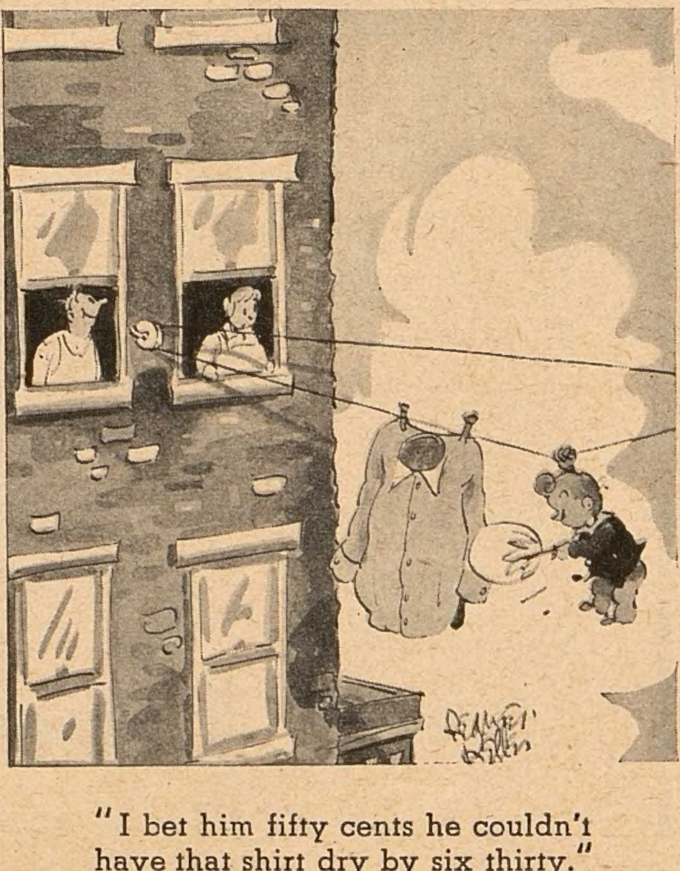
PUEBLO, COLO.—I have just finished the October 24 issue of Liberty and am still conscious of a nauseating sensation engendered by reading the drooling of Adela Rogers St. Johns on the subject of the handsome, beauteous Mr. Taylor.

Now, I think it is just too, too lovely that the dear, dear girls of our fair country have gone back, as Mme. A. R. St. Johns says (back is right), to the idolizing of the "simple and beautiful, clean and charming," as represented by the aforementioned Prettyboy Taylor, rather than the mean, rough Mr. Gable.

Here's a great big razzberry for Bobs Taylor and the gushing females who worship his profile. They can have him. Just one more article like that one and you can start scouting around for another customer to raise your circulation back to par.

Otherwise I think you have a pretty fair magazine, helped no little by Ted Shane and his puzzles.—*Reader.*

"HARDTACK"

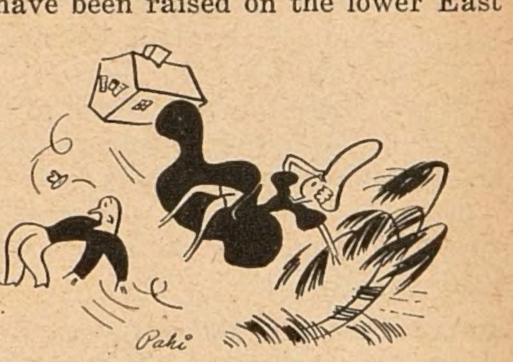


"I bet him fifty cents he couldn't have that shirt dry by six thirty."

ARKANSAS HURRICANE HITS FLORIDA?

MIAMI, FLA.—I have just finished reading a supposed hurricane story as written by some guy named Peter Paul O'Mara (October 31 Liberty). This story is called Ghost in the Wind.

I have been raised on the lower East Coast of Florida, gone through every hurricane that ever hit this part of the country, and have yet to experience one that acted as the one does in his story. The lull that occurs in a hurricane, as we have had them in Florida in and around here, has never been, to my knowledge, of less than thirty minutes' duration, and sometimes over an hour.



I highly recommend this particular story to any one that desires to read the greatest bunk that has ever been written about Florida hurricanes.

Believe me, this guy O'Mara must have been in Arkansas when he went through a hurricane from the description that he gives.—*A Native Floridian.*

SPANKED WIVES FORM CLUB

SIOUX CITY, IA.—I am going to ask a favor for our club, and hope that you will grant it. I am a young married woman and I organized a club of twelve other married women between the ages of nineteen and forty. We call our club the W. O. S. H. Club—meaning wives of spanking husbands. Our husbands always spank us when we need it, and we admire them for it, and we know that clubs like ours will prevent many divorces.

Most all wives need to be spanked about every so often, and it really makes them like their husbands more and brings couples closer together and also makes home life something to be proud of. We expect to have thirty members by a month from now, and we always insist that they buy a Liberty before they come to the meetings, which are held once a week on Thursday or sometimes Friday.

It was through your magazine that we got interested in forming a club. We have voted to give three dollars to the lady, *married* or *single,* who sends us the best letter about spanking. After we decide which letter is best, we will send it to Vox Pop to be printed in Liberty, and the three dollars will be sent to the winner.

We hope you will help us, as we want all the information we can get about spanking.—*Reta Rae.*

[We receive quite a lot of letters about spanking—it seems to be in the air—and we feel sure Mrs. Rae will hear plenty on the subject.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

MOSCOW, U. S. S. R--Charged with kissing his sweetheart's hand, Peter Khrepko had to seek the intervention of Stalin to get back into a technical school.

He was accused by the director of the school of resurrecting feudal and aristocratic traditions, and expelled.

The girl, Serezhechina, was forced to " wash off all traces of the feudal-aristocratic gesture " from her hand.

DALLAS, TEX.—Patrolman George Cox, seeing a bearded old man tie his donkey to a post in a no-parking zone, informed him that he couldn't do that.

" This jackass," said the violator, " has six thousand years seniority over the automobile. Jackasses were here before they were and before you were, and I propose to stay."

The officer capitulated.

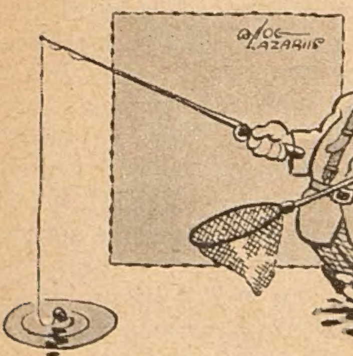
WICHITA, KAN.—Mrs. Margaret L. Jones told District Judge Robert Nesmith she met the demands of matrimony until her husband, William J. Jones, set her to a new task—stuffing skunks. That, she said, was too much and she wanted a divorce. She got it.

SKUNKS
STUFF

NEW YORK, N. Y.—For many weeks twelve salesgirl strikers picketed a department store here. Then the Apparel Union withdrew its support. So the picketers marched into the union offices and started a sit-down strike against the union.

OCEAN CITY, N. J.—Police here have decreed that flirting with a life guard " against his will " is a civil offense.

Use the word " Deficient "



" *Deficient biting today!* "

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

A COMMUNIST COLLEGE IN THE UNITED STATES—WITH COEDUCATIONAL DORMITORIES AND NUDE BATHING PARTIES!

A college with Soviet ideals of education and government, and a college which—believe it or not!—was supported in part, at least, by funds from the government!

A college whose president admitted before a legislative investigating committee that he was not familiar enough with the Bible to say whether or not he believed in it, and in answer to the question, " Do you believe in God? " answered, " No."

This college, flaunting the red flag of Russian Communism and successfully spreading the political, religious, and moral principles of the Soviet, is exposed in a startling article in Liberty next week. Don't fail to get your copy on Wednesday!

IF KING EDWARD SHOULD MARRY AN AMERICAN

If the beautiful ex-Baltimore belle, Mrs. Wallis Simpson, becomes the bride of England's ruler, what will her official status be? Will she follow in the footsteps of the famous and greatly respected Mrs. Fitzherbert, morganatic wife of George IV? Will King Edward ask Parliament to create Mrs. Simpson his Royal Consort, or will he go the full distance and ask Parliament to make her his Queen-Empress? Or will King Edward, facing the world for love, abdicate as ruler of Great Britain in favor of his brother the Duke of York?

Will this marriage between King and beautiful American commoner cement the ties that bind the two great English-speaking peoples and add one more link to the chain of friendship that now spans the Atlantic?

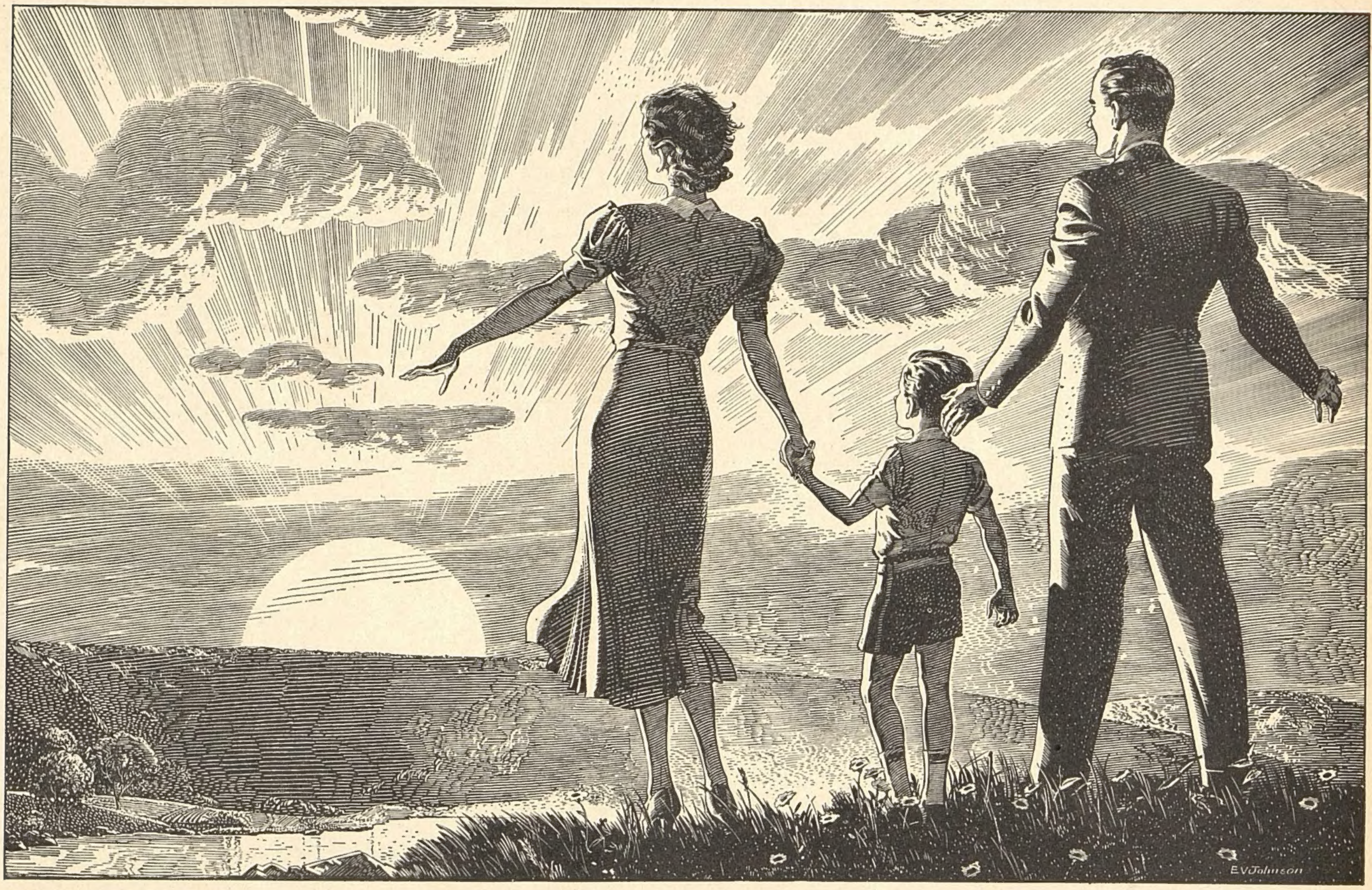
Don't miss this article in next week's Liberty—an article which reveals to you an intimate glimpse of one of the most appealing love stories of all time!

Also stories and articles by Robert Neal Leath, Eugene Vidal, Walton Green, Charles Leavitt, Naomi Lane Babson, Bert Green, Edward Doherty, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE DEC. 9

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

. . . HE BRINGS ENCOURAGEMENT TO MILLIONS



An Inspired Editor Lifts People Out of Their Worries and his Genius Creates These New-Type Magazines

TROUBLE is one of the world's most plentiful commodities. Everybody has more than he wants — yet somehow our own are lightened when we know of other people's troubles . . . and how others conquered them.

A platitude . . . yes, but this simple truth is one of the principles of an *editorial technique* so different from any other that it amounts almost to psychological discovery.

Bernarr Macfadden years ago realized that solution of trouble is one of humanity's primary desires — and that has always been one of his editorial principles. Today he heads a group of successful magazines. Probably one-fourth of the families of the United States is reached by them. These magazines deal with real people and their lives—their troubles, their hopes, their health, their loves.

That is the Macfadden editorial technique. It is the application to editing of principles which Macfadden learned through his own early struggles for health, happiness, and advancement—through his personal contacts with millions—through his many philanthropies.

Macfadden knows people and he knows life. That is the simple secret of his success. His editorial technique isn't always pretty — because life isn't always pretty. His heroines aren't always snow white Pollyannas. His heroes aren't all Fauntleroys grown up. He deals in stark realities because he knows that the real people for whom his magazines are meant, *think real thoughts, hope real hopes* and *live real lives.*

The Macfadden editorial technique is mirrored perfectly in True Story Magazine, now at the highest point in its history. Literally, True Story brings hope to troubled millions—lifts people above their own worries through the truthful telling of real problems and real experiences. His technique enlivens the pages of dramatic Liberty, which 2,500,000 forward-looking people purchase every week. It vitalizes everyone of the magazines which comprise Macfadden's Women's Grou

Macfadden's editorial techniq produces magazines unlike any oth in the world. Not one is an imitat Not one appeals to an advertiser o reader as just another magazine. Ea has its own exclusive vitalities. Th is why these magazines appeal so tensely to their millions of activ readers.

And it is perfectly natural that these millions are so responsive to advertising in Macfadden Magazines.

This series of advertisements is sponsored by Physical Culture, the first of the family of Macfadden Magazines

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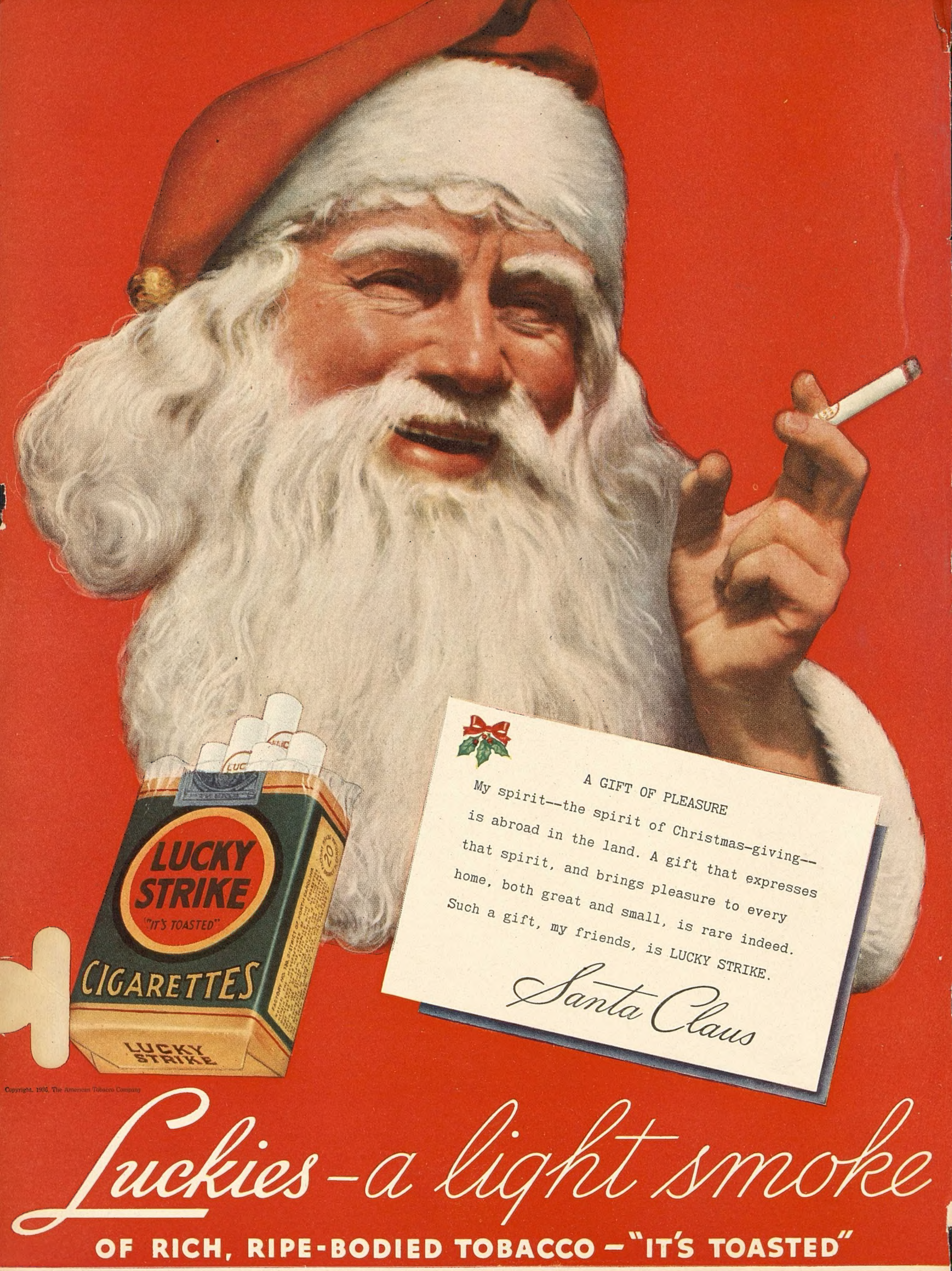
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

A GIFT OF PLEASURE

My spirit--the spirit of Christmas-giving--is abroad in the land. A gift that expresses that spirit, and brings pleasure to every home, both great and small, is rare indeed. Such a gift, my friends, is LUCKY STRIKE.

Santa Claus

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Luckies—a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"